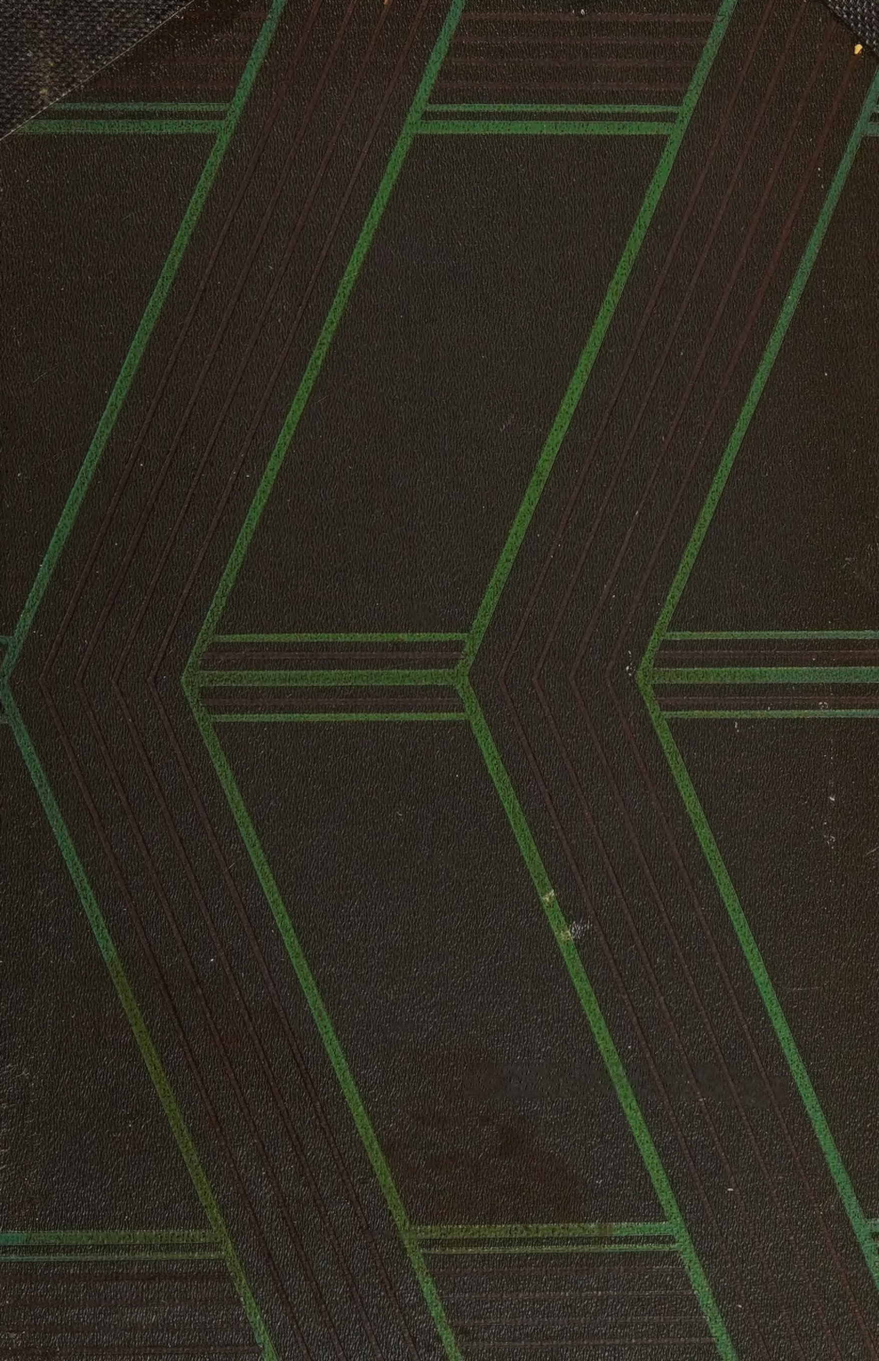

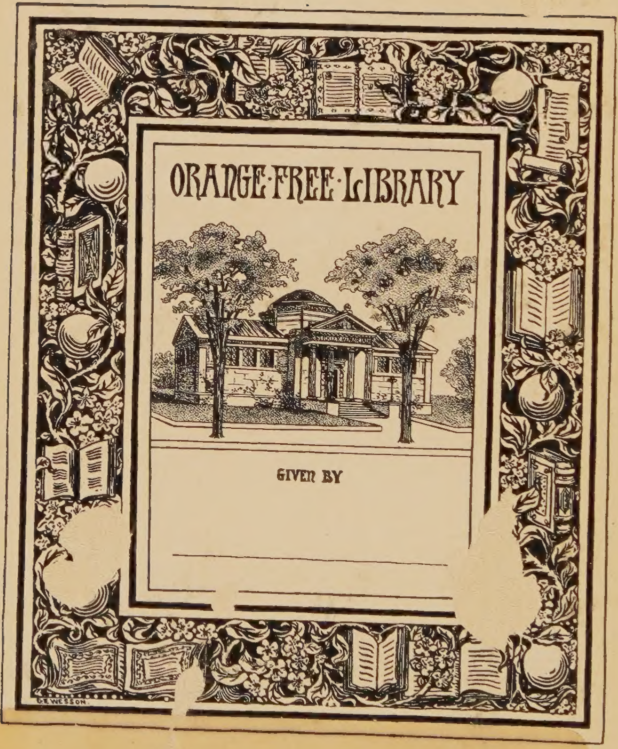
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A POETS' HAUNT.

HOMES AND HAUNTS

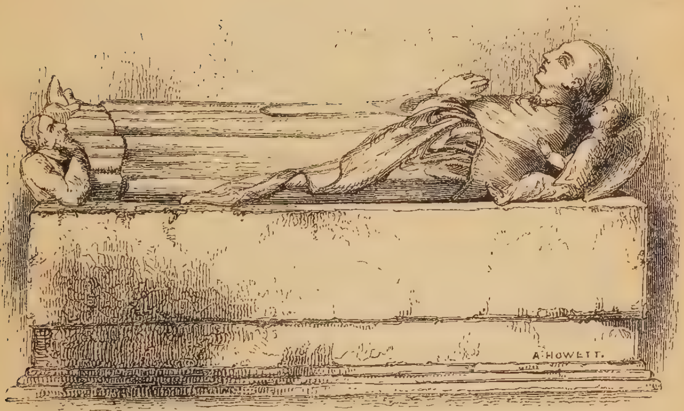
OF THE

BRITISH POETS

BY

WILLIAM HOWITT

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS



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GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

THE first thing which forcibly strikes our attention in tracing the Homes and Haunts of the Poets, is the devastation which Time has made amongst them. As if he would indemnify himself for the degree of exemption from his influence in their works, he lays waste their homes and annihilates the traces of their haunts with an active and a relentless hand. If this is startlingly apparent in the cases of those even who have been our cotemporaries, how much more must it be so in the cases of those who have gone hence centuries ago. We begin with the father of our truly English poetry, the genial old GEOFFREY CHAUCER; and, spite of the lives which have been written of him, Tyrwhitt tells us that just nothing is really known of him. The whole of his account of what he considers well-authenticated facts regarding him amounts to but twelve pages, including notes and comments. The facts themselves do not fill more than four pages. He is supposed to have been born in 1328, and probably of an old Kentish family. Of his birth-place, further than that it was in London, as he tells us himself in the Testament of Love, fol. 321, nothing is known. The place of his education is by no means clear. It has been said that he was educated first at Cambridge and then at Oxford. He himself leaves it pretty certain that he was at Cambridge, styling himself, in The Court of Love, "Philogenet of Cambridge, Clerk." Leland has asserted that he was at Oxford: and Wood, in his Annals, gives a tradition that, "when Wickliffe was guardian or warden of Canterbury College, he had for his pupil the famous poet called Jeffrey Chaucer, father of Thomas Chaucer, Esq., of Ewelme, in Oxfordshire, who, following the steps of his master, reflected much upon the corruptions of the clergy."

He is then said to have entered himself of the Inner Temple. Speght states that a Mr. Buckley had seen a record in the Inner Temple of "Geffrey Chaucer being fined two shillings for beating a Franciscan Friar in Fleet Street." This, Tyrwhitt says, was a *youthful* sally, and points out the fact that Chaucer studied in the Inner Temple on leaving college, and before his travels abroad, which is contrary to the account of Leland, who makes him *after* his travels reside in the Inner Temple. These travels even in France resting solely on the authority of Leland, Tyrwhitt disputes, but of their reality there can be little doubt.

Chaucer, having finished his education, became a courtier. The first authentic memorial, says Tyrwhitt, that we have of him, is the patent in Rymer, 41 E. III, by which the king grants him an annuity of twenty marks, by the title of *Valettus noster;* at which time he is also said to have been knighted, on or about the time of his marriage. He was then in the thirty-ninth year of his age. But previously to this we have it on his own evidence that he served under Edward III. in his great campaigns in France; was made prisoner, and obtained his release at the peace of Bretigni, which took place in 1360, consequently in the 34. E. III, seven years before. Speght mentions a succeeding grant by the title of *Valettus hospitii.* By those titles it appears that he was a royal page or groom. In this situation he enjoyed various grants from the king. In the 48 E. III. he had, according to Rymer, a grant for life of a pitcher of wine daily; in the same year a grant, during pleasure, of the office of Comptroller of the Custom of Wools, Wines, etc. in the port of London. The next year the king granted him the Wardship of Sir Edmund Staplegate's heir, for which he received 104*l.*; and in the following year, some forfeited wool to the value of 71*l.* 4*s.* 6*d.* His annuity of twenty marks was confirmed to him on the accession of Richard II, and another annuity of twenty marks was granted him in lieu of the daily pitcher of wine. It is probable, too, that he was confirmed in his office of comptroller, though the instrument has not been produced. In the 13th of Richard II. he appears to have been clerk of the works at Westminster, etc., and in the following year at Windsor. In the 17th of Richard II. the king granted him a new annuity of twenty pounds; in the 22d, a pipe of wine. On the accession of Henry IV. his two grants, of the annuity of twenty pounds and of the pipe of wine, were confirmed to him, with an additional grant of forty marks.

Thus it appears that Chaucer did not miss the profitable part of court patronage. He also reaped some of its honourable employments. Edward III, in the 46th year of his reign, appointed him with two others, his envoy to Genoa, with the title of *Scutifer noster*, Our Squire. This great and able king, it is evident, regarded Chaucer as a good man of business; and that he proved himself so, is pretty well denoted by the chief grants of his life immediately following his return. On the heels of these grants, came also another embassy, in company with Sir Thomas Priest, to Flanders, in 1377, and after that to France, with Sir Guichard d'Angle and Richard Stan, according to Froissart, to treat of a marriage between the Prince of Wales, afterwards Richard II, and Isabella, daughter of the French king. Other historians assert that the original object of his mission was to complain of some infringement of the truce concluded with France, and which was so well pushed by Chaucer and his colleagues, that it led to some overtures respecting the marriage. However that may be, it is evident that our poet's part in the transaction met with the royal approbation; for the old king dying, one of the first acts of the prince, on his accession, was to confirm his father's grants to him, with an additional one, as we have observed. Richard, moreover, in the very first year of his reign, sent him on a second embassy to Flanders, and, in the following year, on another to Lombardy. Eight years later he was elected a knight of the shire for Kent to Parliament.

But Chaucer had also his share of life's reverses. In 1386, he was dismissed from his offices. In the eleventh year of Richard II, that is, only two years later, he had the king's licence to surrender his two grants of twenty marks each, in favour of John Scalby. It is not really known why he surrendered those grants, but it is supposed that it was owing to his connexion with the Lollard cause, and especially to his alliance with John of Gaunt, the Duke of Lancaster, and John of Northampton. He was not only attached to the duke on account of their common interest in the reformed opinions, but he was married to a sister of Catherine Swynford, the duke's mistress, and afterwards wife. Chaucer, it seems, had exerted himself zealously to secure the re-election of John of Northampton as mayor of London. There is much mystery attached to the cause of the riot which took place; but as this Comberton, or John of Northampton, was a zealous Wickliffite, the supposition that the disturbance arose from the violent opposition of the clergy to him, is very probable. Comberton was finally committed to prison, and Chaucer fled, first to Hainault, then to France, and lastly to Zealand. "Whilst in Zealand," says Mr. Chalmers, "he maintained some of his countrymen, who had fled thither on the same account, by sharing the money he had brought with him,—an act of liberality which soon exhausted his stock. In the meantime the partizans of his cause, whom he had left at home, contrived to make their peace, not only without endeavouring to procure a pardon for him, but without aiding him in his exile, where he became greatly distressed for want of pecuniary supplies. Such ingratitude, we may suppose, gave him more uneasiness than the consequences of it; but it did not lessen his courage, as he soon ventured to return to England. On this he was discovered, and committed to the Tower, where, after being treated with great rigour, he was promised his pardon if he would disclose all he knew, and put it in the power of government to restore the peace of the city. His former resolution appears now to have failed him; or, perhaps, indignation at the ungrateful conduct of his associates induced him to think disclosure a matter of indifference. It is certain that he complied with the terms offered; but we are not told what was the amount of his confession, or what the consequences were to others, or who they were that he informed against. We know only that he obtained his liberty, and that an oppressive share of blame and obloquy followed. To alleviate his regret for this treatment, and partly to vindicate his own conduct, he now wrote The Testament of Love; and although this piece, from want of dates, and obscurity of style, is not sufficient to form a very satisfactory biographical document, it at least furnishes the preceding account of his exile and return."

This account is attended with its difficulties. Chalmers states this exile to have occurred about the 3d or 4th of Richard II; Tyrwhitt in the eleventh of that reign. One thing is certain; that if it occurred in the eleventh, the whole period of his exile and troubles lasted only two years, for in the 13th of Richard II. he was in great favour at court, and made clerk of the new works at Westminster, and in other castles and palaces which the king was carrying on. Again, the two years during which he claimed protection from the king, are stated by Chalmers to be from the 2d of Richard, and by Tyrwhitt, quoting Rymer, are dated from the twenty-first of that reign. It appears, however, pretty certain that he was reduced to great pecuniary distress, and obliged to screen himself from the persecutions of his creditors under the royal grant of protection. There can be little doubt that Rymer is the correct authority, and that it occurred in the 21st of Richard. About the time of the termination of this grant of protection, he would see his protector also reduced to the need of protection himself; which he did not find, but was deposed, and succeeded by Henry IV, who confirmed to our poet the grants of the unfortunate monarch Richard.

Such are the few prominent facts of Chaucer's public life. Where, during his abode in London, he took up his residence, we have no knowledge. During the troubles of the court, and during his own, he is said to have retreated to his favourite Woodstock. This house he had engaged originally, because the court was then much at Woodstock, and he was obliged to be in constant attendance on the king. It became his favourite abode. It was a square stone house near the park gate, and long retained the name of Chaucer's House. Many of the rural descriptions in his works have been traced to this favourite scene of his walks and studies. Every trace of it has been long swept away. The other residence which has acquired fame from connexion with Chaucer, is Donnington Castle, in Berkshire. Tyrwhitt doubts whether it ever really belonged to him. If it did, he says, it could not have been till after the 16th of Richard II, for at that time it was in the possession of Sir Richard Abberbury. He observes that we have no proof of such purchase, and he doubts whether the situation of his affairs admitted of such a purchase. It was five years, however, after this time when these affairs compelled him to seek the king's protection. There are traditions of his having settled all his lands on his son Thomas, for whom he had procured a rich wife. Again, it is denied that Thomas Chaucer was his son, or that it is known that he had any son but Lewis, said to be born twenty years after his marriage. So dubious is every step in this history. Yet tradition asserts Thomas Chaucer to have been his eldest son. It is known that Donnington Castle was for many years in the hands of this Thomas Chaucer, who was speaker of the Commons in the second year of Henry V, and who in Henry IV.'s time was high in favour at court, for Joanna of Navarre, the queen of Henry IV, conferred on him, in the twelfth year of that reign, the manors of Wotton and Stantesfield for life. His only daughter, Alice, was a great heiress, and married as her third husband, William de la Pole, Duke of Suffolk, who was attainted and beheaded in 1450.

May it not have been the fact, that the purchase of Donnington Park, and the settlement of it on his son, must, together with a diminished income from the change of some of his affairs, have been the source of the poet's embarrassments? It is certain that at one time his emoluments were great; he speaks of himself as "once glorified in worldly wellfulnesse, and having suche goods in welthe as makin men riche." He was in a fair way to make a fortune, and plant a family of rank and substance. He was married to the sister of the favourite mistress and subsequent wife of the powerful and liberal John of Gaunt: had the favour of the king, Edward III, and his wife that of the noble queen Philippa, one of whose maids of honour she had been. Everything promised prosperity; the promise was confirmed on the accession of Richard II; but soon, as we have said, the scene changed. He was involved in the troubles of the times; compelled to sacrifice his offices, and obliged to fly to foreign countries. He then complained, in his Testament of Love, "of being berafte out of dignitie of office, in which he made a gatheringe of worldly godes."

Notwithstanding all this cloud of uncertainty, the belief will always prevail that Donnington was the residence of Chaucer. Evelyn tells us, that there was an oak in the park which tradition asserted to have been planted by Chaucer, and which was still called Chaucer's Oak. As his house at Woodstock is gone, so his castle here is a mere ruin. It is generally supposed to be at Woodstock that he wrote his Canterbury Tales, where he also is said to have written his Treatise on the Astrolabe, for the use of his son Lewis; yet if, as asserted, he was upwards of sixty when he commenced the Canterbury Tales, he may have been in possession also of Donnington, during part of the time that he was writing his great poem. But everything concerning these particulars is wrapt in the mists of five hundred years. The only branch of his family that he mentions by name is his son *Lowis*. The very name of his wife is uncertain, but believed to have been Philippa Rouet, the eldest daughter of Sir Payne Rouet, king of arms of Guienne, but a native of Hainault. "Historians," says Tyrwhitt, "though they own themselves totally ignorant of the christian name of his wife, are all agreed that her surname was *Rouet*, the same with that of her father and younger sister, Catherine Swynford." How *Rouet* and *Swynford* can be the same surname, Tyrwhitt does not tell us; but the fact is, Catherine Swynford had sunk her maiden name in that of her first husband, for she was a widow when John of Gaunt married her. Spite of this, the commentators have pored into the list of nine *Dunicellæ*, of the queen Philippa, to whom the king had granted annuities, and finding no *Rouet* there, have been resolved to fix as the future wife of Chaucer, one Philippa Pykard whom they did find. These are all rash peerings into the dark. As no damsel of the name of Rouet was found, the natural conclusion is, that she was already married to Chaucer.

Of Donnington Castle in its present state a few more words may be acceptable, and this is the account we find given by Mr. Britton, in the Beauties of England and Wales. "Donnington Castle rears its lofty head above the remains of the venerable oaks that once surrounded it, on an eminence north-east of Donnington Grove, and nearly opposite to the village of Speen, now Newbury. It was formerly a place of much importance, and, by commanding the western road, gave to its possessors a considerable degree of authority. When it was originally built is uncertain, but from a manuscript preserved in the Cottonian Library, it appears that it belonged to Walter Abberbury, who paid C. shillings for it to the king. . . . Hither, about 1397, in the 70th year of his age, Geoffrey Chaucer, who had purchased it, retired. Alice, his grandaughter, conveyed it by marriage to William de la Pole, Duke of Suffolk." In this line, and therefore in the descendants of Chaucer, it continued till the reign of Henry VII, when, by the treasonable practices of the owner, it was escheated to the crown. In the Civil Wars it was a post of great consequence, being fortified as a garrison for the king. During these troubles it was twice besieged; the second time its siege being raised by the arrival of the king himself. In Camden's time this castle was entire. He describes it as "a small but very neat place, seated on the brow of a woody hill, having a fine prospect, lighted by windows on every side." The remains now consist of the east entrance, with its two round towers, and a small part of the east wall. The gateway is in good preservation, and the place for the portcullis may still be seen. A staircase winds up the south tower to the summit of the castle, which commands a beautiful view of the Hampshire hills, and the intermediate country.

It has been the fate of the places celebrated by Chaucer in his exquisite Canterbury Tales to retain something of their identity beyond all that might have been expected from the rapid changes, especially of late years, in England. The Tabard Inn, Southwark, from which his pilgrims set out, still exists, or at least, partly so, under the name of The Talbot. This old inn is within view of London Bridge, on the left hand going thence down High Street in the Borough. It is evidently the inn which Dickens had in view when he described the one where Pickwick originally encountered Sam Weller. This once famous old hostel has indeed survived, but has fallen into decay, and sunk in rank. London has spread, and changed the importance of its localities. In the city, and at the west-end, multitudes of splendid hotels have sprung up—the ancient Tabard is gone down to a very ordinary house of entertainment. Once it occupied, no doubt, the frontage on both sides of its gateway, now it is confined to the right hand; and although the ancient yard and ancient galleries present themselves to your view as you enter, you find the premises occupied by at least half a dozen different tenants and trades. Here is the inn, on the right hand; on the left are offices of wine merchants and others. Under the old galleries is the warehouse of a London carman, and huge bales of goods lie before it, to go off by wagon or by railroad. Wagons belonging to this establishment are going in and out, and gigs and chaises are drawn up on the further side of the inn. There is life and trade here still, but the antiquity and dignity of the ancient Tabard are broken up. The frontage, and about half the premises, were once destroyed by fire; the remainder, occupying the lower end of the court, exists in all its antiquity. The old wooden gallery, supported on stout wooden pillars, and with a heavy wooden balustrade, is roofed over; above are steep red-tiled roofs, with dormor windows, bearing every mark of being very old. In front of this gallery hangs a large painting, long said to be a picture of the pilgrims entering Canterbury. A horseman is disappearing through the city gateway, and others are following; but the whole is so weather-beaten that it is difficult to make out. The painting seems to have possessed considerable merit, and it is to be regretted that it is not restored.

Tyrwhitt says, "They who are disposed to believe the pilgrimage to have been real, and to have happened in 1383, may support their opinion by the following inscription, which is still to be read upon the inn, now called The Talbot, in Southwark: "This is the inn where Sir Jeffery Chaucer and the twenty-nine pilgrims lodged in their journey to Canterbury, Anno 1383." Though the present inscription is evidently of a very recent date, we might suppose it to have been propagated to us by a succession of faithful transcripts from the very time; but unluckily there is too good reason to be assured that the first inscription of this sort was not earlier than the last century.

We learn from Speght—who appears to have been inquisitive about this inn in 1597—that "this was the hostelry where *Chaucer* and the other pilgrims met together, and, with *Henry Bailey* their host, accorded about the manner of their journey to Canterbury." Within the gallery was a large table, said to be the one at which the pilgrims were entertained. This gallery is now divided into four bedrooms, where the guests of the inn still sleep, in the very floor occupied by the pilgrims upwards of 500 years ago. And, indeed, how much longer? The building existed probably long before Chaucer's days, who has been dead 456 years. It is one of the greatest antiquities and curiosities of London, so few of the like kind being spared by the fire, and still fewer by modern changes and improvements.

In Canterbury, also, the pilgrim's inn is said to have continued to the present time, no longer, indeed, existing as an inn, but divided into a number of private tenements in High-street. The old inn mentioned by Chaucer was called the Chequers. It stands in the High-street, at the corner of the lane leading to the cathedral, just below the parade, on the left-hand side going into Canterbury. Its situation was just that which was most convenient for the pilgrims to Thomas à Becket's tomb. It was a very large inn, as was necessary for the enormous resort of votaries to the shrine of this pugnacious saint. It is now divided into several houses, and has been modernized externally, bearing no longer traces of having been an inn. The way to the court-yard is through a narrow doorway passage, and round the court you see the only evidences of its antiquity—remains of carved wood-work, now whitewashed over.

The old age of Chaucer, like that of too many men of genius, is said to have been stormy, and not unvisited by necessity. We are informed that, on the deposition of Richard II, he went from Woodstock to Donnington Castle, and thence to London, to solicit a continuance of his annuities from Henry IV, in which he found such difficulties as probably hastened his death. It has been said, how could this be? How could a man with lands and a castle be in such necessity? and it has been attributed to the desire of his biographers to excite an undue sympathy for their subject, that they have represented him in his old age as avaricious. Probably, if we knew all the circumstances, the whole would be clear enough. We know so little of Chaucer's real, and especially of his domestic history, that we may pronounce, as falsely as presumptuously, in saying he could not be in need. Who shall say that because Chaucer casually mentions only one son, that he might not have half a dozen? Who shall say what misfortunes may have visited his old age? These were changeable and troublesome times. His biographers have settled his castle and estate on his son Thomas; and if he had other sons to provide for, and his annuities were not paid, these are causes enough for pecuniary difficulty. Sir Harris Nicolas has hunted out various incidents relating to his life, and to his descendants, which may be referred to in his Memoir of the poet, prefaced to Pickering's edition of his poetical works.

The general opinion is, that he died October 25, in the year 1400, being seventy-two years of age. According to Wood, he never repented of his reflections on the clergy of his times, but upbraided himself bitterly with the licentious portions of his writings, often crying out at the approach of death, "Woe, woe is me, that I cannot recall and annul those things, but, alas! they are now continued from man to man, and I cannot do what I would desire." He was buried in Westminster Abbey, in the great south aisle, but no monument was raised to his memory till a century and a half after his decease, when Nicolas Brigham, a gentleman of Oxford, a poet and great admirer of Chaucer, erected the plain altar now so well known, having three quatre-foils, and the same number of shields, at the north end of a magnificent recess formed by four obtuse arched angles. The inscription and figures are now almost obliterated.

Like himself, his great work, the Canterbury Tales, lay buried for upwards of seventy years in manuscript. Caxton, the first English printer, selected these Tales as one of the earliest productions of his press, and thus gave to the world what it will never again consent to lose. Spite of the rude state of the language when he wrote, the splendour of his genius beams and burns gloriously through its inadequate vehicle. Time, which has destroyed his house at Woodstock, and beaten down his castle at Donnington, has not been able to effect the same ruin on his poems. The language has gone on perfecting and polishing; a host of glorious names and glorious works have succeeded Chaucer and the Canterbury Tales, making England affluent in its literary fame as any nation on earth; but from his distant position, the Father of English poetry beams like a star of the first magnitude in the eternal hemisphere of genius. Like Shakspeare, he has, for the most part, seized on narratives already in existence to employ his art upon, but that art is so exquisite, that it has stamped immortal value on the narrative. The life and the characters he has represented to us are a portion of the far past, rescued for us from the oblivion that has overwhelmed all that age besides. We gaze on the living and moving scenes with an interest which the progress of time can only deepen. To the latest ages, men will read and say,—Thus in the days of Wickliffe, of John of Gaunt, and Richard II, did men and women look, and act, and think, and feel; thus did a great poet live amongst them, and send them down to us, and to all posterity, ten thousand times more faithfully preserved than by all the arts of Egypt and the East. Quaint as they are, they are the very quintessence of human nature. They live yet, fresh and vivid, passionate and strong, as they did on their way to the tomb of St. Thomas, upwards of five hundred years ago. They can never die; they can never grow old; and amid them, the poet, Englishman every inch, lives, and laughs, and quaffs his cup of wine, and tells his story, and chuckles over his jokes, or listens to the narratives of all those around him with a relish of life, that he only could feel, or could communicate. There is an elastic geniality in his spirit, a buoyant music in his numbers, a soul of enjoyment in his whole nature, that mark him at once as a man of a thousand; and we feel in the charm that bears us along, a strength that will outlast a thousand years. It is like that of the stream that runs, of the wind that blows, of the sun that comes up, ruddy as with youth, from the bright east on an early summer's morning. It is the strength of nature living in its own joyful life, and mingling with the life of all around in gladdening companionship. For a hundred beautiful pictures of genuine English existence and English character, for a world of persons and things that have snatched us from the present to their society, for a host of wise and experience-fraught maxims, for many a tear shed, and emotion revived, and laugh of merriment, for many a happy hour and bright remembrance, we thank thee, Dan Chaucer, and just thanks shalt thou receive a thousand years hence.

EDMUND SPENSER.

So little is known of the early life of Spenser, that our notice of his haunts will be confined, almost wholly, to his Castle of Kilcolman. He is said to be descended from the ancient family of Spenser; indeed he says it himself—

> "At length they all to mery London came;
> To mery London, my most kyndly nurse,
> That to me gave this life's first native sourse,
> Though from another place I toke my name,
> An house of ancient fame."—*Prothalamion.*

This was the house of Althorpe. and now also of Marlborough; but however this may be, his parentage was obscure enough. He is said by Fenton to be born in East Smithfield, near the Tower of London, in 1553; but the parish registers of that time are wanting, and we have no clue to trace more accurately the locality. He was admitted as sizer, the lowest order of students, at Pembroke-hall, Cambridge, in the year 1569; he took the degree of Bachelor of Arts in January 1572-3, and that of Master of Arts in June 1576, in which year he was an unsuccessful candidate for a fellowship, according to some of his biographers, though others deny this. On quitting the University, he went to reside with his relations in the north of England, but how he was supported does not appear. These relations, it would seem probable, from the communication of a Mr. F. C. Spenser, in the Gentleman's Magazine of August 1842, quoted by Craik, in his Spenser and his Poetry, were the Spensers, or Le Spensers, of Huntwood, near Burnly, Lancashire, part of which estate abutted on a little property still called Spensers, at the foot of Pendle-hill. This derives confirmation from the fact of Spenser having a son called Lawrence, and of the names of Edmund and Lawrence abounding in the registries of this Lancashire family, as well as of that family only spelling the name with an "s." Here he fell in love with a lady, whom he celebrates under the name of Rosalind, and who deserted him; this is said to be the cause of his writing the Shepherd's Calendar, in which he complains of this faithless mistress. Others, again, think she was a maiden of Kent, a Rose Lynde, the Lyndes being an old family in that county, where he went on his acquaintance with Sir Philip Sidney, while in the south; but this cannot at all agree with the letter of his friend Gabriel Harvey to him. To Sir Philip he was introduced by this old college friend Gabriel Harvey; and dedicated to him the Shepherd's Calendar. If it be true that the dedication was the cause of introduction, this must have been solicited and decided upon while the poem was only in progress, for it appears pretty clearly that he wrote part of the Calendar at Penshurst; especially the eleventh eclogue, in which he laments the death of a "maiden of great blood," supposed to have been a daughter of the Earl of Leicester. In the tenth eclogue he lauds the Earl of Leicester as "the worthy whom the queen loves best;" so that he was now in the high road to preferment, and does not appear to have been backward to walk diligently in it. Leicester and Sidney, near kinsmen as they were, were just the two men of the whole kingdom to push the fortunes of a poet. With this early and regular introduction to these two powerful men, (powerful in politics and literature, and in favour with the queen,) it is difficult to weave in a belief of the fine story of Spenser's pushing his own way with the ninth canto of the first book of the Faerie Queene. It is a pity this should not be true, yet how can it? The story goes thus: One morning Spenser, determined to try his fortune with Sir Philip Sidney, the courtier most celebrated of the time, for his intellectual accomplishments, and for his generous disposition, went to Leicester House, an entire stranger, carrying with him this canto of his great poem in which is contained the fine allegory of Despair. He obtained admission to Sidney, and presented his MS. for his approbation: that great lover and judge of poetry had not read far before he was so much struck with the beauty of a stanza, that he ordered fifty pounds to be given to the author; proceeding to the next stanza he raised his gift to a hundred, which sum he doubled on reading a third, and commanded his steward to pay instantly, lest he should be induced by a further delay to give away his whole estate. Pity so fine a story was not true! some imaginative person must have pleased himself with fancying how such a thing might have been.

However, Spenser was now a regular inmate of Leicester House, and of Penshurst; so that that latter sweet place has the honour of being as well the haunt of our great romantic poet as of the high hearted Sidney. By Leicester and Sidney Spenser was introduced to Queen Elizabeth, who, it is said, on his presenting some poems to her, conferred on him a gratuity of a hundred pounds. If this be true, it is so unlike Elizabeth's parsimony, that we must set it down as a wonder. Yet it is to this fact that Lord Burleigh's dislike to the *rhymer*, as he called Spenser, is attributed. He deemed the grant so extravagant as to neglect its payment till he received a repetition of the order from his mistress, with a reproof for his delay. There were, no doubt, plenty of causes for Burleigh's dislike of Spenser. In the first place, he had not a spark of poetry in his constitution. To him it was sheer nonsense, idle and childish nonsense. But, besides this, Spenser was brought forward by the very party of whom Burleigh was most jealous—Leicester. He appeared at court as the particular friend of Leicester and Sidney; and the incautious poet is said to have aggravated the dislike of Burleigh by some satirical rhymes, which were assiduously carried to the clever but cold-blooded minister. There has not been wanting active vindication of Burleigh, and the discovery of a patent granting him a pension of fifty pounds a year, dated 1590-1, which he enjoyed till his death in 1598-9, has been said to be sufficient refutation of all that has been alleged against Burleigh in Spenser's case. But how does this at all remove the statements of Burleigh's dislike of Spenser and reluctance to his promotion? Not in the least. It merely shows that Spenser had friends, and an interest in the queen's good-will, powerful enough to overrule the minister's opposition. It may be, and most likely is, just as true, that on the grant of this pension Burleigh declared "the pension was a good example, too great to be given to a ballad-maker;" and that when the queen ordered him a hundred pounds, he replied—"What! all this for a song?" These facts are so in keeping with Burleigh's character, that we cannot question them. Indeed, Spenser himself has put the truth past a doubt. What means—

"To have thy prince's grace, yet want her peeres'?"

What those lines at the close of the sixth book of the Faerie Queene?

"Ne may this homely verse, of many meanest,
Hope to escape his venomous despite,
More than my *former writs*, all were they clearest,
From blamefull blot, and free from all that wite
With which some wicked tongues did it backbite,
And bring into a mighty peere's displeasure
That never so deserved to indite."

Again, in the Ruines of Time, written subsequently to the first edition of the Faerie Queene:—

"The rugged foremost that with grave foresight
Wields kingdoms' causes, and affairs of state,
My looser verses, I wote, doth sharply wite
For praising love," etc.

Thus, whether Spenser, as alleged, or not, gave cause of offence by his satire, one thing is clear, that Burleigh was his bitter and unchangeable enemy. That Spenser had suffered at court is fully shown in his oft-cited verses in his "Mother Hubbard's Tale," the most lively picture of court attendance and its consequent chagrins that ever was painted.

> "Full little knowest thou that hast not tryd,
> What hell it is in suing long to byde;
> To lose good days that might be better spent;
> To waste long nights in pensive discontent;
> To speed to-day, to be put back to-morrow;
> To feed on hope, to pine with fear and sorrow;
> To have thy prince's grace, yet want her peeres';
> To have thy asking, yet wait many years;
> To fret thy soul with crosses and with cares;
> To eat thy heart with comfortless despairs;
> To fawn, to crouch, to wait, to ride, to run,
> To spend, to give, to want, to be undone."

Spenser's sole reliance was on Leicester, Sidney, and Raleigh, with whom he became soon acquainted. He is said to have been employed by the Earl of Leicester on a mission to France in 1579; and though this has been questioned, yet his own assertion, in a letter to Gabriel Harvey, confirms it. In 1580 he accompanied Arthur, Lord Grey of Wilton, who went as Lord-Lieutenant to Ireland, as his private secretary. In this post he is said to have displayed great talents for business. He wrote a "Discourse on the State of Ireland," containing many decided plans for the improvement of that country.

In 1581, the first year of his being in Ireland, he was also made clerk to the Irish Court of Chancery, and Mr. Craik has pointed out the fact given in Collins's Peerage, in the account of the Earls of Portsmouth, that in this same year, too, he received from the queen a grant of a lease of the Abbey of Iniscorthy, or Enniscorthy, and the attached castle and manor, in the county of Wexford, at an annual rent of 300*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*; and that he conveyed this property on the 9th of December of the same year to Richard Synot. This leasehold by another sale came into the hands of the family of the Earls of Portsmouth, and is rated by G. Wakefield, in his "Account of Ireland," at 8,000*l.* a-year.

Lord Grey was recalled in 1582, and Spenser returned with him. But his fate was bound up with Ireland. After hanging about court for four years, during which time there can be little doubt that he experienced much of the bitterness expressed in the lines just quoted, he obtained, through the interest of his friends, Lords Grey and Leicester, and Sir Philip Sidney, a grant of 3,026 acres of land in the county of Cork, part of the forfeited estate of the great Earl of Desmond. Scarcely was his patent made out, when his best friend and patron, Sidney, was killed at the battle of Zutphen. This was the death of his hopes in England, and he set out to reside on and cultivate his newly acquired estate in Ireland; having lamented Sir Philip's death in the pastoral elegy of Astrophel. This was in 1586. In three or four years, 1590 or 1591, Spenser returned to England with Raleigh, published his first three books of the Faerie Queene, and was presented by Raleigh to Elizabeth, who at this time conferred on him his pension. Spenser, it seems, now returned to Ireland, wrote his second three cantos, and, bringing them over in 1596, published them; and also printed and published his Discourse on the State of Ireland, as a defence of his patron Lord Grey's policy there. From the condition of Ireland at that time, and the sense of insecurity which Spenser felt at his lonely castle of Kilcolman, it is not to be wondered at that his plan abounds with earnest recommendations of a coercive nature, and especially for the stationing of strong garrisons numerously. In 1597, he returned to Ireland, where almost immediately the great rebellion of Tyrone breaking out, he was chased from his castle, and retiring to London, died there heart-broken in 1598.

Such is a brief outline of the life of Spenser. Let us now take a nearer view of his Irish home. One of the best accounts of it is contained in the Dublin University Magazine of November 1843. The writer, evidently not only a genuine lover of the poetry of Spenser, but well acquainted with the scene he describes, goes at much length into the characters and allusions of the poem of the Faerie Queene. He shows us that Spenser draws a noble portrait of his benefactor, Lord Grey, in the second book of that poem. It is the warrior seen by Britomart in the mirror of Merlin, as her future husband.

> "A comely knight, all armed in complete wize,
> Through whose bright ventayle lifted up on hye
> His manly face, that did his foes agrize,
> And friends to termes of gentle truce entize,
> Looked forth, as Phœbus' face out of the east
> Betwixt two shady mountaynes doth arise," &c.

The portrait is certainly a noble one, and limned with the colours of divine poetry. The anonymous but able author leads us justly to notice that, in the Legend of Artegall, the thirteen stanzas opening the first canto of the fifth book "relate to the hapless condition of the Ladye Irena—her tears and her troubles; tears that, alas! have not yet ceased to flow down, and troubles that to the present hour are convulsing her bosom. For Irena is Ireland; and she sends her supplications across the ocean to Gloriana, the Queen of Faerie, the great and good Elizabeth of England, beseeching her to come over and help her. Artegall is the personification of equity and justice; and this is the boon which poor Irena looks for, and hopes to receive at her sister's hand."

Artegall, or, in other words, Lord Grey, passes over to Ireland, and encounters Pollentè, or Gerald, Earl of Desmond, "who was in rebellion against Elizabeth at the time of Lord Grey's appointment to the chief authority in Ireland, and perished miserably in consequence. His prodigious wealth and power would amply bear out such an appellation. His lands extended one hundred and fifty miles in the south of the kingdom, stretching from sea to sea, and comprising the greater portion of the counties of Waterford, Cork, Kerry, and Limerick. We read of his being able to bring together by his summons, six hundred cavalry and two thousand footmen; and of these, nearly five hundred were gentlemen of his own kindred and surname. His castles were numerous, and scattered over this large tract of country in well-chosen places, for its defence and protection; and it is curious that attached to one of them is a tale of blood not unlike what you will find Spenser describing. A few miles above the sea, on a bold cliff overhanging one of the deepest parts of the beautiful river Blackwater, stand the battered remains of the earl's castle of Strancally. Attached to this stronghold is a murderous device, which we had often previously heard of, but never till then beheld. The solid rock had been pierced with a large well-like aperture, communicating with the river; and the neighbouring peasants will tell you, that the unwary, when decoyed within the castle, were tied hand and foot, and flung down the *murder-hole*—the rapid river hurried by, and soon carried away their gasping shrieks, and the dead told no tales. We have every respect for these local traditions; notwithstanding, we place no faith in the present horrible legend, which is wholly at variance with the received character of the Earl of Desmond. It may be that such things were told of him, even in Spenser's days; and it is certain that about the close of the year 1579, his castle of Strancally was taken by the Earl of Ormond, the President of Munster; a capture which could be easily transferred to the poet's hero, Artegall."

Lord Grey was recalled, in consequence of representations of cruelty and oppression in his administration. "With this event the fifth book of the Faerie Queene concludes: and the poet there enters at large into the facts of the case. Artegall is summoned away to Faerie Court, and on his way thither meets with two ill-favoured hags,—'superannuated vipers,' as Lord Brougham would term them,—whom he knows to be Envy and Detraction. These are painted in language that makes the grisly creatures live before you. Every hue and feature of their vile countenances is preserved—their slavering lips, their tireless tongues, their foul and claw-like hands. We remember nothing in Milton or Dante that surpasses this powerful personification."

Spenser, as we have already stated, accompanied Lord Grey home, and here came in for a share in the partition of the vast estates of the vanquished Earl of Desmond. The plan now devised for more securely attaching Ireland to the British Crown was called the Plantation of Munster. The scheme, which was first put in operation on this vast confiscated territory of the Earl of Desmond, is thus described in Smith's History of Cork:—

"All forfeited lands to be divided into manors and seigniories, containing 12,000, 8,000, 6,000, and 4,000 acres each, according to a plot laid down. The undertakers (those who got these grants) to have an estate in fee-farm, yielding for each seigniory of 12,000 acres, for the first three years, 33*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* sterling, viz. from 1590 to 1593, and from Michaelmas, 1593, 66*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* sterling, and rateably for every inferior seigniory, yielding upon the death of the undertaker the best beast as an heriot. To be discharged of all taxes whatsoever, except subsidies levied by parliament. Bogs, mountains, &c. not to be included, till improved, and then to pay a halfpenny for each English acre. Licence to the undertakers to transport all commodities, duty free, into England for five years. That none be admitted to have more than 12,000 acres. No English planter to be permitted to convey to any mere Irish. The head of each plantation to be English; and the heirs female to marry none but of English birth; and none of the mere Irish to be maintained in any family there.

"Each freeholder, from the year 1590, to furnish one horse and horseman, armed; each principal undertaker for 12,000 acres, to supply three horsemen and six footmen, armed; and so rateably for the other seigniories; and each copyholder one footman, armed. That, for seven years to come, they shall not be obliged to travel out of Munster, upon any service; and after that time, no more than ten horsemen and twenty footmen out of one seigniory of 12,000 acres, and so rateably; and such as serve out of Munster to be paid by the queen.

"That the queen will protect and defend the said seigniories, at her own charge, for seven years to come. All commodities brought from England for the use of the same seigniories to be duty free for seven years."

There was to be a complete English population established on these lands in this manner: "For any seigniory containing 12,000 acres, the gentleman was to have for his own domain 2,100 acres; six farmers, 400 acres each; six freeholders, 100 acres each; and lands to be appropriated for mean tenures of 50, 25, and 10 acres, to the amount of 1,500 acres; whereon thirty-six families, at least, must be established. The other seigniories to be laid out in like proportion. Each undertaker was to people his seigniory in seven years." These articles received the royal signature on the 27th of June, 1586. The following list of undertakers presents some curious particulars. In the first place, Sir Walter Raleigh and Arthur Robbins by some means managed at once to overleap the grand provision, that no undertaker should be permitted to have more than 12,000 acres: Sir Walter getting 42,000, and poor Spenser, poet-like, only 3,029! He is just tacked on at the end like an after-thought.

	ACRES.
Sir Walter Raleigh	42,000
Arthur Robbins, Esq.	18,000
Fane Beecher, Esq.	12,000
Hugh Worth, Esq.	12,000
Arthur Hyde, Esq.	11,766
Sir Thomas Norris	6,000
Sir Richard Beacon	6,000
Sir Warham St. Leger	6,000
Hugh Cuff, Esq.	6,000
Thomas Jay, Esq.	5,775
Sir Arthur Hyde	5,774
Edmund Spenser, Esq.	3,029

The difference did not consist merely in the quantity either. Some of their lands, like Sir Walter's at Youghal on the Blackwater, were splendid lands; those of Spenser were wild moorlands facing the wilder mountains, where the Irish, yet smarting under defeat and expulsion, the destruction of their great chief, and this plan, which was to continue that expulsion for ever, and plant on their own soil the hated Saxon, were looking down ready to descend, and take sanguinary vengeance. Such was the lot which Spenser chose in preference to the degrading slavery of court dependence. No doubt he pleased himself with the idea of a new English state, established in this newly-conquered region; where, one of the lords of the soil, surrounded by English gentlemen, he should live a life of content and happiness, and hand down to his children a fair estate. But in this fond belief how much of the poet's self-delusive property was mixed! Hear what the authority I have already made such use of says: "It was a wild and lonesome banishment at best for one who had lived so much in courts, and in companionship with the rich and high-born. Mountains on all sides shut in the retreat, and in the midst of the long and level plain between them stood a strong fortalice of the Earl of Desmond, which was to be the poet's residence, Kilcolman Castle. Hard by the castle was a small lake, and a mile or two distant, on either side, a river descended from the hills. In position, likewise, it was insecure; forming, as it did, the frontier of the English line in the south, and the contiguous hills affording lurking-places for the Irish kerns, whence they could pour down in multitudes to plunder. In the insurrectionary warfare that shortly succeeded, these mountain-passes became the scene of many a skirmish; and the first object of the commander of the English forces, when he heard of any partial outbreak, was to send off a detachment of light-armed troops to occupy them in the name of the Queen."

But overlooking all these hazards, Spenser came hither full of bright views of the future. "The sunshine of the years to come," says the author we have been quoting, "were to atone for the darkness and the gloom of life's morning. His poetry, which had been previously of a pastoral cast, became now embued with the wildness of the sylvan solitude around him: wood-nymphs and fairies were inhabitants he could summon up at will, and with them the hill-tops about him were peopled. Such names of places and things as his musical ear pronounced inharmonious, were exchanged for others which quaint fancy suggested, and which read more sweetly in his tender verse. He sang sweet strains of the bridal or separation of his rivers; told how their stern sires, the mountains, ofttimes forced their unwilling inclinations, and brought about a union which the water-nymph detested; and how sometimes she, in her faithful attachment to the one she loved, effected her wish by a circuitous course, or even sought beneath the earth's surface the waters dear to her bosom. Before an imagination so vivid the iron desolateness of Kilcolman vanished; and in its stead a fairy world arose to gladden the eyes of the dreamer with its bowers of bliss, and enchanted palaces, and magnificence more gorgeous than the luxuries of Ind.

"The Ballyhowra hills, which formed the northern boundary of the poet's retreat, appeared in this new world under the feigned title of the Mountains of Mole; while the highest of them, which, like Parnassus, has a double summit, was dignified by the name of 'Father.' Sometimes Spenser seems to have extended the name of Mole to the entire range of hills which run along the northern and eastern limits of the county of Cork, and divide it from Limerick and Tipperary. In one place he speaks of a river rising from the Mole, and thence styled by him Molana; which undoubtedly takes its origin from the Tipperary hills. The plain in which his castle stood was rebaptized in Helicon by the name of Armulla Dale. Of his two streamlets, one was suffered, for a special purpose, to retain its original name of Bregoge, *i.e.* false, or deceitful—

> 'Bregog hight
> So hight became of his deceitful traine!'

and the other, the Awbeg, was specially appropriated to himself by the name of Mulla—

> 'And Mulla mine, whose waves I whilom taught to weep.'

"The rivers here mentioned flowed at some distance on each side of Spenser's castle. The Bregoge on the east, at the distance of a mile; the Mulla on the west, at about two miles. Both rise, as the poet sings, in the Mole Mountain. They spring from wells, in glens about a mile and a half asunder, on the opposite sides of *Corringlas*, the highest mountain in the range. The Bregoge proceeds, in a winding course, to the south-west, and falls into the Mulla a mile above the town of Doneraile. It is a very inconsiderable stream, forcing itself with difficulty amongst the rocks with which its channel is encumbered; and, like many mountain rivulets, is dry during the summer heats. When we saw it, in the course of the present year, its bed was a mass of dusty sand.

"The Mulla rises on the remote side of the hill from the Castle of Kilcolman, but has a more northerly head in Annagh bog, five miles from Anster's birth-place, Charleville, which perhaps in strictness should be deemed its source. Spenser, in the foregoing passage, describes it as springing out of Mole. It proceeds to Buttevant, and receives a branch a little above that town, at Ardskeagh; it then winds away towards Kilcolman, and meets the Bregoge near Doneraile. Directing its course thence, it turns to the south, and flows through a deep romantic glen to Castletown Roche, after which it enters the Blackwater at Bridgetown Abbey. It is now called the Awbeg, in contradistinction to the Awmore or Avonmore, one of the names of the Blackwater."

I have been the more particular in quoting from one well acquainted with the scene, the geography of Spenser's domain, because those who have not been on the spot can really form no idea of the proportion of matter drawn hence, and from Ireland generally, in his poems. The Faerie Queene, Colin Clout, and his two cantos on "Mutabilitie," abound with allegorical or actual descriptions of his Irish life, and of the scenery, and especially the rivers, about his estate here. I must now trace my own visit to it.

Starting from Fermoy with a car, I ascended the valley of the

Blackwater,—a river which for beauty of scenery is worthy of all its fame. About six miles up, I was told that Spenser had lived at a place called Rennie. I found it a gentleman's house, standing at a field's distance from the highway; and drove up to it. It is the property of Mr. Smith, a merchant and magistrate of Fermoy. He was there with his lady, come out to see their splendid dairy of cows which they keep there, forty in number. They were at luncheon, and insisted on my joining them; after which they both set out, most hospitably, to show me the place. The house stands on a lofty rock, overlooking the valley of the river, but at a field's distance from it. It is one of the places of exuberant vegetation, where vegetation in grass and trees seems perfectly exhaustless. The richest pastures, the most abundant and overshadowing trees, everywhere. In the little garden close to the house, and lying on the verge of the precipice, all glowing with dahlias, still remains a wall of the castle which was undoubtedly inhabited by Spenser. There is an old oak on the river bank, at some distance above the house, under the precipice, which is called Spenser's tree; and where he is said to have written part of the Faerie Queene. This property was inherited by Spenser's eldest son, Sylvanus, who married a Miss Nagle, of Monanimy, in Cork, and lived at Rennie.

In a life of Spenser the following scanty information, which has been collected relative to his descendants, is given, and may help us to a clearer conception of the matter. Sylvanus had, by the marriage with Miss Nagle, two sons, Edmund and William. Peregrine Spenser, the third son of the poet,—the second being Lawrence,—is described, in a MS. deposition relative to the rebellion in 1641, as a Protestant resident about the barony of Fermoy, and so impoverished by the troubles, as to be unable to pay his debts; and a part of the estate had been assigned to him by his elder brother, Sylvanus: this part of the estate is distinctly stated to have been Rennie. Hugoline, the son of Peregrine, opposed the designs of the Prince of Orange, and, after the revolution, was outlawed for treason and rebellion; his cousin, William Spenser, the son of Sylvanus, became a suitor for the forfeited property, and obtained it. Dr. Birch has described him as a man somewhat advanced in years, and as unable to give any account of the works of his ancestor which are missing. His case, as he presented it to Parliament, has been printed by Mr. Todd in his Life of Spenser, from the copy in the British Museum, presented by Mr. George Chalmers. In this document Hugoline is described as "very old and unmarried." Dr. Birch informs us that, in 1751, some of the descendants of Spenser were living in the county of Cork; and Mr. Todd, coming later down, observes, that "a daughter of a Mr. Edmund Spenser of Mallow, the last lineal descendant of the poet, is now married to a Mr. Burne, of the English Custom-house." A Mr. Price, in a MS. in the British Museum, states that he was told by Lord Cartaret, that when he was Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland in 1724, a true descendant of Edmund Spenser, who bore his name, had a trial before Baron Hall, and he knew so little of the English tongue that he was forced to have an interpreter.

Now, Mr. Smith informed me that not only was it the fixed tradition that this house at Rennie was inhabited by Spenser the poet, but that it was also as positively asserted that one of his descendants was murdered in it in a very extraordinary manner. The story was that of two brothers; one, banished for high treason, and the other, who succeeded him, murdered by his housekeeper out of jealousy. That this woman had been led to hope that her master would marry her, but finding that he was going to marry another lady, proposed, one morning as he was shaving, to do it for him, and being permitted, cut his throat with the razor. There seemed, however, some suspicion that the cousin of the murdered man, who was next heir,—the elder brother being outlawed,—had instigated or urged upon the woman to commit this act; but, such was the state of the times, that, notwithstanding this suspicion, his cousin came in for the property.

Wild and terrible as this tradition is, it is there; and what is curious, we see in the above slight tracing of the descent of the Spensers, that Hugoline, a son of Peregrine, was outlawed for treason and rebellion, and that William, a cousin, and the son of Sylvanus, became a suitor for the forfeited property, and obtained it. In O'Flanagan's Guide to the Blackwater, this is stated to have happened to the last descendant of Spenser at Rennie, and that "in the small antique dwelling at Rennie is pointed out the room in which she did the deed." This is very different to the account I received from the present proprietor, which is that given above: nor does the house at Rennie prove to be "a small antique one." It is a good modern mansion. The property of Rennie continued in the family long after it had lost Kilcolman: in fact, till about 1734, when on the death of Nathaniel Spenser, the then possessor, it was sold; the family became landless, and soon after extinct.

Mr. and Mrs. Smith set out with me to explore the scene. The house is modern; the land on the level of the house of the richest quality, and beautified with fine trees; the views up and down the river, and over it into the woods of Lord Listowell, with the tower of his castle peeping over them, are rich and beautiful. We descended into the meadows below the house, attended by four remarkably fine greyhounds, one of them as white as snow, and three or four terriers; and the dogs were soon in full chase of rabbits, up amongst the rocks and trees. We were soon below the house, and at the foot of the precipice on which it stands. The place was fit for Spenser's Pan, with all his Fauns and Sylvans. In the meadow, which extended to the banks of the river, grazed a fine herd of cattle, and amidst them the sturdy bull; and all around us, above us on the rocks, in the meadow itself, and on the banks and green slopes on the other side of the river, grew the most prodigal trees. The whole scene told of ancient possession and a most affluent nature. At the foot of the precipice under the house, laurels and filberts, which must have been planted long ago, and probably by Spenser himself, had attained the most enormous size; the laurels were as large as forest trees; they had, some of them, stems, I suppose, half a yard in diameter, and had assumed a shape of sylvan massiveness and woodland rudeness, such as before I had no conception of in laurels. Some had been blown down by the winds and grew half prostrate; others had been sawn off, and had left huge stumps, knit, as it were, into one mass with the foot of the rocks. All was one scene of Arcadian greenness, and excess of growth.

Beneath the rock was a sort of damp cave where water stood as if oozing through from the river, and the plants above hung down their long arms, and made a fitting retreat for Spenser's satyrs. Around, seen from the shadow of this spot, lay the deep-green meadow, the swift, broad river, the rich masses of trees, closing in a little world of solitude; and as if to mark it for a spot in which the poet of Fairy-land had sojourned, and left the impress of his spirit, in his own words:—

> "Beside the same a dainty place there lay,
> Planted with myrtle-trees and laurels green,
> In which the birds sung many a lively lay
> Of God's high praise, and of their sweet loves' teene,
> As it an earthly paradise had been."

Perhaps Spenser might reside here till his castle was fitted up for his reception; perhaps it might be a retreat at times from the more open perils of the desolate Kilcolman; and a sweet change from moorland wildness, to a sort of Italian richness and softness of scenery.

The way was still enchanting. Now down into the valley of the Blackwater, amongst mills and rocks, and resounding waters; now aloft again, overlooking the white house of Rennie on its precipice, and opposite to it spreading out the woods and mountains of Ballynahoolly. Now arose a bare district of hedgerows without trees, and little brown huts, with geese, and goats and swine. Now again passing some gentleman's park, with its ocean of trees, and under a sort of tunnel rather than avenue of beeches, which are planted on banks, so that they meet close above, sometimes for half a mile, and which at night are as dark as a dungeon. Then again I passed between hedges of cyder-apple, all grown into trees, and giving the country—for the fields right and left were enclosed with the same—a very wild look; and I came out on bare heights, and with view of far-off bleak and brown mountains. Near Doneraile, I saw the ocean of green woods belonging to Lord Doneraile's park and domain lying before me in the valley, and passed through it for a mile or more in highest admiration of the splendid growth and richness of foliage of its beeches, its superb way-side ashes, and other trees. Surely, where it is allowed to produce trees, Ireland does exhibit them in a beauty and prodigality of growth which is almost unrivalled by those of England. To this contributes, not merely the fertility of the soil, but the moisture of the atmosphere.

About two miles beyond Doneraile I found, on a wide plain, the ruins of Kilcolman. These ruins have frequently been drawn and engraved, and the views we have of them are very correct. Indeed, so vividly were the features of the scene impressed on my mind by the views, and by reading of it, that I seemed to know it quite well.

its old black mass of wall catches your eye as soon as you have passed the woody neighbourhood of Doneraile, standing up on the wild moorland plain, a solitary object amid its nakedness. A tolerable highway, newly constructed, leads up near to it, along which you advance amid scattered Irish cabins, and their usual potato plots. To reach the castle, you have to turn to the left up one of those stony lanes that threaten to jolt a car to pieces, and then have to scale a gate belonging to the farm on which the ruin stands, and advance on foot, through a farm-yard, and along the lake side. The remains of the castle, which consist only of part of the tower, at the southernmost corner, stand on a green mound of considerable extent, overlooking the lake, or rather a winding sort of pond, overgrown with potamogeton. On one side, masses of limestone-rock, on which the castle, too, stands, protrude from the banks, and on the other extends the green marsh, and the black peat-bogs, with their piles of peat-stacks. To the north, at about a mile distant, stretch those brown moorland mountains, called by the natives the Ballyhowra Hills, but dignified by Spenser with the name of Mole. Of either of these names the peasants seemed to know nothing, but assured me the one nearest to the castle eastward was called Slieve Ruark. Southward, at a couple of miles' distance, stands another sombre-looking tower, the remains of an ancient castle, which they called Castle Pook. On a hill, nearer Doneraile westward, are also the ruins of an abbey; so that, probably, in Spenser's time, this scene might be well wooded; these places inhabited by families of the English settlers might furnish some society for him; but at present, nothing can be more wild, dreary, and naked than this scene, and the whole view around. Turn which way you will, you see nothing but naked moorlands, bare and lonely, or scattered with the cabins and potato plots of the peasantry. To the north-east stands, at perhaps half a mile distant, a mass of plantations, enclosing the house of a Mr. Barry Harold; and that is the only relieving object, except the distant mass of the woods of Doneraile Park, and the bare ranges of mountains that close in this unpicturesque plain at more or less distance.

As I stood on the top of the massy old keep, whose walls are three yards thick, and its winding stairs of slippery grey marble, I seemed to be rather in a dream of Spenser's castle, than actually at it. The sun was hastening to set, and threw a clear shining light over the whole silent plain, and thousands of pewits and rooks from Lord Doneraile's woods, spread themselves over the green fields near the weedy water, and seemed to enjoy the calm dreamy light and stillness of the scene. The hour and the scene naturally brought to my mind the melodious stanza of Mickle, which has special reference to this solitary memorial of the history both of Ireland and its troubles, and the English poet of Fairyland and his fate:—

"Awake, ye west winds, through the lonely dale,
And Fancy, to thy fairy bower betake;
Even now, with balmy sweetness breathes the gale,
Dimpling with downy wing the stilly lake;
Through the pale willows faltering whispers wake,

> And evening comes with locks bedipped with dew,
> On Desmond's mould'ring turrets slowly shake
> The withered rye-grass, and the harebell blue,
> And ever and anon sweet Mulla's plaint renew."

Looking round over this stripped and lonely landscape, over "the looming flats," over the dark moorland hills that slumber to the north and east, and then far away to more distant but equally sterile mountain ranges, a strange feeling crept over me of the force of events which could compel, nay, make it desirable for the most imaginative spirit of the age next to Shakspeare, to quit the British capital, the wit and intelligence of Elizabeth's court, to sit down in this wilderness, and in the face of savage and exasperated foes, the poetical eremite, the exile of necessity. But, perhaps, the place then was not so shorn of all embellishment as now. The writer I have quoted seems to imagine that Spenser, by the sheer force of fancy, not only peopled this waste with fauns and nymphs, but clothed it with trees, and other charms of nature. But we must remember, that since then ages of devastation, of desertion, and of an exhausting system, have gone over this country. Then, this castle stood fair and complete, and no doubt had its due embellishment and garniture of woodland trees. The green alder, very likely, not only overhung the Mulla, but this lake; and a pleasure bark might then add its grace and its life to the view from the castle windows. Todd calls it "the *woody* Kilcolman," on what authority I know not, and supposes that Spenser called his first-born son Sylvanus on that account, as its heir. Here he spent twelve years, and, if we may judge from his poetry, to his own great satisfaction. We cannot suppose, therefore, that he found the place without some native charms, far less that he left it without those which planting and cultivation could give it. As Sir Walter Raleigh planted and embellished his estate at Youghal with laurels and other evergreens, there is little doubt that Spenser would do the same here. He would naturally feel a lively and active interest in raising that place and estate, which was to be the family seat of his children, to as high a degree of beauty and amenity as possible. Though busily engaged on his great poem, the Faerie Queene, there is evidence that he was also an active and clever man of business; so much so that Queen Elizabeth, in preference to all those more aristocratic and more largely land-endowed gentlemen, who were settled with him on the plantations of Munster, had the very year of his expulsion hence by the Irish rebels, named him to fill the office of sheriff of the county of Cork. That he asserted his rights, appears from a document published by Mr. Hardiman, in his Irish Minstrelsy, showing that he had a dispute with his neighbour, Lord Roche, about some lands, in which, by petitions to the Lord Chancellor of Ireland, it appeared that Edmund Spenser had made forcible claim on these plough-lands at Ballingerath, dispossessed the said Lord Roche, had made great waste of the wood, and appropriated the corn growing on the estate. And the decision was given against Spenser. Spenser was, therefore, evidently quite alive to the value of property.

If we look now at what Doneraile is, a perfect paradise of glorious woods, we may imagine what Kilcolman would have been, if, instead of being laid waste with fire and sword by the Irish kerns, and left to become a mere expanse of Irish rack-rent farms, and potato-grounds, it had been carefully planted, cultivated, and embellished, as the estate of the descendants of one of the proudest names of England.

As it is, it stands one more lonely and scathed testimony to the evil fortunes of poets:—

> "The poets who on earth have made us heirs
> Of truth and pure delight, by heavenly lays!"

yet who, themselves, of all men are still shown by a wise Providence to be "pilgrims and sojourners on the earth, having no abiding city" in it. Their souls have a heaven-aspiring tendency. They cannot grasp the earth—it escapes from their hold, and they leave behind them, not castles and domains, but golden footprints, which whoever follows, finds them ever and ever leading him upwards to the immortal regions.

> "For a rich guerdon waits on minds that dare,
> If aught be in them of immortal seed,
> And reason governs that audacious flight
> Which heaven-ward they direct."—*Wordsworth.*

Let us then, at this moment, rather endeavour to look at the happiness which Spenser enjoyed here for twelve bright years, than at the melancholy *finale*. Here he worked busily and blissfully at his great poem. Forms of glory, of high valour and virtue, of female beauty and goodness, floated richly through his mind. The imperial Gloriana, the heavenly Una,

> "whose angel face,
> As the great eye of heaven, shinéd bright,
> And made a sunshine in the shady place,"—

the sweet Belphœbe, the gallant Britomart, and the brave troop of knights, Arthur the magnanimous, the Red-Cross Knight, the holy and hardly-tried, the just Artegall, and all their triumphs over Archimagos, false Duessas, and the might of dragon natures. This was a life, a labour which clothed the ground with golden flowers, made heaven look forth from between the clouds and the mountain tops, and songs of glory wake on the winds that swept past his towers. Here he accomplished and saw given to the world half his great work,—a whole, and an immortal whole, as it regarded his fame and great mission in the world,—to breathe lofty and unselfish thoughts into the souls of men,—to make truth, purity, and high principle the objects of desire.

Here, too, he married the woman of his heart, chosen on the principle of his poetry, not for her lands, but for her beauty and her goodness. Nothing is known of her, not even her name, except that it was Elizabeth, that she was eminently beautiful, and of low degree. Some conjecture her to be of Cork, and a merchant's daughter, but Spenser himself says she was a country lass. Thus in the Faerie Queene:—

"Such were these goddesses which you did see:
But that *fourth maid*, which there amidst them traced,
Who can aread what creature may she bee;
Whether a creature, or a goddess graced
With heavenly gifts from heaven first enraced!
But whatso sure she was, she worthy was
To be the fourth with these three other placed.
Yet was she certes but a country lasse;
Yet she all other country lasses far did passe,

So far, as doth the daughter of the day
All other lesser lights in light excell:
So far doth she in beautiful array
Above all other lasses bear the bell:
Ne less in virtue that beseemes her well
Doth she exceede the rest of all her race;
For which the Graces that there wont to dwell
Have for more honour brought her to this place,
And gracéd her so much to be another Grace.

Another Grace she well deserves to be,
In whom so many graces gathered are,
Excelling much the mean of her degree;
Divine resemblance, beauty sovereign rare,
Firm chastity, that spight no blemish dare;
All which she with such courtesie doth grace
That all her peres can not with her compare,
But quite are dimméd when she is in place:
She made me often pipe, and now to pipe apace.

Sunne of the world, great glory of the sky,
That all the earth doth lighten with thy rayes,
Great Gloriana, greatest majesty,
Pardon thy shepherd, 'mongst so many lays
As he hath sung of thee in all his days
To make one mencine of thy poor handmaid,
And underneath thy feet to place her praise,
That when thy glory shall be far displayed
In future age, of her this mention may be made."

Faerie Queene, b. vi. c. 10.

These were known in Spenser's days to be an affectionate monument of immortal verse to his wife, still more nobly erected in his Epithalamion; and to identify it more, in his Amoretti he tells us that his queen, his mother, and his wife, were all of the same name

"The which three times thrice happy hath me made
With gifts of body, fortune, and of minde,
Ye *three Elizabeths*, for ever live,
That thus such graces unto me did give."

Here, too, he enjoyed the memorable visit of Sir Walter Raleigh, which he commemorates in Colin Clout. He had now ready for the press the three first books of his Faerie Queene; and these he read to Raleigh during his visit, probably as he has described it in pastoral style, as they sat together under the green alders on the banks of the Mulla.

"I sate, as was my trade,
Under the foot of Mole, that mountain hore,
Keeping my sheep among the coolly shade
Of the green alders by the Mulla's shore.
There a strange shepherd chanced to find me out;
Whether allured with my pipe's delight,
Whose pleasing sound yshrilled far about,
Or thither led by chance, I know not right,
Whom when I askéd from what place he came,
And how he hight, himself he did ycleep
The Shepherd of the Ocean by name,
And said he came far from the main sea deep.
He, sitting me beside in that same shade,
Provoked me to play some pleasant fit," etc.

Raleigh was enchanted with the poem. He was just returned from a voyage to Portugal, and was now bound for England. He was, it appears, himself weary of his own location, for he soon after sold it to the Earl of Cork. He pressed Spenser to accompany him, put his poem to press, and by means of its fame to win the more earnest patronage of Queen Elizabeth.

> "When thus our pipes we both had wearied well,
> Quoth he, and each an end of singing made,
> He 'gan to cast great liking to my lore,
> And great disliking to my luckless lot,
> That banished had myself, like wight forlore,
> Into that waste, where I was quite forgot.
> The which to leave, thenceforth he counselled me,
> Unmeet for man in whom was aught regardful,
> And wend with him, his Cynthia to see;
> Whose grace was great, and bounty most rewardful.
> So what with hope of good, and hate of ill,
> He me persuaded forth with him to fare.
> So to the sea we came."

Here it comes out that, however much more clothed with trees, and however much better this spot was in Spenser's days, it was still "a waste where he was forgot," a place into which Raleigh considered his friend as banished, and as unfit for any "man in whom was aught regardful." He left it, published his poem, tried court expectation and attendance once more, but found them still more bitter and sterile than his Irish wilderness, and came back.

When we hear Kilcolman described by Spenser's biographers as "romantic and delightful," it is evident that they judged of it from mere fancy; and when writers about him talk of the Mulla "flowing through his grounds," and "past his castle," they give the reader a most erroneous idea. The castle, it must be remembered, is on a wide plain; the hills are at a couple of miles or more distant; and the Mulla is two miles off. We see nothing at the castle but the wide boggy plain, the distant naked hills, and the weedy pond under the castle walls. Such is Kilcolman.

Here the poet was startled at midnight from his dreams by the sound of horses' hoofs beating in full gallop the stony tracks of the dale, and by a succeeding burst of wild yells from crowding thousands of infuriated Irish. Fire was put to the castle, and it was soon in flames. Spenser, concealed by the gloom of one side of the building, contrived to escape with his wife, and most probably his three boys and girl, as they were saved, and lived after him, but the youngest child in the cradle perished in the flames, with all his property and unpublished poems. On a second visit to England he had published three more books of his Faerie Queene; and there is a story of the remaining six being lost by his servant, by whom they were sent to England. This could not be the fact, as he had himself but recently returned from the publication of the second three. Probably the rumour arose from some other MSS. lost in that manner. Fleeing to England, distracted at the fate of his child and his property, he died there, heart-broken and in poverty, at an inn or lodging-house in King Street, Westminster, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, at the expense of the Earl of Essex; "his hearse attended," says Camden, "by poets, and mournful elegies and poems, with the pens that wrote them, thrown into his tomb."

There is much that we naturally are anxious to know connected with the final fate and family of Spenser. How his children actually escaped? What became of them, and their claim on the property? When the property of Kilcolman was lost to the poet's descendants? Of all this next to nothing is known. The literati of that age do not seem to have given themselves any trouble to preserve the facts of the history of their illustrious cotemporaries. Shakspeare and Spenser were left to the cold keeping of careless tradition. The particulars, beyond what we have already given, are very few.

Spenser's widow returned to Ireland, and there brought up her children. Of these Sylvanus, as eldest son, inherited Rennie and Kilcolman. It appears that he found some difficulty with his mother, Spenser's widow, who married again, to a Roger Seckerstone, and was obliged to petition the Lord Chancellor of Ireland, to obtain from his mother and her new husband documents belonging to his estate, which they withheld. He married, as already stated, Ellen Nagle, of Monanimy, south of Kilcolman, of a Catholic family, a circumstance which had a great effect on the fortunes of their descendants, as connecting them with the unsuccessful party in the troubles of Ireland. His eldest son died without issue, and his second son, William, succeeded to Kilcolman. The property of William, being seized on by the Commonwealth party, was ordered to be restored to him by Cromwell, but is supposed to have only been regained at the Restoration. He had three other grants of land in the counties of Galway and Roscommon; in the latter, the estate of Ballinasloe. At the Revolution he joined King William, who for his services granted him the estate of his cousin Hugoline, of Rennie. This Hugoline was the son of Peregrine, the poet's youngest son, who had Rennie made over to him by his eldest brother, Sylvanus. Hugoline took part with his Catholic relatives, and siding with King James at the Revolution, was outlawed, and his property at Rennie made over to his cousin William. Thus the descendants of Sylvanus, or the eldest son of the poet, became the only known posterity of the poet. The descendants of William, and therefore of Sylvanus Spenser, the elder male line, possessed Rennie till 1734, soon after which this line became extinct. There are still in Ireland persons claiming to be descendants, by the mother's side, from Spenser; and the Travers, of Clifton, near Cork, are lineal descendants of Spenser's sister Sarah and John Travers, a friend of the poet's, who accompanied him to Ireland, and had the townlands of Ardenbone and Knocknacaple given to him by Spenser as his sister's marriage dowry. The descendants of this sister number amongst many distinguished families of Ireland, those of the Earls of Cork and Orrery, Earl Shannon, Lord Doneraile, Earl of Clanwilliam, etc.

The fame of Spenser is not quite rooted out of the minds of the neighbouring peasantry. I inquired of an old man and his family, who live close by the castle, to whom that castle formerly belonged, and they replied, "To one Spenser."

"Who was he?"

"They could not tell: they only knew that many officers from Fermoy, and others, came to see the place."

"Aye, I have heard of him," I added. "He was an Englishman, and the Irish burnt him out of the castle, and he fled to England."

"Oh no! nothing of the kind. He lived and died there, and was buried just below the castle, which used to be a churchyard. Bones are often dug up, and on the western side of the mound there had been a nunnery."

In fact, they knew nothing accurately, but, like the people at Lissoy, with regard to Goldsmith, would insist on his death and burial on the spot.

But the desolated spot possesses an interest stronger than the possession of the poet's dust. It was the scene of his happiest hours—hours of love and of inspiration. Here the Faerie Queene grew in heavenly zeal, and here it was suddenly arrested by the howl of savage vengeance, and the flames which wrapt the poet's heart in ruin.

> "Ah! what a warning for a thoughtless man,
> Could field or grove, or any spot of earth,
> Show to his eye an image of the pangs
> Which it hath witnessed; render back the echo
> Of the sad steps by which it hath been trod."—*Wordsworth*

SHAKSPEARE.

There are two reasons why I proposed to omit the homes and haunts of Shakspeare from the present volume; the first, because I have found it impossible to include the dramatic poets in the compass of it, and must reserve them for a future one; and the second, because I have already, in my Visits to Remarkable Places (vol. i.), devoted a considerable article to almost the only place where his homes and haunts still remain, Stratford-upon-Avon. A very little reflection, however, convinced me that an entire omission of the haunts of this great national poet from this work, would be received as a disappointment by a numerous class of readers. Shakspeare is not merely a dramatic poet. Great and peerless as is his dramatic fame, the very elements not of dramatic art and fame alone, but of universal poetry, and that of the highest order, are so diffused throughout all his works, that the character of poet soars above the character of dramatist in him, like some heaven-climbing tower above a glorious church. Every line, almost every word, is a living mass of poetry; these are scattered through the works of all authors as such exponents of their deepest sentiments as they cannot command themselves. They are like the branches, the buds, the flowers and leaves of a great tree of poetry making a magnificent whole, and rich and beautiful as nature itself, down to its minutest portions. To leave out Shakspeare were indeed to play Hamlet with the part of Hamlet himself omitted; it were to invite guests, and allow the host to absent himself. In the Walhalla of British poetry, the statue of Shakspeare must be first admitted and placed in the centre, before gradations and classifications are thought of. He is the universal genius, whose presence and spirit must and will pervade the whole place.

And yet, where are the homes and haunts of Shakspeare in London? Like those of a thousand other remarkable men, in the accidents and the growth of this great city, they are swept away. Fires and renovation have carried everything before them. If the fame of men depended on bricks and mortar, what reputations would have been extinguished within the last two centuries in London! In no place in the world have the violent necessities of a rapid and immense development paid so little respect to the "local habitations" of great names.

We may suppose that Shakspeare, on his coming up to London, would reside near the theatres where he sought his livelihood. The first appears to have been that of Blackfriars. It has long been clean gone, and its locality is now occupied by Playhouse-yard, near Apothecaries' Hall, and the dense buildings around. Playhouse-yard derives its name from the old playhouse. In Knight's London, it is suggested that this theatre might be pulled down soon after the permanent close of the theatres during the Commonwealth, by the Puritans; but the real old theatre of Shakspeare must, had that not been the case, have perished entirely in the fire of London, which cleared all this ground, from Tower-street to the Temple. If Shakspeare ever held horses at a theatre-door on his first coming to town, it would be here, for here he seems to have been first engaged. The idea of his holding horses at a theatre-door, bold and active fellow as he had shown himself in his deer-stealing exploits, and with friends and acquaintances in town, has been scouted, especially as he was then a full-grown man of twenty-three. The thing, however, is by no means improbable. Shakspeare was most likely as independent as he was clever and active. On arriving in town, and seeing an old acquaintance, Thomas Green, at this theatre, he might, like other remarkable men who have made their way to eminence in London, be ready to turn his hand to anything till something better turned up. Green, who was a player, might be quite willing to introduce Shakspeare into that character and the theatre; but it had yet to be proved that Shakspeare could make an actor of himself, and till opportunity offered, what so likely to seize the attention of a hanger about the theatre, as the want of a careful horse-holder for those who came there in such style, which it appears was then common enough. We have the statement from Sir William Davenant, and therefore from a cotemporary, admirer, and assumed relative. We are told that the speculation was not a bad one. Shakspeare, by his superior age and carefulness, soon engrossed all this business, and had to employ those boys who had before been acting on their own account, as his subordinates; whence they acquired, and retained long after he had mounted into an actor himself within the theatre, the name of Shakspeare's boys. That he became "an actor at one of the playhouses, and did act exceedingly well," Aubrey tells us. He is supposed to have acted Old Knowell in Ben Jonson's "Every Man in his Humour;" and Oldys tells us that a relative of Shakspeare, then in advanced age, but who in his youth had been in the habit of visiting London for the purpose of seeing him act in some of his own plays, told Mr. Jones of Tarbeck, that "he had a faint recollection of having once seen him act a part in one of his own comedies, wherein, being to personate a decrepit old man, he wore a long beard, and appeared so weak and drooping, and unable to walk, that he was forced to be supported, and carried by another person to a table, at which he was seated amongst some company who were eating, and one of them sang a song." This is supposed to have been in the character of Adam, in "As you like it;" and hence it has been inferred, in connexion with his acting the Ghost in Hamlet, and Old Knowell, that he took chiefly old or elderly characters.

Every glimpse of this extraordinary man, who, however much he might have been acknowledged and estimated in his own day, certainly lived long before his time, is deeply interesting. That he was estimated highly we know from Jonson himself:—

> "Sweet swan of Avon, what a sight it were
> To see thee in our waters yet appear,
> And make those flights upon the banks of Thames
> That so did take Eliza and our James."

When the two monarchs under whom Shakspeare lived admired and patronized him, we may be sure that Shakspeare's great merits were perceived, and that vividly, though the age had not that intellectual expansion which could enable it to rise above its prejudices against a player, and comprehend that Shakspeare's dramas were not merely the most wonderful dramas, but the most wonderful expositions of human life and nature that had ever appeared. People were too busy enjoying the splendid scenes presented to them by this great genius, to note down for the gratification of posterity the daily doings, connexions, and whereabouts of the man with whom they were so familiar. He grew rich, however, by their flocking to his theatre, and disappeared from amongst them.

In this theatre of Blackfriars he rose to great popularity both as an actor and dramatic author, and became a proprietor. It was under the management of Richard Burbage, who was also a shareholder in the Globe Theatre at Bankside. To the theatre at Bankside, Shakspeare also transferred himself, and there he became, in 1603, the lessee. There he seems to have continued about ten years, or till 1613; having, however, so early as 1597, purchased one of the best houses in his native town of Stratford, repaired and improved it, and that so much, that he named it New Place. To this, as his proper home, he yearly retired when the theatrical season closed; and having made a comfortable fortune, when the theatre was burnt down in 1613 retired from public life altogether.

Bankside is a spot of interest, because Shakspeare lived there many years during the time he was in London. It is that portion of Southwark lying on the river-side between the bridges of Blackfriars and Southwark. This ground was then wholly devoted to public amusements, such as they were. It was a place of public gardens, playhouses, and worse places. Paris garden was one of the most famous resorts of the metropolis. There were the bear-gardens, where Elizabeth, her nobles and ladies, used to go and solace themselves with that elegant sport, bear-baiting. There also was the Globe Theatre, of which Shakspeare became licensed proprietor, and near which he lived. The theatre was an octagon wooden building, which has been made familiar by many engravings of it. In Henry the Fifth, Shakspeare alludes to its shape and material :—

"Can this cockpit hold
The vasty fields of France? Or may we cram
Within this *wooden* O the very casques
That did affright the air at Agincourt?"

It was not much to be wondered at that this wooden globe should get consumed with fire, which it did, as I have already stated, in 1613. Shakspeare's play of Henry VIII. was acting, a crowded and brilliant company was present, and amongst the rest Ben Jonson, as we learn from his Consecration of Vulcan, when in the very first act, where, according to the stage directions, "drums and trumpets, chambers discharged," cannons were fired, the ignited wadding flew into the thatch of the building, and the whole place was soon in flames. Sir Henry Wotton thus describes the scene in a letter to his nephew. "Now to let matters of state sleep, I will entertain you at present with what happened this week at the Bankside. The king's players had a new play, called All is True, representing some principal pieces from the reign of Henry VIII, which was set forth with many extraordinary circumstances of pomp and majesty, even to the matting of the stage; the knights of the order with their Georges and garters, the guards with their embroidered coats, and the like; sufficient, in truth, within a while, to make greatness very familiar, if not ridiculous. Now, King Henry making a mask at Cardinal Wolsey's house, and certain cannons being shot off at his entry, some of the paper or other stuff wherewith one of them was stopped, did light on the thatch, where, being thought at first but an idle smoke, and their eyes more attentive to the show, it kindled inwardly and ran round like a train, consuming within an hour, the whole house to the very ground. This was the fatal period of that virtuous fabric, wherein yet nothing did perish but wood and straw, and a few forsaken cloaks; only one man had his breeches set on fire, that would perhaps have broiled him, if he had not, by the benefit of a provident wit, put it out with bottle ale."

Fires seem to have menaced Shakspeare on all sides, and he had narrow escapes. As there is no mention of his name in the accounts of the Globe Theatre in 1613, nor any in his will, it is pretty clear that he had retired from the proprietorship of the Globe before, and escaped that loss; but in the very year after it was burned down, there was a dreadful fire in Stratford, which consumed a good part of the town, and put his own house into extreme danger.

These were the scenes where Shakspeare acted, for which he wrote his dramas, and where, like a careful and thriving man as he was, he made a fortune before he was forty, calculated to be equal to 1,000*l.* a-year at present. He had a brother, also, on the stage at the same time with himself, who died in 1607, and was buried in St. Saviour's Church, Southwark, where his name is entered in the parish register as "Edmund Shakspeare, a player."

The place where he was accustomed particularly to resort for social recreation was the Mermaid Tavern, Friday-street, Cheapside. This was the wits' house for a long period. There a club for *beaux esprits* was established by Sir Walter Raleigh, and here came, in their several days and times, Spenser, Shakspeare, Philip Sidney, Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, Massinger, Marlowe, Selden, Cotton, Carew, Martin, Donne, Wotton, and all the brave spirits of those ages. Here Jonson and Shakspeare used to shine out by the brilliancy of their powers, and in their "wit-combats," in which Fuller describes Jonson as a *Spanish great galleon*, and Shakspeare as the *English man-of-war*. "Master Jonson, like the former, was built far higher in learning; solid, but slow in his performances. Shakspeare, with the English man-of-war, lesser in bulk but lighter in sailing, could turn with all tides, tack about, and take advantage of all winds, by the quickness of his wit and his invention." Enough has been said of this celebrated club by a variety of writers. There can be no doubt that there wit and merriment abounded to that degree, that, as Beaumont has said in his epistle to Jonson, one of their meetings was enough to make up for all the stupidity of the city for three days past, and supply it for long to come; to make the worst companions right witty, and "downright fools more wise." There is as little doubt, however, that with Jonson in the chair, drinking would be as pre-eminent as the wit. The verses which he had inscribed over the door of the Apollo room, at the Devil Tavern, another of their resorts, are, spite of all vindications by ingenious pens, too indicative of that.

"Welcome, all who lead or follow,
To the oracle of Apollo;
Here he speaks out of his pottle,
Or the tripos, his tower bottle:
All his answers are divine;
Truth itself doth flow in wine.
Hang up all the poor hop-drinkers,
Cries old Sim, the king of skinkers.
He the half of life abuses
That sits watering with the Muses
Those dull gods no good can mean us:
Wine—it is the milk of Venus,
And the poet's horse accounted:
Ply it, and you all are mounted.
'Tis the true Phœbian liquor,
Cheers the brains, makes wit the quicker,
Pays all debts, cures all diseases,
And at once three senses pleases.
Welcome, all who lead or follow,
To the oracle of Apollo."

There is not any reason to believe that Shakspeare, lover of wit and jollity as he was, was a practical upholder of this pernicious doctrine. He may often make his characters speak in this manner, but personally he retired as soon as he could from this bacchanal life to his own quiet hearth at Stratford; and if we are to believe his sonnets addressed to his wife,—and they possess the tone of a deep and real sentiment,—he seriously rued the orgies in which he had participated.

"Oh, for my sake do you with Fortune chide,
The guilty goddess of my harmfull deeds,
That did not better for my life provide
Than public means which public manners breeds:
Thence came it that my name receives a brand,
And almost thence my nature is subdued
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand;—
Pity me then, and wish I were renewed.
Whilst, like a willing patient, I will drink
Potions of eysell,* 'gainst my strong infection.
No bitterness that I will bitter think,
Nor double penance to correct correction.
Pity me, then, dear friend, and I assure ye
Even that your pity is enough to cure me."

We cannot read these and many other portions of his sonnets, we cannot see Shakspeare retiring every year, and, as soon as able, altogether from the bacchanalian and dissipated habits of the literary men of the day, to the peaceful place of his birth, and the purity of his wedded home, without respecting his moral character as much as we admire his genius. The praises and the practice of drunkenness by literary men, and poets especially, have entailed infinite mischief on themselves and on their followers. What woes and degradations are connected with the history of brilliant men about town, which have tended to stamp the general literary character with the brand of improvidence and disrespect;—jails, deaths, picking out of gutters, sponging-houses, and domestic misery,—how thickly do all these rise on our view as we look back through the history of men of genius, the direct result of the absurd rant about drinking and debauch! With what a beautiful purity do the names of the greatest geniuses of all rise above these details, like the calm spires of churches through the fogs and smokes of London! How cheering is it to see the number of these grow with the growth of years! Shakspeare, Spenser, Sidney, Milton, Cowper, Scott, Wordsworth, Southey, Shelley,—have all been sober and domestic men; and the sanction which they have given by their practice to the proprieties of life, will confer on all future ages blessings as ample as the public truths of their teaching. The Mermaid Tavern, like the other haunts of Shakspeare, has disappeared. It was swept away by the fire. If any traces of his haunts remain, they must be in the houses of the great, where he was accustomed to visit, as those of the Lords Southampton, Leicester, Pembroke, Montgomery, and others. These are, however, now all either gone or so cut up and metamorphosed, that it were vain to look for them as abodes hallowed by the footsteps of Shakspeare. If it be true that he was commanded to read his play of Falstaff in love—the Merry Wives of Windsor—to Queen Elizabeth, it would probably be at Whitehall or St. James's, for Somerset-House was comparatively little occupied by her.

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* Vinegar.

The very places in London more particularly illustrated by his genius have too much followed the fate of those in which he lived. It is true, the Tower, Westminster Palace, and some other of those public buildings and old localities where the scenes of his national dramas are laid, still remain, spite of time and change; and the sites of others, though now covered with wildernesses of fresh houses, may be identified. But the Boar's Head in East Cheap is annihilated; it, too, fell in the great fire, and the modern improvements thereabout, the erection of New London Bridge, and the cutting of King William-street, have swept away nearly all remaining marks of the neighbourhood. It is supposed that the present statue of William IV. stands not very far from the spot where Hal revelled and Sir John swaggered and drank sack.

Over London, and many a spot in and about it, as well as over a thousand later towns, forests, and mountains, of this and other countries, wherever civilised man has played his part, will the genius of Shakspeare cast an undying glory; but to see the actual traces of his existence, we must resort to the place of his nativity and his death. There still stand the house and the room in which he was born: there stands the house in which he wooed his Ann Hathaway, and the old garden in which he walked with her. There stands his tomb, to which the great, and the wise, and the gifted from all regions of the world have made pilgrimage, followed by millions of those who would be thought so, the frivolous and the empty; but all paying homage, by the force of reason, or the force of fashion, vanity and imitation, to the universal interpreter of humanity. It is well that the slow change of a country town has permitted the spirit of veneration to alight there, and cast its protecting wings over the earthly traces of that existence which diffused itself as a second life through all the realms of intellect.

There is nothing missing of Shakspeare's there but the house which he built, and the mulberry-tree which he planted. The tree was hewn down, the house was pulled down and dispersed piecemeal, by the infamous parson Gastrell; who thus "damned himself to eternal fame," more thoroughly than the fool who fired the Temple of Diana. There, only a few miles distant, is the stately hall of Charlecote, whither the youthful poacher of Parnassus was carried before the unlucky knight. There too, and, oh shame! shame to England, shame to the lovers of Shakspeare, shame to those who annually turn Stratford and their club into a regular "Eatanswill," on pretence of honouring Shakspeare; there, too, live the descendants of the nearest relative of Shakspeare—of his sister Joan—in unnoticed and unmitigated poverty! Several years ago, on my visit to this place, I pointed out this fact; and the disgraceful fact still remains.

The Shakspeare Club have gone down to Stratford, and feasted and guzzled *in honour of Shakspeare*, and the *representatives* of Shakspeare in the place have been left in their poverty. There seems to be some odd association of ideas in the minds of Englishmen on the subject of doing honour to genius. To reward warriors, and lawyers, and politicians,—places, titles, and estates are given. To reward poets and philosophers, the property which they honestly, and with *the toil of their whole lives* create, is taken from them, and that which should form an estate for their descendants to all posterity, and become a monument of fame to the nation, is conferred on booksellers. The copyright of authors, or, in other words, the right to the property which they made, was taken away in the reign of Queen Anne, "*for the benefit of literature*,"—so says the Act. Let the same principle be carried out into all other professions, and we shall soon come to an understanding on the subject. Take a lord's or a squire's land from him and his family for ever, after a given number of years, *for the benefit of aristocracy*,—take the farmer's plough and team, his harrows and his corn, *for the benefit of agriculture*,—take the mill-owners' mills, with all their spinning-jennies, and their cotton, and their wool, and their silk, and their own new inventions, for the benefit of manufacturing,—take the merchant's ships and their cargoes, the shopkeeper's shop and his stores, the lawyer's parchment and his fees, the physician's and surgeon's physic and fees, for the benefit of commerce, trade, law, and physic: and let the clergy suffer no injury of neglect in this respect; let their churches, and their glebes, and tithes, be taken for the benefit of religion,—let them all go shares with the authors in this extraordinary system of justice and encouragement, and then the whole posse will soon put their heads together, and give back to the author his rights, while they take care of their own.

But till this be done,—so long as the children and descendants, and nearest successors of the author are robbed by the State, while the poet and philosopher crown their country with glory, and fill it with happiness, and their country in return brands their children with disgrace, and fills them with emptiness—while they go in rags, and the bookseller in broadcloth,—in leanness, and the bookseller, endowed by the State with the riches of their ancestors, in jollity and fat,—so long let those who are anxious to do honour to the glorious names of our literature, honour them with some show of common sense and common feeling. Honour Shakspeare, indeed! Has he not honoured himself sufficiently? What says John Milton, another glorious son of the Muse?

"What needs my Shakspeare for his honour'd bones,
The labour of an age in piled stones?
Or that his hallowed reliques should be hid
Under a star-ypointing pyramid?
Dear son of memory, great heir of fame!
What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name?
Thou in our wonder and astonishment
Hast built thyself a live-long monument."

But if this honour be not needed, what needs there for our Shakspeare, the still weaker witness of his name, of guzzling, and gormandizing? Is there any the remotest connexion between the achievements of pure intellect and seven-gallon-barrel stomachs of anniversary topers? Between the still labours of a divine imagination, and the uproarious riot of a public feed when half-seas over?

Let us suppose, for a moment, that the spirit of Shakspeare could hear the hiccupings of the crew assembled in his name, to honour him forsooth! If he were permitted to descend from the serene glory of his seventh heaven, and appear at the door of their dining-room with the meagre descendants of the Shakspeare family crowding sadly behind him, what are the indignant words that he would address to the flushed throng of his *soi-disant* worshippers? They have been already addressed to like ears by the great Master of love and of the philosophy of true honour. "I was an hungered, and ye gave me no meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me no drink; I was a stranger, and ye took me not in; naked, and ye clothed me not; sick, and in prison, and ye visited me not. * * * *Inasmuch as ye did it not to the least of these, ye did it not to me.*"* No, the sycophantic humbugs never did it to Shakspeare. What cares he, in his seventh heaven of glory and of poetry, for their guzzlings? What have they to do with him or his honour? Is it not a precious imposture, to make a feast to a man's honour, and not to invite to it his nearest relatives, especially when they live at the next door? In the name of the national reputation, let this wretched and egotistic farce be put down by the good sense of the British public! If these people will not honour Shakspeare by honouring his family, let them at least abstain from insulting their poverty and their neglect by this public parade, and this devouring of joints.

Hear what Robert Southey says:—"The last descendants of Milton died in poverty. The descendants of Shakspeare† are living in poverty, and in the lowest condition of life. Is this just to these individuals? Is it grateful to those who are the pride and boast of their country? Is it honourable or becoming to us as a nation, holding—the better part of us assuredly, and the majority affecting to hold—the names of Shakspeare and Milton in veneration? To have placed the descendants of Shakspeare and Milton in respectability and comfort, in that sphere of life where, with a full provision for our natural wants and social enjoyments, free scope is given to the growth of our intellectual and immortal part, simple justice was all that was required—only that they should have possessed the perpetual copyright of their ancestors' works—only that they should not have been deprived of their proper inheritance."‡

The time is evidently not yet come for setting this great matter right; for doing this great act of justice towards the teachers of the world and glorifiers of our national name; for executing this due redress. We have yet much to learn from those divine minds, whom, in Southey's words, we profess to venerate. But still the public mind is not destitute of its glimmerings of the truth, and its responsibilities. Since I wrote the pages quoted, numerous individuals have written to inquire if nothing can be done to remove the opprobrium of our treatment to the Shakspeare family. Many visitors have desired to see the boy whom I pointed out, and have made him presents, but he still remains unprovided for.* A clergyman wrote to me from the west of England, expressing the interest he felt in this youth, whom he had seen at Stratford, and his anxious desire to have a subscription raised to educate him, and put him into some honourable way of life. He begged me to make a move, in which he would zealously cooperate, to interest a sufficient number of literary and influential individuals to agitate the question, and commence the subscription. I made the attempt, but in vain. Some parties gave professions which ended in nothing, others which began in nothing; some doubted the chance of success, and some successfully chanced to doubt. The Countess of Lovelace, the worthy representative of another great bard, expressed the readiest and most zealous desire to move all those within the reach of her influence in the matter. But, in a word, it did not succeed. The honour of Shakspeare lay too much on the national tongue instead of on the heart, yet to procure justice to the living members of his family.

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* Matthew xxv. 43—45.

† Such are Southey's words.

‡ Colloquies, Vol. II p. 312

Let us still trust that that time will come. I will not believe that this great and intellectual nation, which has given an estate and titles to the family of Marlborough, and the same to the family of Wellington, will refuse all such marks of honour to the Shakspeare family. Shall the heroes of the sword alone be rewarded? Shall the heroes of the pen, those far nobler and diviner heroes, be treated with a penniless contempt? In this nation, the worship of military honours is fast subsiding, the perception of the greatness and beneficence of intellect is fast growing. We are coming to see that it is out of our immortal minds, and not out of our swords and cannons, that our highest, purest, and most imperishable glory has grown and will grow. The people every day are more and more coming to this knowledge, and making it felt by Government and the world. The money which is spent in visiting the trumpery collected as his at Stratford, would have purchased a large estate for the descendants of the Shakspeare family. That has not been done, and never will be done; but a penny a-piece from every person in this kingdom, who has derived days and months of delight from the pages of Shakspeare, would purchase an estate equal to that of Strathfieldsaye, or of Blenheim. What a glorious tribute would this be from the people of England to their great dramatic poet—the greatest dramatic poet in the world! How far would it rise above the tributes to violence and bloodshed! The tribute of a nation's love to pure and godlike intellect! This estate should not be appropriated on the feudal principle of primogeniture; should not be the estate of one, but of the family: should be vested in trustees, chosen by the people, to educate and honourably settle in the world *every* son and daughter of the Shakspearian family; and to support and comfort the old age of the unfortunate and decrepit of it. That it should not encourage idleness and a mischievous dependence, all such persons, when educated and endowed with a sufficient sum to enable them to make their way in the world, should be left so to make their way. The nation would then have discharged its parental duties towards them, and they could expect no more. They should be educated to expect no more, and more should not be extended to them, except in case of utter misfortune or destitution, and then only on a scale that should be in itself no temptation.

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* Visits to Remarkable Places, Vol. I. p. 98, (3d edition.)

Such an estate, founded by the people, would be the noblest monument ever yet erected to any man, or on any occasion. Shakspeare has a decent monument at Stratford, and an indifferent one in Westminster Abbey; this would be one worthy of him and of the nation which produced him. It would take away from us a melancholy opprobrium, and confer on him and the British people an equal glory.

But though such a magnificent event, we fear, is very far distant, it is a pleasure to be able to state, that the house in which the poet was born has been purchased, as well as the adjoining houses, so as to be able to isolate the birthplace, and make it more secure from fire. Four tenements, adjoining the birthplace on the western side, were purchased by the Stratford Committee, some years ago, for 820*l.*, and have been paid for by degrees. The portion of the property known as the birthplace, including the Swan and Maidenhead Inn, was purchased at public auction in 1847, by the Stratford and London Committees, for 3,000*l.*, and conveyed in trust to Lord Carlisle, Mr. Thomas Amyott, Mr. Payne Collier, Dr. Thomas Thomson, of Leamington; and Mr. Flower of Stratford and other gentlemen are trustees for the former purchases.

Since then, Mr. John Shakspeare, the Orientalist, who claims to be descended from an ancestor of the poet, has munificently paid into the Stratford Bank, in the name of nine local trustees, the sum of 2,500*l.*, for the purpose of purchasing and taking down the buildings immediately adjoining the house, so as to carry out the plan of its secure isolation, and to put it into thorough repair. I understand that Mr. Shakspeare is desirous to have the whole house enclosed in a miniature Crystal Palace, to defend it from the destroying influences of the weather. The house is now shown to the public free of charge, but any one is at liberty to give a trifle towards the necessary expense of keeping it open to inspection.

ABRAHAM COWLEY

The chief places connected with the name of Cowley are Barn-Elms and Chertsey, both in Surrey. Cowley is one of those poets who had a great reputation in his own time, but who at the present day are only read by those who are anxious to know the real history of the poetry of their country. He is so overloaded with the most outrageous conceits, and his whole system of versification is at once so affected, artificial, and yet rugged and often mean, that he has, in the midst of so much more genuine inspiration, fallen into almost utter neglect. Johnson, often unjust to our poets, can hardly be said to have been so to Cowley, when he says of him and the other metaphysical poets, that "they were men of learning, and to show their learning was their whole endeavour; but unluckily resolving to show it in rhyme, instead of writing poetry, they wrote only verses, and very often such verses as stood the trial of the finger better than of the ear; for the modulation was so imperfect, that they were only found to be verses by counting the syllables.". . . .From this account of their compositions it will be readily inferred, that they were not successful in representing or moving the affections. "For these reasons," Johnson adds, "that though in his own time considered of unrivalled excellence, and as having taken a flight beyond all that went before him, Cowley's reputation could not last. His character of writing was indeed not his own: he unhappily adopted that which was predominant. He saw a certain way to present praise; and, not sufficiently inquiring by what means the ancients have continued to delight through all the changes of human manners, he contented himself with a deciduous laurel, of which the verdure in its spring was bright and gay, but which time has been continually stealing from his brows."

In Cowley, in fact, you will find many beautiful sentiments, and much learning; but he seems always playing with his matter, not dealing earnestly with it; constructing toys and gewgaws, not everlasting structures. You have artifice instead of feeling, and conceits and often downright fustian instead of heart, soul, and human passion. Who would now willingly wade through pages of such doggrel as this?—

Serpents in Egypt's monstrous land
Were ready still at hand,
And all at the old serpent's first command.
And they too gaped, and they too hist,
And they their threatening tails did twist.
But strait on both the Hebrew serpent flew,
Broke both their active backs, and both it slew."

As a specimen of his fiction, Johnson has quoted his description of the archangel Gabriel:

"He took for skin a cloud most soft and bright,
That e'er the mid-day sun pierced through with light;
Upon his cheeks a lively blush he spread,
Wash'd from the morning beauties' deepest red;
An harmless, flaming meteor shone for hair,
And fell adown his shoulders with loose care;
He cuts out a silk mantle from the skies,
Where the most sprightly azure pleased the eyes;
This he with starry vapours spangles all,
Took in their prime ere they grow ripe and fall;
Of a new rainbow, ere it fret or fade,
The choicest piece cut out, a scarf is made."

This comes but indifferently after a passage of Byron or Shelley. But, in fact, Cowley seems to have been a man who could not be permanently and decidedly anything. He could not rise out of affectations, and dubious, halfway sort of positions, either in poetry or in life. He would fain pass for an ardent lover and general admirer of the fair sex, and published a poem called "The Mistress," on the ground stated in the preface to one of its editions, "That poets are scarcely thought freemen of their company, without paying some duties, or obliging themselves to be true to love." This is genuine Cowley: he did not write a poem on a love subject because he was full of the subject, but because it seemed to be expected of a poet. It was not passion and admiration that fired him, but it was necessary to appearances that he should do it. He was unluckily always spying about on the outside of his subject, and never plunging boldly into it. He was like a man who, instead of enjoying his house, should always be standing in the front, and asking passengers what they thought of it, and if it did not look very fine? or, if not, where he could lay on some plaster, or put up a veranda? This sentiment is strikingly expressed by the very opening line of his poems:—

"What shall I do to be for ever known?"

That comes upon you as a grand burst of ambition, but it turns out ambition only. If his heart and soul had been engaged, there would have been less opportunity for his eternal self-consciousness; he would have done his work for the love of it, and because he could not help it, and not because he found it becoming to do some sort of work. Of love, therefore, says his biographer, he never knew anything but once, and then dared not to tell his passion.

He was a strong loyalist; went over to France after the queen of Charles I. retired thither, and became secretary to Lord Jermyn, afterwards Earl of St. Albans, and was employed in such compositions as the royal cause required, and particularly in copying and deciphering the letters which passed between the king and queen. He afterwards came back, and occupied the equivocal character of spy on the republican government, and detailer of its proceedings to the royal party abroad. "Under pretence of privacy and retirement, he was to take occasion of giving notice of the posture of things in this nation." This soon led to his arrest and incarceration; and he was not set at large without a guarantee of a thousand pounds. As it was supposed, he now published his poems, with the object of writing something in his preface which should give government an idea of the abatement of his loyalty. This gave great offence to the royal party, and was in subsequent editions withdrawn. Continuing to live in England as if contented with the existing government, on the death of Cromwell he wrote verses, as is said, in praise of him, and which verses he suppressed; and then went over again to France, as soon as the Commonwealth gave signs of dissolution; and came back in the crowd of royalists, eager for the spoil of the nation. Like many others, however, who had been more decided and consistent than himself, he did not get what he expected—the Mastership of the Savoy.

This, and the ill success of his play, "Cutter of Coleman Street," which also was accused of being a satire on the king, filled Cowley with a desperate desire of retreating into the country. Whenever he was in trouble at Court, this passion for solitude came rapidly upon him. Under the Commonwealth, when imprisoned as a spy, he introduced into the preface to his poems, that "his desire had been for some days past, and did still very vehemently continue, to retire himself to some of the American plantations, and to forsake this world for ever. His courtly ambition being now again disappointed. he styled himself the *melancholy* Cowley, and resolved to ruralize in earnest. He had formerly studied physic, and obtained a diploma, but never practised; having now, however, convinced himself that he was a lover of the country, he determined to practise that, and so betook himself to Barn-Elms. "He was now," says Sprat, "weary of the vexations and formalities of an active condition. He had been perplexed with a long compliance to foreign manners. He was satiated with the arts of a Court, which sort of life, though his virtue made it innocent to him, yet nothing could make it quiet. These were the reasons that moved him to follow the violent inclinations of his own mind, which, in the greatest hurry of his own business, had still called upon him, and represented to him the delights of solitary studies, of temperate pleasures, and a moderate income below the malice and flatteries of fortune."

It was not from a mind like Cowley's that we should expect a deep contentment as the result of this choice, and it is said not to have been the case. At first his poverty debarred him the necessary domestic comfort, but through the influence of his old patrons, the Earl of St. Albans and the Duke of Buckingham, he secured a lease of some of the Queen's lands, which afforded him an ample income.

Barn-Elms lies about half-a-mile from Barnes, near the road leading from Hammersmith suspension-bridge to Wimbledon. It is an old estate, and in Cowley's time must have been tolerably solitary. Since then the road just mentioned has been made across the estate, and an inn built close to its entrance gate. It still, however, presents the aspect of antiquity. The land is rich and flat; and the present park is thickly scattered with the trees from which it derives its name. Some of these are reduced to mere massy fragments of trunks, which give a venerable aspect to the place. The house at the time we visited it was occupied by the late Sir Lancelot Shadwell, the vice-chancellor of England. The spot is remarkable for many other associations than those with Cowley.

The old house here was called Queen Elizabeth's Dairy, and from the richness of the meadow land, seems admirably calculated for a dairy on a grand scale. The property belonged to the canons of St. Paul's, having been granted to them by king Athelstan, but it was leased to Queen Elizabeth, and she granted her interest in it to Sir Francis Walsingham and his heirs. Here, in 1589, that subtle courtier entertained the queen and her whole court, where I suppose they would drink milk and be very rural. The Earl of Essex married Sir Francis's daughter, the widow of Sir Philip Sidney, and resided here frequently. No other man than Jacob Tonson afterwards lived in this house, to which he built a gallery, wherein he placed the portraits of the members of the Kit-kat Club, which had been painted for him by Kneller. The members of the club were also entertained here frequently by the munificent bookseller, their secretary. Garth wrote the verses for the toasting glasses of the club, which, as they are preserved in his works, have immortalized some of the principal beauties of the commencement of the last century: Lady Carlisle, Lady Essex, Lady Hyde, and Lady Wharton. Tonson's gallery was partly pulled down a good many years ago, and partly united to a barn, so as to form a riding school. The pictures were removed to Bayfordberry, the seat of William Baker, Esq. near Hertford.

In George the Second's time, Heydegger, his master of the revels, was the tenant, and the following whim of his was played off on his royal master. The king gave him notice that he would sup with him one evening, and that he would come from Richmond by water. It was Heydegger's profession to invent novel amusements, and he was resolved to surprise his Majesty with a specimen of his art. The king's attendants, who were in the secret, contrived that he should not arrive at Barn-Elms before night, and it was with difficulty that he found his way up the avenue to the house. When he came to the door all was dark; and he began to be angry that Heydegger should be so ill-prepared for his reception. Heydegger suffered the king to vent his anger, and affected to make some awkward apologies, when, in an instant, the house and avenues were in a blaze of light, a great number of lamps having been so disposed as to communicate with each other, and to be lit at the same instant. The king heartily laughed at the device, and went away much pleased with his entertainment.

Adjoining the park, and not far from the house, is the farm and farm-yard of William Cobbett. Here that extraordinary man, as much attached to agriculture as to politics, had a sort of domicile and sleeping-place made for him in the farm-buildings, and used to survey his planting and ploughing as assiduously as if there were no corruptions to root up, and no rank weeds to extirpate, in the great estate of the nation.

Cobbett's farm-yard still stands to remind you of him, but the house which Cowley inhabited has long been pulled down. From what I could learn on the spot, and it was little, it seems to have stood near the present stable-yard. The walls of the old gardens still remain, and old mulberry and other fruit-trees bear testimony to the occupation by wealthy families for ages. The grounds are now disposed in the fashion of a considerable park, with these old gardens and extensive shrubberies adjoining. A carriage-drive of considerable extent leads from the Barnes road down to the house, on one hand giving a level prospect over the meadows towards Hammersmith, and on the other bounded with the tall hedge and thick trees enclosing the park. The whole, with its rich meadow land, its old elms and old gardens, and shrubberies of fine evergreens, is almost too goodly for our ideas of the fortunes of a poet, and accords more truly with the prestige of a successful lawyer.

The house of Cowley at Chertsey yet remains, though it has been considerably altered: it is still called the Porch-house, but the porch has been cut away because it projected into the street. Over the front door is a tablet of stone, let into the wall, on which is inscribed a line from Pope, slightly varied,—

> "Here the last accents fell from Cowley's tongue."

His garden and grounds were on the level of the meadows, as level as the meadows of Barn-Elms. These meadows lie along the road, as you go from Weybridge to St. Ann's-hill, and a pleasant brook runs through them, skirting the garden. The country around is very agreeable, and the nearness of St. Ann's-hill, with its heathy sides, and noble views far and wide, is a great advantage. For a heart that loved solitude, there need have been no pleasanter spot, especially as the little town of Chertsey could afford all creature comforts, and the occasional chat of the clergyman, the doctor, and a resident family or two. But in Cowley's time, how much deeper must have been the retirement of such a retreat here; how much further it was from London! Now it is only a few hours' distance by the South Western Railway; then, it was a journey—they took a night's rest on the way! His letter to Sprat from this place gives us an odd idea of his enjoyment of the place:—

"*To* DR. THOMAS SPRAT.

"Chertsey, May 21, 1665.

"The first night that I came hither, I caught so great a cold, with a defluxion of rheum, as made me keep my chamber ten days; and, two after, had such a bruise on my ribs with a fall, that I am yet unable to move or turn myself in my bed. This is my personal fortune here to begin with. And besides, I can get no money from my tenants, and have my meadows eaten up every night by cattle put in by my neighbours. What this signifies, or may come to in time, God knows; if it be ominous, it can end in nothing less than hanging. Another misfortune has been, and stranger than all the rest, that you have broke your word with me, and failed to come, even though you told Mr. Bois you would. This is what they call *Monstri simile.* I do hope to recover my late hurt so far within five or six days, though it be uncertain yet whether I shall ever recover it, as to walk about again. And then, methinks, you and I, and *the Dean*, might be very merry upon St. Ann's-hill. You might very conveniently come hither the way of Hampton Town, lying there one night. I write this in pain, and can say no more. *Verbum sapienti.*"

Poor Cowley did not long enjoy his retreat here, if he did enjoy it at all. Within two years he died at the Porch-house (in 1667), in the forty-ninth year of his age. He was buried with great pomp in Westminster Abbey, near Chaucer and Spenser.

JOHN MILTON.

[illegible]

Perhaps no man ever inhabited more houses than our great epic poet, yet scarcely one of these now remains. The greater part of his residences were in London; and in the hundred and seventy-two years since his decease, the whole of this great metropolis has been, as it were, in a ferment of growth and extension. The great fire of London swept away an immense mass of the old houses; and if we look around us, we see how very few of the ancient framed tenements which then prevailed now remain. Again, Milton generally chose his houses, even in the city, with a view to quiet and retirement. They were, say his biographers, generally garden houses, where he enjoyed the advantages of a certain remoteness from noise, and of some openness of space. These spaces the progress of population has filled with dense buildings, in the course of the erection of which, the old solitary houses have been pulled down.

Milton, as is well known, was born in Bread-street, Cheapside, at the sign of the Spread Eagle. The spread eagle was the armorial bearing of the family. His father was an eminent scrivener, living and practising there at the time of Milton's birth, which took place on the 9th December, 1608. This house was destroyed in the fire of London. During his boyhood, which was passed here, Milton was educated at home, in the first instance, by a private tutor, Thomas Young. This man Aubrey calls "a puritan in Essex, who cutt his hair short." Young had suffered persecution for his religious faith, and it is supposed that from him Milton imbibed a strong feeling for liberty, and a great predilection for the doctrines which he held. He was much attached to him, as he testified by his fourth elegy, and two Latin epistles. It has been remarked, that however much Milton might be swayed by the principles of his tutor, he never was by his cut of hair; for, through all the reign of the Roundheads, he preserved his flowing locks. After the private tutor was dismissed, he was sent to St. Paul's School. This appears to have been in his fifteenth year. Here, too, he was a favourite scholar. The then master was Alexander Gill, and his son was the usher, and succeeded his father in the school. With him Milton was on terms of great friendship, and has left a memorial of his regard in three of his Latin epistles.

From the relation of his original biographer, Aubrey, we may see the boy Milton going to and fro between Bread-street and his school, full of zealous thirst of knowledge, and the most extraordinary industry. He studied with excessive avidity, regardless of his health, continuing his reading till midnight, so that the source of his future blindness is obvious in his early passion for letters. Aubrey says, that "when Milton went to school, and when he was very younge, he studied very hard, and sate up very late, commonly till twelve or one o'clock; and his father ordered the maid to sett up for him." His early reading was in poetical books. He confirms this account of himself in his *Defensio Secunda pro Populo, &c.* He says that his father destined him to liberal studies, which he so eagerly seized upon, that from his twelfth year he seldom ever retired from his books to bed before midnight; and that his eyes, originally weak, thus received the first causes of their future mischief. That perceiving the danger of this, it could not arrest his ardour of study, though his nocturnal vigils, followed by his daily exercises under his masters, brought on failing vision and pains in the head. Humphrey Lownes, a printer, living in Bread-street, supplied him, amongst other books, with Spenser and Sylvester's Du Bartas. Spenser was devoured with the intensest enthusiasm, and he has elsewhere called him his master.

Todd, the generally judicious biographer of Milton, praises his father for his discernment in the education of his son. The father, who was a very superior man, and especially fond of and skilled in music, certainly appears to have at once seen in his son the evidences of genius, and to have given to it every opportunity of development; but it is to be regretted that his fatherly encouragement was not attended with more prudence, and that he had not, instead of encouraging the habit of nocturnal study,—the most pernicious that a student can fall into,—restrained it. Had he done this, the poet might have retained his sight, and who shall say with what further advantage to the world!

At seventeen, Milton entered as a pensioner at Christ College, Cambridge. He was found to be a distinguished classical scholar, and conversant in several languages. His academical exercises attracted great attention, as well as his verses, both in English and Latin. His Latin elegies, in his eighteenth year, have always been regarded with wonder; and, indeed, in his Latinity, both in verse and prose, perhaps no modern writer has surpassed him. Hampton, the translator of Polybius, pronounced him the first Englishman who, since the revival of letters, wrote Latin verses with classic elegance. His extraordinary merit and acquisitions found, from the authorities of his College, general applause, spite of a disposition to severity, induced by his sturdy opposition to them in opinion, on a plan of academical studies then under discussion.

Milton here, it appears, on the testimony of Aubrey, suffered an indignity from his tutor, which it was not in his high and independent nature to endure with impunity. He refers to the fact in his first elegy. He mentions threats and other things, which his disposition could not tolerate; that he was absent in a state of rustication, and felt no desire to revisit the reedy banks of the Cam. Aubrey says, from the information of our author's brother Christopher, that Milton's first tutor at Cambridge was Mr. Chappell, from whom receiving some unkindness, (*he whipped him*,) he was afterwards, though it seemed against the rules of the College, transferred to the tuition of one Mr. Tovell. This information stands in the MS. *Mus. Ashmol. Oxon.* No. x. p. iii. Warton, remarking on the fact, adds, that Milton "hated the place. He was not only offended at the College discipline, but had even conceived a dislike to the face of the country—the fields about Cambridge. He peevishly complains that the fields have no soft shades to attract the Muses, and there is something pointed in his exclamation, that Cambridge was a place quite incompatible with the votaries of Phœbus."

It was not very likely that a youth of perhaps eighteen, who was writing the elegies and epistles in Latin which drew upon him so much notice, would submit quietly to so degrading a treatment. This treatment, it appears from Warton, was common enough, nevertheless, at both Cambridge and Oxford, amongst the tutors at that time. But Milton spurned it, as became his great spirit and noble nature, and was in consequence, probably, rusticated for a time. But this could not have been long, nor could it have been accordant to the wishes of the fellows of his College. The offence was against the tutor, not against the heads of the College, in the poet's mind. In his Apology for Smectymnus, he thanks an enemy for the opportunity of expressing his grateful sense of the kindness of the fellows, in these words: "I thank him; for it hath given me an apt occasion to acknowledge publickly, with all grateful mind, that more than ordinary favour and respect which I found above any of my equals, at the hands of those courteous and learned men, the fellows of the College wherein I spent some years; who at my parting, after I had taken two degrees, as the manner is, signified many ways how much better it would content them if I would stay; as by many letters full of kindness and loving respect, both before that time and long after, I was assured of their good affection to me."

Leaving Cambridge, Milton went to reside some time at Horton, near Colnbrook, in Buckinghamshire. His father had retired from his practice, on a competent fortune, to this village. This portion of his life was, probably, one of the most delightful periods of it. He had acquired great reputation for talent and learning at College; he had taken his degree of M.A.; and in this agreeable retirement he not only indulged himself, as he tells us, in a deep and thorough reading of the Greek and Latin authors, but, probably then contemplating his visit to Italy, made himself master of its language and well acquainted with its literature. To such perfection did he carry this accomplishment, that in Italy he not only spoke the language with perfect fluency, but wrote in it so as to astonish the most learned natives. Five years he devoted to these classical and modern studies, but not to these alone. He was here actively at work in laying the foundation of that great poetical fame which he afterwards achieved. Born in the city, he now made himself thoroughly familiar with nature. In the woods and parks, and on the pleasant hills of this pleasant county, he enjoyed the purest delights of contemplation and of poetry. Here he is supposed to have imbued himself with the allegoric romance of his favourite Spenser, and also to have written his own delightful Arcades, Comus, L'Allegro, Il Penseroso, and Lycidas. It is a fact which his biographers have not seemed to perceive, but which is really significant, that the very Italian titles, L'Allegro and Il Penseroso, of themselves almost identify the productions of this period and place, where he was busy with the preparation for his visit to Italy. The county of Buckingham appeared always to be from this time a particular favourite with him; and no wonder, for it is full of poetical beauty, abounds with those solemn and woodland charms which are so welcome to a mind brooding over poetical subjects, and shunning all things and places that disturb. It abounds, being so near the metropolis, also, with historic associations of deep interest.

"This pleasant retreat," says Todd, "excited his most poetical feelings; and he has proved himself, in his pictures of rural life, to rival the works of nature which he contemplated with delight. In the neighbourhood of Horton, the Countess Dowager of Derby resided; and the Arcades was performed by her grandchildren at this seat, called Harefield-place. It seems to me that Milton intended a compliment to his fair neighbour,—for fair she was,—in his L'Allegro:—

> 'Towers and battlements it sees
> Bosom'd high in tufted trees,
> Where, perhaps, some beauty lies,
> The cynosure of neighbouring eyes.'

The woody scenery of Harefield, and the personal accomplishments of the Countess, are not unfavourable to this supposition; which, if admitted, tends to confirm the opinion that L'Allegro and Il Penseroso were composed at Horton. The Masque of Comus, and Lycidas, were certainly produced under the roof of his father."

The whole of these poems breathe the spirit of youth, and of scenes like those in which he now daily rambled. Whether L'Allegro and

Il Penseroso were written, as Sir William Jones contends, at Forest-hill, in Oxfordshire, or here, need not be much contested. If they were written there, it must have been many years afterwards, after his return from abroad, and after his first marriage; for it was at Forest-hill that he found his wife. But for the reason assigned, and for that of their general spirit, I incline to the belief that they were written at Horton, as there is plenty of evidence that Comus and the Arcades were. These latter poems overflow with the imagery and the feeling of the old wooded scenery of Buckinghamshire.

> "*Comus.* I know each lane, and every alley green,
> Dingle, or bushy dell of this wild wood,
> And every bosky bourne from side to side,
> My daily walks and ancient neighbourhood."

How full of the old pastoral country are these lines!—

> "*Sec. Bro.* Might we but hear
> The folded flocks penned in their wattled cotes,
> Or sound of pastoral reed with oaten stops,
> Or whistle from the lodge, or village cock
> Count the night watches to his feathery dames,
> 'Twould be some solace yet, some little cheering,
> In this close dungeon of innumerous boughs."

There is no other poet who has been able to transfuse the very spirit of nature into words, as it is done in the following passages, except Shakspeare, on whose soul images of rural beauty and repose fell with equal felicity of effect:—

> "This evening late, by then the chewing flocks
> Had ta'en their supper on the savoury herb
> Of knot-grass dew besprent, and were in fold,
> I sate me down to watch upon a bank
> With ivy canopied, and interwove
> With flaunting honeysuckle, and began,
> Wrapt in a pleasing fit of melancholy,
> To meditate my rural minstrelsy,
> Till Fancy had her fill; but ere a close,
> The wonted roar was up amidst the woods," &c.

How exquisite is every image of this passage:—

> "Return, Sicilian Muse,
> And call the vales, and bid them hither cast
> Their bells, and flowerets of a thousand hues.
> Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use
> Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,
> On whose fresh lap the swart star sparely looks;
> Throw hither all your quaint enamelled eyes,
> That on the green turf suck the honied showers,
> And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.
> Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
> The tufted crow-toe and pale jessamine,
> The white pink, and the pansy freak'd with jet,
> The glowing violet,
> The musk-rose, and the well-attired woodbine,
> With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
> And every flower that sad embroidery wears;
> Bid Amaranthus all his beauty shed,
> And daffodillies fill their cups with tears,
> To strow the laureat hearse where Lycid lies."

A power of poetic landscape-painting like this, is only the result of genius deeply instructed in the school of nature. But the time was now come for the survey of other and more striking scenes than those of the woodlands and pastoral uplands of Buckingham. The tour of Milton in Italy is a marked portion of his life, and no doubt opened wide fields of poetic imagination and of artistic experience in his mind. He visited Nice, Leghorn, Pisa, Florence; in the vicinity of which last city, at the village of Belloguardo, or at Arcetri, it is supposed that he paid his visit to Galileo. Thence he went on to Sienna and Rome; he afterwards proceeded to Naples, and was intending to visit Sicily and Athens, when the news of the revolutionary troubles in England reached him, and caused him to retrace his steps through Rome and Florence; whence he visited Lucca, and crossing the Apennines to Bologna, Ferrara, and Venice, he then hastened homewards by Verona, Milan, and along the lake Leman to Geneva, and so on through France.

In every city of Italy he was cordially and honourably received by the most distinguished persons of the age, and studied the works of the great masters, in both painting and sculpture, with an effect which is believed to be apparent in his great work, Paradise Lost. The sacrifice which he made to the spirit of patriotism by this return, is eloquently adverted to by Warton. "He gave up," he remarks, "these countries, connected with his finer feelings, interwoven with his poetical ideas, and impressed upon his imagination by his habits of reading, and by long and intimate converse with the Grecian literature. But so prevalent were his patriotic attachments, that, hearing in Italy of the commencement of the national quarrel, instead of proceeding forward to feast his fancy with the contemplation of scenes familiar to Theocritus and Homer, the fires of Etna, and the porticos of Pericles, he abruptly changed his course, and hastily returned home, to plead the cause of ideal liberty. Yet in this chaos of controversy, amidst endless disputes concerning religious and political reformation, independency, prelacy, tithes, toleration, and tyranny, he sometimes seems to have heaved a sigh for the peaceable enjoyments of lettered solitude, for his congenial pursuits, and the more mild and ingenuous exercises of the Muse."

But though he might sigh for these, he never suffered them to draw him aside from the path of what he deemed the most sacred duty, both towards God and man; he sacrificed not only his desire of visiting classical regions, and of lettered ease, but he was willing to risk the achievement of what he considered—and which eventually proved to be—the crowning act of his eternal fame, the writing of his great epic. He had conceived, as he tells us himself, the scheme of his Paradise Lost; on that he placed his hope of immortality; but even that he heroically resolved to postpone till he had seen his country rescued from her oppressors, and placed on a firm ground of freedom. The casualties of life might have robbed him and the world for ever of the projected work; but he ventured all for the great cause of his country and of man, and was rewarded.

A story has been repeatedly told as the occasion of Milton's Italian journey, and very generally believed, which Todd has shown to be told also in the preface to "Poésies de Marguérite Eleanore Clotilde, depuis Madame de Surville, Poëte Française du xv. Siècle," of another poet, a Louis de Puytendre, exactly agreeing in all the particulars, except that the ladies were on foot. That Milton needed no such romantic incentive to his Italian tour is self-evident, having a sufficient one in his classical and poetic tastes; but as it appeared in a newspaper, and obtained general credence, it may be worth transcribing.

"It is well known that in the bloom of youth, and when he pursued his studies at Cambridge, this poet was extremely beautiful. Wandering one day, during the summer, far beyond the precincts of the University, into the country, he became so heated and fatigued, that, reclining himself at the foot of a tree to rest, he fell asleep Before he woke, two ladies, who were foreigners, passed in a carriage; agreeably astonished at the loveliness of his appearance, they alighted, and having admired him, as they thought, unperceived, for some time, the youngest, who was very handsome, drew a pencil from her pocket, and having written some lines upon a piece of paper, put it with her trembling hand into his own; immediately afterwards, they proceeded on their journey. Some of his acquaintances who were in search of him had observed this silent adventure, but at too great a distance to discover that the highly-favoured party in it was our illustrious poet. Approaching nearer, they saw their friend, to whom, being awakened, they mentioned what had happened: Milton opened the paper, and with surprise read these verses from Guarini, Madrigal xii. ed. 1598:

'Occhi, stelle mortali,
Ministre de miei mali,—
Se chiusi m'uccidete,
Aperti che farete?'

"'Ye eyes, ye human stars! ye authors of my liveliest pangs! If thus, when shut, ye wound me, what must have proved the consequence had ye been open?' Eager from this moment to find the fair *incognita*, Milton traversed, but in vain, through every part of Italy. His poetic fervour became incessantly more and more heated by the idea which he had formed of his unknown admirer; and it is in some degree to *her* that his own times, the present times, and the latest posterity, must feel themselves indebted for several of the most impassioned and charming compositions of the Paradise Lost."

Now, to say nothing of the incoherence of this story,—of the questions that naturally suggest themselves, of how these young men, too far off to recognise their companion as the object of this flattering attention, could know that the ladies were foreigners, and that the one who wrote the paper was the *youngest*, and was very handsome,—it is evident, that had a young Cantab found himself awaking, now-a-days, under a tree, with a paper of Italian verses in his hand, and his comrades ready with a story of a couple of beautiful young ladies, foreigners, travelling in a carriage, and the *youngest*, who was very handsome, putting this paper into his hand, he would very naturally have deemed himself the subject of a most palpable quiz. Yet the world, in a simpler age, not only gravely received this narrative as a fact, but Anna Seward did it into verse.

Returned from Italy, not from the vain quest after an imaginary and romantic fair one, but with his mind stored with knowledge and poetic imagery, which he had *not* pursued in vain, Milton took up his residence in London, in order to be ready, as occasion presented itself, to serve his country. He had no longer the inducement to return to Horton. He had seen his mother laid in the grave before he went: his father had probably quitted Horton when the civil war broke out, and betaken himself to the security of Reading, a fortified town; for on the surrender of that town to the Earl of Essex, in 1643, the old man came up to London to his son, with whom he continued to reside till his death, about four years afterwards.

During the five years spent by Milton at Horton, between leaving Cambridge and setting out on his travels, he did not entirely bury himself there in his classical books and poetic musings in the woods and fields. He had occasional lodgings in London, in order to cultivate music, for which he had always a great passion, to prosecute his mathematics, to procure books, to enjoy the society of his friends, amongst whom were many of his old college friends, and, no doubt, to perfect himself in speaking the French and Italian languages, which it is not to be supposed he could do at Horton. Now, however, duty as well as inclination fixed him almost wholly in London. Great events were transpiring, and he felt a persuasion that he must bear his part in them. There was one circumstance which drew him for awhile from the metropolis, and it was this. He became attached to a young lady in Oxfordshire, and is supposed to have made some abode in the place of her residence. "The tradition," says Todd, "that he did reside at this beautiful village of Forest-hill, near Shotover, is general, though none of his biographers assert the circumstance. Madame du Bocage, in her entertaining 'Letters concerning England,' &c., relates that, 'visiting in June, 1750, Baron Schutz and lady, at their house near Shotover-hill, they showed me, from a small eminence, *Milton's House*, to which I bowed with all the reverence with which that poet's memory inspires me.'" And the same writer quotes this interesting account of the place and circumstance from a letter of Sir William Jones: "The necessary trouble of correcting the first printed sheets of my history, prevented me to-day from paying a proper respect to the memory of Shakspeare, by attending his jubilee. But I resolved to do all the honour in my power to as great a poet, and set out in the morning, in company with a friend, to visit a place where Milton spent some part of his life, and where, in all probability, he composed several of his earliest compositions. It is a small village on a pleasant hill, about five miles from Oxford, called Forest-hill, because it formerly lay contiguous to a forest, which has since been cut down. The poet chose this place of retirement after his first marriage, and he describes the beauties of this retreat in that fine passage of his L'Allegro:—

Sometime walking not unseen,
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,—
While the ploughman, near at hand,
Whistles o'er the furrowed land,

And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his sithe,
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.
Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
Whilst the landscape round it measures;
Russet lawns, and fallows gray,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray;
Mountains, on whose barren breast
The labouring clouds do often rest;
Meadows trim with daisies pied,
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide:
Towers and battlements it sees
Bosomed high in tufted trees;
Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes
From betwixt two aged oaks,' &c.

"It was neither the proper season of the year, nor time of the day, to hear all the rural sounds, and see all the objects mentioned in this description; but, by a pleasing concurrence of circumstances, we were saluted on our approach to the village with the music of the mower and his scythe; we saw the ploughman intent upon his labour, and the milkmaid returning from her country employment.

"As we ascended the hill, the variety of beautiful objects, the agreeable stillness and natural simplicity of the whole scene, gave us the highest pleasure. We at length reached the spot whence Milton undoubtedly took most of his images: it is on the top of a hill, from which there is a most extensive prospect on all sides. The distant mountains, that seemed to support the clouds; the village and turrets, partly shrouded in trees of the finest verdure, and partly raised above the groves that surrounded them; the dark plains and meadows, of a greyish colour, where the sheep were feeding at large; in short, the view of the streams and rivers, convinced us that there was not a single useless or idle word in the above-mentioned description, but that it was a most exact and lively representation of nature. Thus will this fine passage, which has always been admired for its elegance, receive an additional beauty from its exactness. After we had walked, with a kind of poetical enthusiasm, over this enchanted ground, we returned to the village.

"The poet's house was close to the church; the greatest part of it has been pulled down; and what remains belongs to an adjacent farm. I am informed that several papers, in Milton's own hand, were found by the gentleman who was last in possession of the estate. The tradition of his having lived there is current amongst the villagers; one of them showed me a ruinous wall that made part of his chamber, and I was much pleased with another, who had forgotten the name of Milton, but recollected him by the title of The Poet.

"It must not be omitted, that the groves near this village are famous for nightingales, which are so elegantly described in the Penseroso. Most of the cottage windows are overgrown with sweet-briars, vines, and honeysuckles; and that Milton's habitation had the same rustic ornament, we may conclude from his description of the lark bidding him good morrow:—

'Through the sweet-briar, or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine:'

for it is evident that he meant a sort of honeysuckle by the eglantine; though that word is commonly used for the sweet-briar, which he could not mention twice in the same couplet.

"If ever I pass a month or six weeks at Oxford in the summer, I shall be inclined to hire and repair this venerable mansion, and to make a festival for a circle of friends in honour of Milton, the most perfect scholar as well as the sublimest poet that our country ever produced. Such an honour will be less splendid, but more sincere and respectful, than all the pomp and ceremony on the banks of the Avon."

That Sir William might be, and probably was, mistaken in supposing that the Allegro was written at Forest-hill, I think is apparent from the character of that poem and of the Penseroso, which bear, to me, evident marks of a more youthful muse than the Comus and the Lycidas. They deal more in mere description, and, what is more, the poet himself placed them in his original volume, prior to those poems, as if written prior. The images quoted by Sir William will apply to a thousand other scenes in England, and where Milton himself never was. They are such as a thousand hill-tops in our beautiful pastoral land can show us. They may be found equally in his earlier haunts in Buckinghamshire. Nevertheless, Shotover is not the less interesting, nor do the scenes the less apply to it. There Milton undoubtedly did walk and muse,

"By hedge-row elms on hillocks green,"

and hear the ploughman's whistle, the milkmaid's song, and the mower's ringing scythe, and rest his eye on its landscape, tinted and varied as he describes it. There he saw the distant mountains of Wales, and the shepherds under the hawthorns down in the dales below him, each "telling his tale;" that is, not telling a story to some one, or making love, but "telling the tale," or number of his flock, before penning them for the night, or letting them loose in the morning.

That Milton lived at Forest-hill some time, there is no doubt; but when, and how long, and how often, are points that now cannot be very well cleared up. Sir William Jones represents him to have chosen this retirement after his first marriage. Now Milton was not married before 1643, at which time he was in his thirty-fifth year. But Comus and Lycidas were written long before, and so no doubt were L'Allegro and Il Penseroso. Mosely, in his Address to the Reader, in the volume of Milton's poems containing all these pieces, published in 1645, tells us that these poems were known to be written, and that he solicited them to accompany Lycidas and Comus; and Milton, in presenting this volume to his friend Rouse, says plainly that they were the productions of his early youth:—

"Gemelle cultu simplici gaudens liber,
Fronde licet geminâ,
Munditiaque nitens non operosâ;
Quem *manus attulit*
Juveniles olim,
Secula tamen haud nimii poetæ," &c.

This settles the question of the location of the poems; but the question of when, and how long, and how often Milton resided at Forest-hill, still remains. That he did not reside there long, *immediately* after his marriage, is very clear, from the statement of his nephew and biographer, Phillips. "About Whitsuntide, or a little after, he took a journey into the country; nobody about him certainly knowing the reason, or that it was more than a journey of recreation. After a month's stay, home he returns a married man, that went out a bachelor; his wife being Mary, the eldest daughter of Mr. Richard Powell, then a justice of peace at *Forestil*, near Shotover, in Oxfordshire." This account is confirmed by Anthony Wood, who states that Milton courted, married, and brought his wife to his house in London, in one month's time.

She was very young, and had been accustomed to a gay life. According to Aubrey, "she was brought up and bred where there was a great deal of company and merriment, as dancing, &c.; and when she came to live with her husband, she found it solitary, no company coming to her; and she often heard her nephews cry and be beaten. This life was irksome to her, and so she went to her parents." Phillips says that she was averse to the philosophic life of Milton, and sighed for the mirth and jovialness to which she had been accustomed in Oxfordshire. It was a great mistake altogether. Milton was now a man of a sober age; he was yet but a schoolmaster, though he had a large and handsome house in Aldersgate-street in a garden. This was necessary for the accommodation of his pupils, as well as for his own quiet study. But it must have been immensely dull to a young girl who, from all the glimpses we can get of her, was, though perhaps handsome and fascinating, of an ordinary nature, and one who had been educated to frivolity and mere enjoyment of the fashionable gaieties of life. What was more, the very work on which Milton was zealously engaged,—the defence of the Parliamentary cause, and the defeat of the kingly,—was perfect poison to her and her family,—all high Royalists. "Her relations," says Phillips, "being generally addicted to the Cavalier party, and some of them possibly engaged in the king's service, who at this time had his head-quarters at Oxford, and was in some prospect of success, they began to repent them of having matched the eldest daughter of the family to a person so contrary to them in opinion; and thought it would be a blot in their escutcheon, whenever that events would come to flourish again."

These circumstances, operating together, induced his young wife to desert Milton. She asked leave, after a week, to go home and see her parents; he, in the meantime, was calmly and manfully labouring at his *Areopagitica*, or Speech for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing, one of the noblest works in our language. His wife had gone home, at the invitation of her friends, to spend the remaining part of the summer with them; and her husband gave her leave to stay till Michaelmas. Michaelmas came, but no wife. He sent for her, and she refused to come. He sent letter after letter; these remained unanswered. He despatched a messenger to bring her home; the messenger was dismissed from her father's house with contempt. This moved his spirit, and he resolved to repudiate her. To justify this bold step, he published four treatises on divorce: The Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce; The Judgment of Martin Bucer concerning Divorce; his famous *Tetrachordon*, or Expositions upon the four chief places of Scripture which treat of Marriage, or Nullities of Marriage; and *Colasterion*. It is probable that the lady and her friends would have thanked him for the divorce, had the world gone well with them; but the political scene was now fast changing. The royal power was waning; the Powells were getting into trouble, or foresaw it approaching, from their active participation in the royal cause. Milton, on the other hand, was fast rising into popular note. He was the very man that they were likely to need in the coming storm; and with true worldly policy, they forgot all their pride and insults; were willing to forget the offended husband's public exposure of his wife's conduct, and his active measures for repudiation; and a plan was laid for retaking him. The plot was this. Milton was accustomed to visit a relative in St. Martin's-le-Grand; and here, as it had been concerted on her part, he was astonished to see his wife come from another apartment, and falling on her knees before him, beg forgiveness for her conduct. After some natural astonishment, and some reluctance on his part to a reconciliation, he at length gave way to her tears; and forgave and embraced her.

> "Soon his heart relented
> Towards her, his life so late, and sole delight,
> Now at his feet submissive in distress."

It has been supposed that the impression made upon his imagination and his feelings, on this occasion, contributed no little to his description of the scene in Paradise Lost, in which Eve addresses herself to Adam for pardon and peace.

And certainly Milton, on this occasion, displayed no little magnanimity and nobility of character. His domestic peace and reputation had been most remorselessly attacked, yet, says Fenton, "after this reunion, so far was he from retaining an unkind memory of the provocations which he had received from her ill conduct, that when the king's cause was entirely oppressed, and her father, who had been active in his loyalty, was exposed to sequestration, Milton received both him and his family to protection and free entertainment, in his own house, till his affairs were accommodated by his interest with the victorious faction." The old father-in-law had to suffer for his attachment to the royal cause. He was publicly announced as a delinquent, and fined 576*l.* 12*s.* 3*d.*; besides that his house was seized by the Parliamentary party.

It would be agreeable if from this time we could find data for believing that the returned wife and her friends showed a generous sense of the kindness of the poet. But we cannot. After the royal power was restored, and Milton was in danger and disgrace, we hear of no protection afforded by them to him: no protecting roof extended, no countenance even to the daughters, their mother now being dead. Of these daughters, one died early, having married a master builder; one died single; and the third married a weaver in Spitalfields. It should be recollected that all three daughters survived their father as well as mother, yet it does not appear that they received the slightest notice or assistance from their wealthier relations of Shotover. Yet his third daughter, Deborah, had great need of it, and, in many respects, well deserved it. She lived to the age of seventy-six. This is the daughter that used to read to her father, and was well known to Richardson and Professor Ward; a woman of a very cultivated understanding, and not inelegant of manners. She was generously patronised by Addison, and by Queen Caroline, who sent her a present of fifty guineas. She had seven sons and three daughters, of whom Caleb and Elizabeth are remembered. Caleb emigrated to Fort Saint George, where, perhaps, he died. Elizabeth, the youngest daughter, married Thomas Foster, a weaver in Spitalfields, as her mother had done before her, and had seven children, who all died young. She is said to have been a plain, sensible woman, and kept a petty grocer's or chandler's shop, first at Lower Holloway, and afterwards at Cock-lane, near Shoreditch church. In April, 1750, Comus was acted for her benefit: Doctor Johnson, who wrote the prologue, says, "She had so little acquaintance with diversion or gaiety, that she did not know what was intended when a benefit was offered her." The profits of the performance were only 67*l.*, the expenses being deducted, although Dr. Newton contributed largely, and Jacob Tonson gave 20*l.* On this trifling augmentation to their small stock, she and her husband removed to Islington, where they both soon died.

Such is the history of Milton's posterity.

From this melancholy review of his domestic history, let us now return to his homes in London after his return from Italy. He came back with great intentions, but to the humble occupation of a schoolmaster: and here we encounter one of the most disgraceful pieces of chuckling over his lowly fate, to be found in that most disgraceful life of our great poet and patriot, by Dr. Johnson. The Lives of the Poets, by Johnson, in the aggregate, do him no credit. In point of research, even, they are extremely deficient; but the warped and prejudiced spirit in which they are written destroys them as authority. On Milton's head, however, Johnson poured all the volume of his collected bile. Such a piece of writing upon the greatest epic poet, as well as one of the most illustrious patriots of the nation, is a national insult of the grossest kind. Take this one passage as a specimen of the whole. "Let not our veneration for Milton forbid us to look with some degree of merriment on great promises and small performances; on the man who hastens home because his countrymen are contending for their liberty, and, when he reaches the scene of action, vapours away his patriotism in a private boarding-school." The passage is as false as it is malicious. Milton did not promise to come home and put himself at the head of armies or of senates. He knew where his strength lay, and he came to use it, and did use it, most effectually. He did not say, "I will be another Cromwell," but he became the Cromwell of the pen. It was precisely because he was poor,—that he had no interest or connexions to place him in the front ranks of action,—that he showed the greatness of his resolve, in hasting to the scene of contest, and standing ready to seize such opportunity as should offer, to strike for his country and for liberty. He desired to do his duty in the great strife, whatever might be the part he could gain to play; and had he only sincerely desired to do that, and had not yet done it for want of opportunity, he would still have been worthy of praise for his laudable desire.

Of all the various residences of Milton in London, as I have remarked, scarcely one has escaped the ravages of the fire, and the progress of improvement and population. The habit which he had of selecting houses standing in gardens, on account of their quietness, has more than anything else tended to sweep them away These places, as population increased, were naturally crowded, and the detached houses pulled down to make way for regular streets. His first lodging was in St. Bride's Churchyard, Fleet-street, on his return from Italy. Here he began educating his two nephews, John and Edward Phillips. Of this lodging nothing now remains. The house, as I learn from an old and most respectable inhabitant of St. Bride's parish, who lives in the Churchyard, and very near the spot, was on the left hand, as you proceed towards Fleet-street through the avenue. It was a very small tenement, very old, and was burnt down on the 24th of November, 1824, at which time it was occupied by a hairdresser. It was—a proof of its age—without party walls, and much decayed. The back part of the Punch Office now occupies its site.

These lodgings were too small, and he took a garden-house in Aldersgate-street, situated at the end of an entry, that he might avoid the noise and disturbance in the street. To his nephews, he here added a few more pupils, the sons of his most intimate friends. This house was large and commodious, affording room for his library and furniture. Here he commenced his career of pure authorship,—all he did having public reform and improvement for its object. Here he wrote, as a fitting commencement, a treatise Of Reformation, to assist the Puritans against the Bishops, as he deemed the Puritans deficient in learning for the defence of the great principles they were contending for. That Milton would turn out a stern reformer of Church matters, might be clearly seen from a passage in his Lycidas, written before he was twenty-nine years old. In this he is said even to anticipate the execution of Laud. The passage is curious:—

"How well could I have spared for thee, young swain,
Enow of such as for their bellies' sake
Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold?
Of other care they little reckoning make
Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast,
And shove away the worthy bidden guest;
Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how to hold
A sheep-hook, or have learn'd aught else the least
That to the faithful herdsman's art belongs!
What recks it them? What need they? They are sped;
And when they list, their lean and flashy songs
Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw;
The hungry sheep look up and are not fed,

But, swoln with wind and the rank mist they draw
Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread;
Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw
Daily devours apace, and nothing said:
But that two-handed engine at the door,
Stands ready to smite once, and smites no more."

Here he next wrote his treatise, Of Practical Episcopacy, in defence of the Smectymneans, against Archbishop Usher; then, Reasons of Church Government, urged against Prelacy. In this work he revealed to his readers his plans for a great poem,—the Paradise Lost,—which only was deferred till the advocacy which the times demanded of him should be completed.

It was in this house, on the approach of the troops of Prince Rupert to the capital, in 1642, soon after the battle of Edgehill, that Milton placed in imagination, if not in actual ink, his proudly deprecatory sonnet:—

"Captain, or colonel, or knight in arms,
Whose chance on these defenceless doors may seize,
If deed of honour did thee ever please,
Guard them, and him within protect from harms.
He can requite thee, for he knows the charms
That call fame on such gentle acts as these,
And he can spread thy name o'er lands and seas,
Whatever clime the sun's bright circle warms.
Lift not thy spear against the Muses' bower:
The great Emathian conqueror bid spare
The house of Pindarus, when temple and tower
Went to the ground; and the repeated air
Of sad Electra's poet had the power
To save th' Athenian walls from ruin bare."

His next remove was to a house in the Barbican, now also, without doubt, removed: this was a larger house, for it was necessary to accommodate not only his wife, but her family.

From the Barbican issued the first volume of his poems, including Comus, Lycidas, L'Allegro, Il Penseroso, &c.; a strange Parnassus, as it now seems to us. In 1647, his numerous inmates having left him, he once more flitted, to use the good old Saxon term, into a smaller house in Holborn, opening backwards into Lincoln's Inn Fields; this house will now be sought in vain. Here he published, in 1649, his bold Tenure of Kings and Magistrates, in which he vindicated what the Parliament had done in 1648, in the execution of the king; this was followed by some other political pamphlets. As he had made himself a marked man before, this open defence of the royal decapitation bound him up at once with the measures of the ruling government. Such a champion was not to be overlooked; and accordingly, immediately afterwards, he was invited by the Council of State, without any expectation or solicitation on his part, to become Latin Secretary; as they had resolved neither to write to others abroad, nor to receive answers from any, except in that language, which was common to them all. Thus, without any anxious solicitation, any flatteries, or compromise of his dignity and integrity, he had steadily advanced to that post in which he could effectually serve his country. He was here not merely the secretary, he was the champion of the government; and accordingly the *Eicon Basiliké*, attributed to King Charles himself, was ordered by him to have an answer,—which answer was his *Eiconoclastes*, or the Image-breaker. Then came his great Defence of the People of England, against Salmasius. This work was received, both at home and abroad, with the greatest excitement, abuse, and applause, as the different parties were affected: at Paris and Toulouse, it was burnt; at home, Milton was complimented on his performance of his task, by the visits or invitations of all the foreign ministers in London; his own government presented him with a thousand pounds, as a testimony of their approbation of the manner in which he had acquitted himself; and even Queen Christina of Sweden, the patron of Salmasius, could not avoid applauding it, and soon after dismissed Salmasius from her court. The work itself, and the effect it produced, are said to have shortened the life of Salmasius, who died about two years afterwards, without having finished his reply, upon which he was labouring.

On being made Latin Secretary, Milton quitted Holborn, and took lodgings in Scotland-yard, near Whitehall. Here he lost his infant son; and his own health being impaired, he removed to a more airy situation; that is, into one of his favourite garden-houses, situated in Petty-France, Westminster, which opened into St. James's Park, in which he continued till within a few weeks of the Restoration. In this house some of the greatest domestic events of his life occurred. Here he lost the entire use of his eyes; his left eye having become quite dark in 1651,—the year in which he published his *Defensio Populi*,—the second in 1653. His enemies triumphed in his blindness as a judgment from Heaven upon his writing against the king; he only replied by asking them, if it were a judgment upon him to lose his eyes, what sort of judgment was that upon the king, which cost him his head? and by adding that he had charity enough to forgive them. We have seen that he laid the foundation of this deprivation in his youth, by unremitted and nocturnal study; and, when writing the Defence of the People, the physicians announced to him that he must desist, or lose his sight: he believed his duty required him to go on, and he went on, knowing the sacrifice he made.

In this house he lost, too, his first wife, Mary Powell; their infant son was dead, but she left him three daughters, the only children that survived him. He afterwards married Catherine, the daughter of Captain Woodcock, of Hackney, who died in childbed within a year of their marriage. Of the beautiful character of this excellent woman, he has left us this testimony, his twenty-second sonnet:—

"Methought I saw my late espoused saint
Brought to me, like Alcestis from the grave,
Whom Jove's great son to her glad husband gave,
Rescued from death by force, though pale and faint.
Mine, as whom washed from spot of childbed taint,
Purification in the old law did save.
And such as yet once more I trust to have
Full sight of her in heaven without restraint,
Came, vested all in white, pure as her mind:
Her face was veiled, yet, to my fancied sight,

Love, sweetness, goodness, in her person shined
So clear, as in no face with more delight.
But, oh! as to embrace me she inclined,
I waked, she fled, and day brought back my night."

Here Milton wrote his Second Defence of the People against the attack made in a book called *Regii Sanguinis clamor ad Cœlum adversus parricidas Anglicanos;* written by one Peter du Moulin, afterwards Prebendary of Canterbury; with other things in the same controversy. As he was now blind, he had the excellent Andrew Marvell associated with him, as assistant-secretary. His industry continued at writing, as if he had full use of his eyes. He published now his Civil Power in Ecclesiastical Cases, and The Means of Removing Hirelings out of the Church; collected the Original Letters and Papers addressed to Oliver Cromwell concerning the affairs of Great Britain, from 1649 to 1658, with other things.

This memorable dwelling is yet standing. It no longer opens into St. James's Park. The ancient front is now its back, and overlooks the fine old but house-surrounded garden of Jeremy Bentham. Near the top of this ancient front is a stone, bearing this inscription—"SACRED TO MILTON, THE PRINCE OF POETS." This was placed there by Jeremy Bentham, and William Hazlitt rented the house some years, purely because it was Milton's. Bentham, when he was conducting people round his garden, used to make them sometimes go down on their knees to this house. The house is tall and narrow, and has nothing striking about it. No doubt, when it opened into St. James's Park, it was pleasant; now it fronts into York-street, which runs in a direct line from the west end of Westminster Abbey. It is number 19, and is occupied by a cutler. The back, its former front, is closed in by a wall, leaving but a very narrow court; but above this wall, as already said, it looks into the pleasant garden of the late venerable philosopher.

But the time of the Restoration was approaching, and Milton began to retrace his steps towards the city, by much the same regular stages as he had left it. After secreting himself in Bartholomew-close till the storm had blown over, and his pardon was signed, he once more took a house in Holborn, near Red-Lion-Fields; and thence removed to Jewin-street, near Aldersgate. All these places have been rebuilt, and no house of Milton is now to be found in these thickly-populated parts. People have often wondered why Milton always showed such a preference for the city. There were many reasons. In the first place, he was born and brought up till his seventeenth year in it: the associations of youth form strong attractions. In the second, as Dr. Johnson considerately tells us, Aldersgate-street and the like were not then so much out of the world as now. Besides this, after the Restoration, it would be far more agreeable to Milton to be at some distance from the West-end, where cavaliers and courtiers were now flaunting with newly-revived insolence; and nothing but taunts, insults, and the hearing of strange and most odious doings could have awaited him. Here Milton married his third and last wife, Elizabeth Minshull, of a good family in Cheshire, with whom he seems to have lived in great affection, so much so, that he wished to leave her all that was left him of his property.

From Jewin-street, he made his last remove, as to his London residences, into Artillery-walk, Bunhill-fields. Bunhill-fields were, probably, in those days, open, and airy, and quiet; at present, with the exception of the Artillery-ground itself, and the thickly-populated burial-ground, which contains the bones of Bunyan and De Foe, the whole of that neighbourhood is covered with a dense mass of modern houses. Artillery-walk, Bunhill-fields, is no longer to be found. The nearest approach that you get, even to the name, is Artillery-place, Bunhill-row, which is merely a row of new houses adjoining the Artillery-ground, and a new church which has been erected in that busy, ordinary, and dingy street, still called Bunhill-row. Besides an Art of Logic, his Treatise of True Religion, Heresie, and Schism, Toleration, and what best means *may be used against the growth of Popery;* his Familiar Letters in Latin; and a translation of a Latin Declaration of the Poles in favour of John III., their heroic sovereign—the two last published in the last year of his life; his residence in Bunhill-fields was made remarkable by the publication of Paradise Lost, Paradise Regained, and Samson Agonistes. He left, moreover, in manuscript, a Brief History of Muscovy, and of other less known Countries lying eastward of Russia as far as Cathay, which was published in 1682, and his System of Theology, which was long supposed to have perished, but has been recovered and published of late years, much to the scandal of the orthodox.

Thus to the last did this wonderful man live and labour. There is something singularly interesting and impressive in our idea of him, as he calmly passed his latter days in his quiet habitation in Bunhill-fields. He had outlived the great battle of king and people, in which extraordinary men and as extraordinary events had arisen, and shaken the whole civilized world. Charles I., Laud, and Strafford, had fallen in their blood; the monarchy and the church had fallen. Pym, Hampden, Marvell, Vane, and the dictator Cromwell, had not only pulled down the greatest throne in Europe, but had made all others seem to reel by the terrific precedent. All these stern agents, with the generals Ireton, Harrison, Lambert, Fleetwood, and their compeers, who had risen from the people to fight for the people, were gone, like the actors in an awful tragedy who had played their rôle. Some had perished in their blood, others had been torn from their graves; the monarchy and the church, the peerage and all the old practices and maxims, were again in the ascendant, and had taken bloody vengeance; yet this one man, he who had incited and applauded, who had defended and made glorious through his eloquence and his learning, the whole republican cause, was left untouched. As if some especial guardianship of Providence had shielded him, or as if the very foes who pulled the dreaded Cromwell from his grave, feared the imprecations of posterity, and shrunk from the touch of that sacred head,—there sat the sublime old man at his door, feeling with grateful enjoyment the genial sunshine fall on him. There he sat, erect, serene, calm, and trusting in God the Father of mankind. He had lived even to fulfil that long-deferred task of poetic glory; the vision of Paradise Lost passed before him, and had been sung forth in the most majestic strains that had ever made classical the English tongue. His trust in Providence had been justified; he had served his country, and had yet not missed his immortality. The great and the wise came from every quarter to converse with him; and the wonderful passages through which he and his nation had lived, were food for the musings of the longest day or the most solitary moments.

Many have thought that those melancholy lines in Samson Agonistes, commencing—

"O loss of sight! of thee I most complain,"

were his own wretched cogitations. But Milton, unlike Samson, had no weak seductions from the path of his great duty to reproach himself with; and far likelier were it that the whole apostrophe to light, spoken in his own character in the opening of the third book of Paradise Lost, was the more usual expression of his feelings:—

"Thee I revisit safe,
And feel thy sov'ran, vital lamp; but thou
Revisit'st not these eyes, that roll in vain
To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn;
So thick a drop serene hath quench'd their orbs,
Or dim suffusion veil'd. Yet, not the more
Cease I to wander where the Muses haunt
Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill,
Smit with the love of sacred song; but chief
Thee, Sion, and the flowery brooks beneath,
That wash thy hallowed feet, and warbling flow,
Nightly I visit: nor sometimes forget
Those other two equall'd with me in fate,
So were I equalled with them in renown,
Blind Thamyris and blind Mæonides,
And Tiresias and Phineus, prophets old:
Then feed on thoughts, that voluntary move
Harmonious numbers; as the wakeful bird
Sings darkling, and, in shadiest covert hid,
Tunes her nocturnal note."

Such is the view that Richardson has given us of him in his declining days:—"An ancient clergyman of Dorsetshire, Dr. Wright, found John Milton in a small chamber hung with rusty green, sitting in an elbow chair, and dressed neatly in black; pale, but not cadaverous; his hands and fingers gouty, and with chalk stones. He used also to sit in a grey, coarse cloth coat, at the door of his house in Bunhill-fields, in warm sunny weather, to enjoy the fresh air; and so, as well as in his room, received the visits of people of distinguished parts as well as quality."

There is an episode in the later life of Milton which we are made acquainted with by Thomas Elwood the Quaker, and which has something very pleasing and picturesque about it. It is that of his abode at Chalfont St. Giles, in Buckinghamshire. Elwood, who was the son of a country justice of peace, was one amongst the first converts to Quakerism, and has left us a most curious and amusing autobiography. In this he tells us that, while Milton lived in

Jewin-street, he was introduced to him as a reader, the recompence to Elwood being that of deriving the advantage of a better knowledge of the classics, and of the foreign pronunciation of Latin. A great regard sprung up between Milton and his reader, who was a man not only of great integrity of mind, but of a quaint humour and a poetical taste. On the breaking out of the plague in London, Milton, who was then living in Bunhill-fields, wrote to Elwood, who had found an asylum in the house of an affluent Quaker at Chalfont, to procure him a lodging there. He did so; but before Milton could take possession of his country retreat, Elwood, with numbers of other Quakers, was hurried off to Aylesbury gaol. The persecution of that sect subsiding for awhile, Elwood, on his liberation, paid Milton a visit, and received the MS. of Paradise Lost to take home and read. With this, Elwood had the sense to be greatly delighted, and, in returning it, said, "Thou hast said a great deal upon *Paradise Lost:* what hast thou to say upon *Paradise Found?*" Milton was silent a moment, as pondering on what he had heard, and then began to converse on other subjects. When, however, Elwood visited him afterwards in London, Milton showed him the *Paradise Regained*, saying, "This is owing to you, for you put it into my head by the question you put to me at Chalfont; which before I had not thought of."

Thus, in this abode at Chalfont, we hear the first mention of Paradise Lost, and to it we owe Paradise Regained. It is supposed that Milton wrote the whole of the latter poem there, and that he must have done, or the greater part of it, from his being able so soon after his return to show it to Elwood.

It says much for the proprietors of the cottage at Chalfont, and for the feeling of the country in general, that this simple dwelling has been sacredly preserved to this time. You see that all the others near it are much more modern. This is of the old framed timber kind, and is known, not only to the whole village, but the whole country round, as Milton's house. Mr. Dunster, in the additions to his edition of Paradise Regained, says that the cottage at Chalfont "is not pleasantly situated; that the adjacent country is extremely pleasant; but the immediate spot is as little picturesque or pleasing as can be well imagined." He might have recollected, that it could signify very little to Milton whether the spot was picturesque or not, if it were quiet, and had a good air; for Milton was, and had been long quite blind. But, in fact, the situation, though not remarkably striking, is by no means unpleasing. It is the first cottage on the right hand as you descend the road from Beaconsfield, to Chalfont St. Giles.

Standing a little above the cottage, the view before you is very interesting. The quiet old agricultural village of Chalfont lies in the valley, amid woody uplands, which are seen all round. The cottage stands facing you, with its gable turned to the road, and fronting into its little garden and field. A row of ordinary cottages is built at its back, and face the road below. To the right ascends the grass field mentioned; but this, with extensive old orchards above the house, is pleasing to the eye, presenting an idea of quiet, rural repose, and of meditative walks in the shade of the orchard trees, or up the field, to the breezy height above. Opposite to the house, on the other side of the way, is a wheelwright's dwelling, with his timber reared amongst old trees, and above it a chalk-pit, grown about with bushes. This is as rural as you can desire. The old house is covered in front with a vine; bears all the marks of antiquity; and is said by its inhabitant, a tailor, to have been but little altered. There was, he says, an old porch at the door, which stood till it fell with age. Here we may well imagine Milton sitting, in the sunny weather, as at Bunhill-fields, and enjoying the warmth, and the calm, sweet air. Could he have seen the view which here presented itself, it would have been agreeable; for though in this direction the ascending ground shuts out distant prospect, its green and woody upland would be itself a pleasant object of contemplation; shutting out all else, and favourable to thought. The house, on the ground floor, consists of two rooms; the one on the left, next to the road, a spacious one, though low, and with its small diamond casements suggesting to you that it is much as when Milton inhabited it. Here he no doubt lived principally; and, in all probability, here was Paradise Regained dictated to his amanuensis, most likely at that time his wife, Elizabeth Minshull. I found the worthy tailor and his apprentice mounted on a table in it, busily pursuing their labour.

Outside, over the door, is an armorial escutcheon, at the foot of which is painted in bold letters, MILTON. The old man, who was very civil and communicative, said that it was not really the escutcheon of Milton, but of General Fleetwood, who purchased the house for Milton, and who at that time lived at the Manor-house, and lies buried in the church here. Of this, Elwood tells us nothing, but on the contrary, that he procured the house for Milton. Whether this escutcheon be really Fleetwood's or not, I had no means of ascertaining, as it was not only very indistinct, but too high to examine without a ladder; but as Milton's armorial bearing contained spread eagles, and as there were birds in the shield, it no doubt had been intended for Milton by those who placed it there. If Fleetwood were living at Chalfont, that might be an additional reason for Milton's choosing it for his then retreat; but Elwood, and not Fleetwood, took the house, and it is doubtful even whether Fleetwood was still living, being one of the regicides condemned, but never executed. Independent, however, of any other consideration, Milton had many old associations with Buckinghamshire, which would recommend it to him; and in summer the air amid the heaths and parks of this part of the country is peculiarly soft, delicious, and fragrant.

We come now to Milton's last house, the narrow house appointed for all living, in which were laid his bones beside those of his father. This was in the church of St. Giles, Cripplegate. He died on Sunday, the 8th November, 1674, and was buried on the 12th. His funeral is stated to have been very splendidly and numerously attended. By the parish registry we find that he was buried in the chancel: "John Milton, gentleman. Consumption. Chancell. 12. Nov: 1674." Dr. Johnson supposed that he had no inscription, but Aubrey distinctly states that "when the two steppes to the communion table were raysed in 1690, his stone was removed." Milton's grave remained a whole century without a mark to point out where the great poet lay, till in 1793 Mr. Whitbread erected a bust and an inscription to his memory. What is more, there is every reason to believe that his remains were, on this occasion of raising the chancel and removing the stone, disturbed. The coffin was disinterred and opened, and numbers of relic-hunters were eager to seize and convey off fragments of his bones. The matter at the time occasioned a sharp controversy, and the public were at length persuaded to believe that they were not the remains of Milton, but of a female, that by mistake had been thus treated. But when the workmen had the inscribed stone before them, and dug down directly below it, what doubt can there be that the remains were those of the poet? By an alteration in the church when it was repaired in 1682, that which was the old chancel ceased to be the present one, and the remains of Milton thus came to lie in the great central aisle. The monument erected by Whitbread marks as near as possible the place. The bust is by Bacon. It is attached to a pillar, and beneath it is this inscription:—

JOHN MILTON,
Author of Paradise lost,*
Born Dec^{r}. 1608.
Died Nov^{r}. 1674.
His father, John Milton, died March, 1646.
They were both interred in this church.

Samuel Whitbread posuit, 1793.

This church is remarkable for having been the scene of Oliver Cromwell's marriage, and for being the burial-place of many eminent men. In the chancel, in close neighbourhood with Milton, lay old John Speed, the chronicler, and Fox, the martyrologist, whose monuments still remain on the wall. That of Speed is his bust, in doublet and ruff, with his right hand resting on a book, and his left on a skull. It is in a niche, representing one of the folding shrines still seen in Catholic churches on the continent. There is a monument also seen there to a lady of the family of Sir Thomas Lucy, of Shakspeare notoriety; and another of some noble person, having beneath the armorial escutcheon, an opening representing skulls, bones, and flames, within a barred grating, supposed to be symbolic of purgatory. The burial-ground of Bunhill-fields, where Bunyan and De Foe lie, belongs also to this parish, and their interments are contained in the registry of this church.

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* This word "lost," with a little l in the inscription.

Thus the Prince of Poets, as Hazlitt styled him, sleeps in good company. The times in which he lived, and the part he took in them, were certain to load his name with obloquy and misrepresentation; but the solemn dignity of his life, and the lofty tone and principle of his writings, more and more suffice not only to vindicate him, but to commend him to posterity. No man ever loved liberty and virtue with a purer affection; no man ever laboured in their cause with a more distinguished zeal; no man ever brought to the task a more glorious genius, accomplished with a more consummate learning. Milton was the noblest model of a devoted patriot and true Englishman; and the study of his works is the most certain means of perpetuating to his country spirits worthy of her greatness.

SAMUEL BUTLER.

"In the midst of obscurity passed the life of Butler, a man whose name can only perish with his language. The mode and place of his education are unknown; the events of his life are variously related; and all that can be told with certainty is, that he was poor."

Such are the expressive words with which Dr. Johnson winds up his meagre account of the witty author of Hudibras. A more significant finish to a poet's biography could scarcely be given. A more striking instance of national neglect, and the ingratitude of posterity, is nowhere to be found.

Strensham, in Warwickshire, claims the honour of his birth. His father is said to have been an honest farmer there, with a small estate, who made a shift to educate his son at the grammar-school at Worcester, whence he is supposed to have gone to the university; but whether of Oxford or Cambridge, is matter of dispute. His brother asserted that it was Cambridge, but could not tell at which hall or college. Dr. Nash discovered that his father was owner of a house and a little land, worth about eight pounds a-year, which, in Johnson's time, was still called *Butler's tenement.*

When we consider the humble position of the father, we can only wonder that he contrived to give him an education at a classical school at all, and may very well doubt, with the great lexicographer, whether he in reality ever did study at Cambridge. Having, however, given his son a learned education, his resources were exhausted, he had no patronage, and the young man became, and might probably think himself fortunate in doing so, a clerk to a justice of peace, Mr. Jefferys, of Earl's Croomb, in Worcestershire. Here he appears to have passed an easy and agreeable life. "He had," says Johnson, "not only leisure for study, but for recreation; his amusements were music and painting; and the reward of his pencil was the friendship of the celebrated Cooper. Some pictures, said to be his, were shown to Dr. Nash, at Earl's Croomb; but when he inquired for them some years afterwards, he found them destroyed to stop windows, and owns that they hardly deserved a better fate."

From this gentleman's service he passed into that of the Countess of Kent. The celebrated John Selden was then steward of the countess, and it was probably through him, or for his purposes, that Butler was introduced into the family. He was much noticed by Selden, and employed by him as an amanuensis. Whether this were the actual capacity in which he stood in the family of the countess, is, like almost every other event of his life, however, quite unknown. One thing seems certain, that, both at Mr. Jefferys' and here, he had been turned loose into great libraries, the sort of pasture that he of all others liked, and had devoured their contents to some purpose, as is manifested in his writings. These were the real colleges at which he studied, and where he laid up enormous masses of information.

His next remove was into the family of Sir Samuel Luke, one of Cromwell's officers. This was the decisive circumstance of his life. Sir Samuel was the hero of his future poem,—the actual Hudibras. But he was here in the very centre of republican action, and sectarian opinion and discussion. In Sir Samuel, he had a new and rich study of character; in those about him a new world, abounding with all sorts of persons, passages, and doctrines, which made him feel that he had also a world unknown still in himself, that of satirical fun infinite. Into this world he absorbed all the new views of things; the strange shapes that came to and fro; the strange phraseology and sounds of conventicle hymns that assailed his ears. The historian and poet of the new Land of Goshen, where all was light, while the neighbouring Egypt of royalty was all in darkness, was born into it; and Hudibras, and his Squire Ralph, Sidrophel, Talgol and Trulla, the Bear and Fiddle, all sprung into immortal existence.

The story of the utter neglect of Butler by the king and court, at the time that not only they, but all royalists in the kingdom, were bursting with laughter over Hudibras, is too well known. Once it was hoped that he was on the verge of good fortune, and Mr. Wycherley was to introduce him to the all-powerful Duke of Buckingham. The story of this interview is too characteristic to be passed over.

"Mr. Wycherley," says Packe, "had always laid hold of an opportunity which offered of representing to the Duke of Buckingham how well Mr. Butler had deserved of the royal family, by writing his inimitable Hudibras, and that it was a reproach to the court, that a person of his loyalty and wit should suffer in obscurity, and under the want he did. The duke always seemed to hearken to him with attention enough; and after some time undertook to recommend his pretensions to his majesty. Mr. Wycherley, in hopes to keep him steady to his word, obtained of his grace to name a day when he might introduce that modest and unfortunate poet to his new patron. At last an appointment was made, and the place of meeting was agreed to be the Roebuck. Mr. Butler and his friend attended accordingly; the duke joined them; but as the d——l would have it, the door of the room where they sat was open, and his grace, who had seated himself near it, observing a pimp of his acquaintance,—the creature, too, was a knight,—trip by with a brace of ladies, immediately quitted his engagement to follow another kind of business, at which he was more ready than at doing good offices to men of desert, though no one was better qualified than he, both in regard of his fortune and understanding, to protect them; and from that time to the day of his death, poor Butler never found the least effect of his promise!"

The brightest gleam of his life would seem to be between his quitting Sir Samuel Luke's and the publication of his Hudibras; but when this exactly took place, and how long this lasted, we are not informed. It must, however, have taken place between the king's return, which was in 1659, and 1664, some five years or so. During this period he was made secretary to the Earl of Carberry, president of the principality of Wales, who made him steward of Ludlow Castle, when the Court of Marches was revived.

This was a post in which a poet might feel himself well placed. This ancient castle of the Lacys and Mortimers stands at the west end of the town of Ludlow, on a bold rock, overlooking the river Corve, and near the confluence of that river and the Teme. Many striking events had occurred here since the time that William the Conqueror bestowed it on Roger de Montgomery, from whose descendants it passed successively into the hands of the crown, the Warines, the Lacys, and the Mortimers On the borders of Wales, it was a stronghold of the crown of England, and, after it fell again into the hands of the king, became the palace of the President of the Marches, and often the residence of princes. Here the young king Edward V. lived, and left it only to proceed to London, into the murderous hands of his uncle, Richard III, who, within two months of his quitting this quiet asylum, had him and his brother smothered in the Tower. Here Prince Arthur, eldest son of Henry VII, was married to Catharine of Arragon, who, after his death, was married to his brother, Henry VIII; her divorce finally leading to the Reformation in England. Here Sir Philip Sidney's father, Sir Henry Sidney, had lived, as President of the Marches; and many a scene of splendour and festivity had lit up the venerable towers, on the occasion of royal visits, and other seasons of rejoicing. Above all, it was for one of those occasions that the youthful Milton had composed his Comus; and on a visit of Charles I, in 1631, to the Earl of Bridgwater, then President of the Marches, it was performed before him, the work being founded on a real incident occurring in the Lord President's own family, which is thus related by Nightingale:—"When he had entered on his official residence, he was visited by a large assembly of the neighbouring nobility and gentry. His sons, the Lord Brackley and Sir Thomas Egerton, and his daughter, the Lady Alice, being on their journey,

> 'To attend their father's state,
> And new intrusted sceptre,'

were benighted in Haywood Forest, in Herefordshire, and the lady for a short time was lost. The adventure being related to their father on their arrival at the castle, Milton, at the request of his friend, Henry Lawes, who taught music in the family, wrote the masque. Lawes set it to music, and it was acted on Michaelmas Night; the two brothers, the young lady, and Lawes himself, each bearing a part in the representation."

This single circumstance, of being the scene of the first representation of the Mask of Comus, one of Milton's most beautiful compositions, has given a perpetual interest to Ludlow Castle.

The genius of Butler was of a different stamp. It wanted the sublimity, the pathos, and tender sensibilities of that of Milton; but, on the other hand, for perception of the ridiculous,—for a diving into the closest folds of cant and fanatical pretence,—for a rough, bold, and humorous power of sketching ordinary life,—it was unrivalled. A tower is still shown as the place where he wrote a part of his Hudibras. Whether it be the precise fact or not, it is idle to inquire. There our author has resided; there he is said to have written something or other, and the very room and spot of its composition are pointed out. It is best not to be too critical; and, on the other hand, if we believe in general that where a man of genius has lived he has also written, we shall seldom be far wrong. There is little doubt that here Butler, possessed of more leisure and independence than at any other period of his life, did really revise and prepare his work for press; of which the first part was published in 1663, and the second in the year following.

Here he married Mrs. Herbert, a lady of good family, with whom he lived in comfort, if not in affluence. Of the place where Comus was first acted by the real personages of it, and where Butler brought forth his Hudibras, some idea may be gratifying to the reader. It was deserted in the first year of William and Mary, in consequence of the dissolution of the Court of the Marches. From an inventory of the goods found in Ludlow Castle, bearing date 1708, in the eleventh year of Queen Anne, there appeared to be then forty rooms entire. Many of the royal apartments were in that condition; and the couch of state and the velvet hangings were preserved. In the chapel there were still to be seen on the panels many coats of arms; and in the hall many of the same kind of ornaments, together with lances, spears, firelocks, and old armour. On the accession of George I, an order came down to unroof the buildings, and strip them of their lead. Decay consequently ensued. Several panels bearing the arms of the Lords President, were converted into wainscoting for a public-house in the town, a former owner of which enriched himself by the sale of materials clandestinely carried away. There remains also a rich embroidered carpet, hung up in the chancel of St. Lawrence's church, said to be part of the covering of the council-board. The Earl of Powis, who previously held the castle in virtue of a long lease, acquired the reversion in fee by purchase from the crown in 1811.

The whole is now a scene of venerable ruin. The castle rises from the point of a headland, and its foundations are engrafted into a bare grey rock. The north front consists of square towers with high connecting walls, which are embattled with deep interstices; and the old fosse, and part of the rock, have been formed into walks, which in 1722 were planted with beech, elm, and lime trees by the Countess of Powis, and those trees, now grown to maturity, add exceedingly to the dignity and beauty of the scene. Through a chasm on the west runs the broad and shallow river Teme. It were too long to describe all this mass of ruins, with its various courts, remains of barracks, and escutcheoned walls. The first view of the interior of the castle is fine. The court is an irregular square area, not very spacious; but the lofty embattled structures with which it is surrounded, though in ruin, still preserve their original outlines. The spacious hall is of sixty feet by thirty, the height about thirty-five feet, and is ornamented with a door with a beautiful pointed arch. The once elegant saloon, where the splendid scene of Comus was first exhibited; where chivalry exhausted her choicest stores, both of invention and wealth, and where hospitality and magnificence blazed for many ages in succession, without diminution or decay—is now totally dilapidated, and neither roof nor floor remains.

From the time of Butler's quitting this scene of his ease and happiness, he seems to have experienced only poverty and neglect. His wife's fortune is said to have been lost through bad securities; his expectations from the royal person, or the royal party whom he had so immensely served, were wholly disappointed; and in 1680 he died, where, on the authority of the son of his truest friend and benefactor, Mr. Longueville, he had lived some years, in Rose-street, Covent-garden. Mr. Longueville exerted himself to raise a subscription for his interment in Westminster Abbey, but in vain; he therefore buried him at his own cost in the churchyard of Covent-garden. About sixty years afterwards, Mr. Barber, a printer, Lord Mayor of London, and a friend to Butler's principles, bestowed on him that monument in Westminster Abbey which is well known.

Such were the life, fortunes, and death of the author of Hudibras, whose name, as Johnson justly observes, can only perish with his language. It was his misfortune to look for protection to a monarch who only protected courtezans, and the most disgusting of libertines. Butler should have been a pimp, and not a poet, and he would soon have found employment enough. His neglect is but one opprobrium more added to the memory of a monarch whose whole life was a nuisance and a disgrace to the country which tolerated him.

JOHN DRYDEN.

DRYDEN should have been transferred to the volume of the dramatic poets, if the quality of his dramas had borne any relative proportion to their quantity, or to the quality of his poetry; but it is the latter which gives him his great and lasting distinction. They are his Satires, and Fables, and Translations; his Absalom and Achitophel; his Hind and Panther; his Palemon and Arcite; the Flower and the Leaf; and, in short, all those racy and beautiful stories which he threw into modern poetry from Chaucer and Boccaccio, with his Virgil, and lyrical compositions, and, at the head of these, his Ode on St. Cecilia's Day, that stamp his character with the English public as one of the most vigorous, harmonious, and truly British writers. Dryden displayed no great powers of creation; perhaps the literary hurry of his life prevented this; but he contemplated for years a national epic on Prince Arthur; and probably, had he possessed perfect leisure for carrying out this design, he would have astonished us as much with the display of that faculty as he delights us with the masterly vigour of his reasoning powers; with his harmony and nerve of style; and with the stiletto stabs of his annihilating satire. But from any necessity of criticism on his genius, the familiar acquaintance of every true lover of poetry with the merits and beauties which have fixed his immortality, fortunately for my space, fully exempts me. Even over the long succession of literary events in his life we must pass, and fix our attention on his homes and haunts. For nearly forty years, from 1660 to 1700, he was before the public as an active author; and on the disappearance of Milton from the field of life, he became, and continued to be, the most marked man of his time; yet it is astonishing how little is known of his town haunts and habits. Of his publications, the appearance of his dramas, the controversies into which he fell with his literary cotemporaries, his change of religion, and his clinging to the despotic government of the Stuarts, we know enough; but of his home life, next to nothing. That he lived in Gerrard-street, and was a constant frequenter of Will's coffee-house, Covent-garden, seems to be almost all that is known of his town resorts. Like Addison, and most literary men who have married titled ladies, he did not find it contribute much to his comfort. His wife was Lady Elizabeth Howard, the eldest daughter of the Earl of Berkshire, and sister of his friend Sir Robert Howard. He was married at St. Swithin's Church, London Stone, Cannon-street, and the following copy of the entry in the register has been kindly forwarded to me by the Rev. W. G. Watkins, son of the rector of that church. It is in engrossing hand: "John Dryden and Elizabeth Howard married 1st of December, 1663, by license." His wife's temper is said to have been very peculiar, and that she looked down on Dryden as of inferior rank, though he was descended from a very old family, mixed with the most distinguished men of the nobility, and *was* the *first man* of his time; but conceit or the blindness of aristocratic pride do not alter the real nature or proportion of things, except in the vision of the person afflicted with them. Dryden was the great personage, and his titled wife the little one, and on him, therefore, lay the constant pressure of the unequal yoke he bore.

What no doubt rendered the conduct of his wife worse, was the pride of her family on the one hand, and the unlucky connexion of Dryden's brothers with ordinary trades. His family, and that of his mother, the Pickerings, had taken a decided part during the civil wars for the parliament, while that of his wife had been as zealous on the royalist side. Besides this, Erasmus, his immediate younger brother, was in trade in King-street, Westminster; James, the fourth brother, was a tobacconist in London; one of his sisters was married to a bookseller in Little Britain, and another to a tobacconist in Newgate-street; these would be dreadful alliances to a family proud and poor. "No account," says Mitford, in his life of the poet, "has been transmitted of the person of Dryden's wife, nor has any portrait of her been discovered. I am afraid her personal attractions were not superior to her mental endowments; that her temper was wayward; and that the purity of her character was sullied by some early indiscretions. A letter from Lady Elizabeth to her son at Rome is preserved, as remarkable for the elegance of the style as the correctness of the orthography. She says—'Your father is much at woon as to his health, and his defnese is wosce, but much as he was whin he was heare ; give me a true account how my deare son Charles is head dus.' Can this be the lady who had formerly held captive in her chains the gallant Earl of Chesterfield ?"

"Lady Elizabeth Dryden," says Scott, "had long disturbed her husband's domestic happiness. 'His invectives,' says Malone, 'against the married state were frequent and bitter, and were continued to the latest period of his life ;' and he adds from most respectable authority, that the family of the poet held no intimacy with his lady, confining their intercourse to mere visits of ceremony. How could they ? how could the tobacconist, and the other tobacconist's wife, and the little bookseller's wife of Little Britain, venture under the roof of the proud lady of the proud house of Howard, with 'her weak intellects and her violent temper ?'"

A similar alienation also, it is said, took place between her and her relatives, Sir Robert Howard perhaps being excepted ; for her brother, the Honourable Edward Howard, talks of Dryden's being engaged in a translation of Virgil as a thing he had learned merely by common report. Her wayward disposition, Malone says, was, however, the effect of a disordered imagination, which, shortly after Dryden's death, degenerated into absolute insanity, in which state she remained until her own death in 1714, probably in the seventy-ninth year of her age.

Poor Dryden ! what with his wife—consort one cannot call her, and help-meet she was not—and with a tribe of tobacconist brothers on one hand, and proud Howards on the other ; and a host of titled associates, and his bread to dig with his pen, one pities him from one's heart. Well might he, when his wife once said it would be much better for her to be a book than a woman, for then she should have more of his company, reply, "I wish you were, my dear, an almanac, and then I could change you once a year." It is not well to look much into such a home, except for a warning. Yet the outside of that life, like many others, would have deceived an ordinary spectator. There all was brilliant and imposing. "Whether," says Sir Walter Scott, "we judge of the rank which Dryden held in society by the splendour of his titled and powerful friends, or by his connexions among men of genius, we must consider him as occupying at one time as high a station, in the very foremost circle, as literary reputation could gain for its owner. Independent of the notice with which he was honoured by Charles himself, the poet numbered among his friends most of the distinguished nobility. The great Duke of Ormond had already begun that connexion which subsisted between Dryden and three generations of the house of Butler. Thomas Lord Clifford, one of the Cabal ministry, was uniform in patronizing the poet, and appears to have been active in introducing him to the king's favour. The Duke of Newcastle loved him sufficiently to present him with a play for the stage ; the witty Earl of Dorset, then Lord Buckhurst, and Sir Charles Sedley, admired in that loose age for the peculiar elegance of his loose poetry, were his intimate associates, as is evident from the turr of The Essay on Dramatic Poesy, where they are the speakers. Wilmot, Earl of

Rochester, soon to act a very different part, was then anxious to vindicate Dryden's writings; to mediate for him with those who distributed the royal favour, and was thus careful, not only of his reputation, but his fortune. In short, the author of what was then held the first style of poetry, was sought for by all among the great and gay who wished to maintain some character for literary taste. It was then Dryden enjoyed those genial nights described in the dedication of the Assignation, when 'discourse was neither too serious nor too light, but always pleasant, and for the most part instructive; the raillery neither too sharp upon the present, nor too censorious upon the absent; and the cups such only as raised the conversation of the night, without disturbing the business of the morrow.' He had not yet experienced the disadvantages attendant on such society, or learned how soon literary eminence becomes the object of detraction, of envy, of injury, even from those who can best feel its merit, if they are discouraged by dissipated habits from emulating its flight, or hardened by perverted feeling against loving its possessors." But all this came; and in the mean time the poet had to work like Pegasus in the peasant's cart, for the means to maintain this intercourse with such lofty society. And what did all these great friends do for him? They procured him no good post in return for good services rendered to their party, but the poet's meagre office of the laureateship, which, added to that of historiographer to royalty, brought him 200*l.* a year, and his butt of canary. Poor Dryden! with the cross wife, and the barren blaze of aristocracy around him, the poorest coal-heaver need not have envied him.

Neither did "glorious John" escape his share of annoyance from his cotemporaries of the pen, nor from the publishers. He had a controversy with his friend and brother-in-law, Sir Robert Howard, on the true nature of dramatic poetry, which speedily degenerated into personal bitterness and a long estrangement. Then came the Rehearsal, that witty farce in which he was ridiculed in the character of Bayes, and his literary productions, as well as personal characteristics, held up to the malicious merriment of the world by a combination of the wits and fashionable penmen of the time; amongst them the notorious Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, the author of Hudibras, the Bishop of Rochester, and others. The miserable Elkanah Settle was set up as a rival of him; and after these rose in succession the hostile train of the licentious Lord Rochester, Lord Shaftesbury, Milbourne, Blackmore, and others, by whom every species of spite, misrepresentation, and ridicule, were for years heaped upon him. Nor did his enemies restrain themselves to the use of the pen in their attacks upon him. One of the most prominent events of Dryden's life is that of a ruffianly attack upon him as he returned from his club at Will's coffee-house, on a winter's night. Lord Mulgrave had published a satire called an Essay on Satire, in which Rochester and other wits and profligates of the time were introduced. The poem was a wretched affair; but Dryden, to oblige Mulgrave, had undertaken to revise it. Much labour he could not have bestowed upon it, it was so flat and poor;

but Rochester thought fit to attribute it to Dryden himself; and a set of ruffians, supposed to be hired by him and the Duchess of Portsmouth, who had been also reflected on, fell on the poet, as he passed through Rose-street, Covent-garden, on his way from Will's coffee-house to his own house in Gerrard-street. A reward of 50*l*. was in vain offered in the London Gazette and other newspapers for the discovery of the perpetrators of the outrage. The beating was, in those loose times, thought a good joke. The Rose-alley ambuscade became almost proverbial; and even Mulgrave, the real author of the satire, and upon whose shoulders the blows ought in justice to have descended, in his Art of Poetry, thus mentions the circumstance with a pitiful sneer:—

> "Though praised and punished for another's rhymes,
> His own deserve as great applause *sometimes*."

Thus attacked with pens and cudgels by the envious writers of the day, Dryden was nearly starved by the booksellers. On one occasion, provoked by the refusal of timely supplies by Jacob Tonson, he did not do as Johnson did by Osborne, knock him down with a quarto, but ran him through with a triplet, describing the bibliopole's person:—

> "With leering looks, bull-faced, and freckled fair,
> With two left legs, and Judas-coloured hair,
> And frowzy pores that taint the ambient air."

"Tell the dog," said the poet to the messenger by whom he sent these complimentary lines, "that he who wrote these can write more." But he needed not to write more; they were as effective as he could desire. Jacob, however, on his part, could make his tongue as pungent as Dryden could his verse. Johnson, in the "Life of Dryden," relates that Lord Bolingbroke one day making a call on Dryden, he heard another person enter the house. "That," said Dryden, "is Tonson. You will take care not to depart before he goes away; for I have not completed the sheet which I promised him; and if you leave me unprotected, I shall suffer all the rudeness to which his resentment can prompt his tongue."

Perhaps the happiest hours of Dryden's life, next to those spent over his finest compositions in his study, were passed at Will's coffee-house. After dinner, at two o'clock, he used to repair thither, where assembled all the most famous men of the time. There he reigned supreme. He had a chair placed for him by the chimney in winter, and near the balcony in summer; where, says his biographer, he pronounced, *ex cathedrâ*, his opinions upon new publications, and in general upon all matters of doubtful criticism. Latterly, all who had occasion to ridicule and attack him, represent him as presiding in this little senate. His opinions, however, were not maintained with dogmatism, but he listened to criticism, provided it was just, from whatever unexpected and undignified quarter it happened to come. In general, however, it may be supposed that few ventured to dispute his opinion, or to place themselves in the gap between him and the object of his censure.

Dryden's house, which he appears to have resided in from the period of his marriage till his death, was, as I have said, in Gerrard-street: the fifth on the left hand, coming from Little Newport-street, now No. 43. The back windows looked upon the gardens of Leicester House, of which circumstance the poet availed himself to pay a handsome compliment to the noble owner. His excursions to the country seem to have been frequent; perhaps the more so, as Lady Elizabeth always remained in town. In his latter days, the friendship of his relations, John Dryden, of Chesterton, and Mrs. Steward, of Cotterstock, rendered their houses agreeable places of abode to the aged poet. They appear also to have had a kind solicitude about his little comforts, of value infinitely beyond the contributions they made towards aiding him.

The principal traits of his domestic life have been collected together by Malone. From these, and from the pen of Congreve, we learn that he was, in youth, of handsome form and agreeable countenance; modest in his manner, reluctant to intrude himself on the notice and company of others, easily chilled and rebuffed by anything like a distant behaviour. He is described as most amiable and affectionate in his family, generous beyond his means, and most forgiving of injuries; all noble traits of character. Malone related, on the authority of Lady Dryden, that at that time the poet's little estate at Blakesley was occupied by one Harriots, grandson of the tenant who held it in Dryden's time, who stated that his grandfather used to take great pleasure in talking of him. He was, he said, the easiest and the kindest landlord in the world; and never raised the rent during the whole time he possessed the estate. The two most unfortunate circumstances in his life, next to his marriage, were his going over from Puritanism to Popery, and from the liberal opinions of his family to the adherence to the worst of kings. For these changes it would be difficult to assign any better motive than that of mending his fortunes. But if this were the case, he was bitterly punished for it in both instances. The monarchs that he flattered were Stuarts, and the last of them being driven out, left him to encounter all the scorn, the sarcasms, and sacrifices that were sure to come against him with the Dutch monarch of 1688. He was, instead of gaining more from royalty by his change, deprived of that which he had—the laureateship and office of historiographer; and saw them conferred, with 300*l.* a year, on his unworthy rival, Shadwell. The change of his religion was equally unpropitious. His sons became more connected with Rome than England. Charles, the eldest, was Chamberlain of the household of Pope Innocent XII; but having suffered by a fall from a horse, he returned to England, and was drowned in attempting to swim across the Thames at Datchett, near Windsor, in August, 1704. The second son, John, also went to Rome, and acted as the deputy of Charles, in the Pope's household; he died at Rome. Both of these sons were poetical, and published. Erasmus-Henry, the third son, went also to Rome, and became a captain in the Pope's guards. He afterwards returned to England, and succeeded to the family title of Baronet, but not to the estate of Canons-Ashby, where he, however, continued to live with the proprietor, Edward Dryden, his cousin, till his death in 1710 Thus terminated the race of the great satiric poet.

In the county of Northampton there are various places connected with Dryden. He was of the old family of the Drydens or Dridens of Canons-Ashby, which family still remained there at the time of my visit. The poet was born at the parsonage-house of Aldwinkle All-Saints. His father was Erasmus Dryden, and his mother Mary Pickering, the daughter of the rector of Aldwinkle, a son of the well-known Sir Gilbert Pickering, a zealous puritan. It appears that our author's father lived at Tichmarsh, and that his son was born under his grandfather's roof. At Tichmarsh, accordingly, we find Dryden receiving his first education, whence he proceeded to Westminster, and studied under Dr. Busby, and thence to Cambridge.

Scott says—"If we can believe an ancient tradition, the poem of 'The Hind and Panther' was chiefly composed in a country retirement, at Rushton in Northamptonshire. There was an embowered walk at this place, which, from the pleasure which the poet took in it, retained the name of Dryden's Walk; and here was erected, about the middle of the last century, an urn, with the following inscription: 'In memory of Dryden, who frequented these shades, and is here said to have composed his poem of 'The Hind and Panther.'"

This spot was, no doubt, the old house and park of the Treshams; that old, zealous Catholic family, of which one member, Sir Francis Tresham, played so conspicuous a part in the Gunpowder Plot. This Sir Francis Tresham had been actively engaged in the affair of the Earl of Essex, and his head had only been rescued from the block by his father bribing *a great lady*, and some people about the court, with several thousand pounds. This business was so closely veiled, that for some time the direct proofs of Tresham's connexion with the business escaped the hands of the historians. The late examinations into the treasures of the State Paper Office, have, however, made this fact, like so many others, clear. Long ago, also, original documents, fully proving it, fell into the hands of Mr. Baker, the excellent historian of Northamptonshire, including an admirable love-letter by this Sir Francis; who, notwithstanding his narrow escape, again rushed into the Gunpowder treason, being a near relation of Catesby, the prime actor in it. The movements of Tresham in the matter have all the character of those of an actor in some strange romance. From the moment that he was admitted to the secret, Catesby was struck with inward terror and misgivings. Tresham augmented this alarm, by beginning soon to plead warmly for warning the Lords Stourton and Mounteagle, who had married his sisters. A few days after, he suddenly came upon Catesby, Winter, and Fawkes, in Enfield Chase, and reiterated his entreaty. They refused; and then, on the 26th of October, as Lord Mounteagle was sitting at supper, at an old seat of his at Hoxton, which he seldom visited, and to which he had now come suddenly, a letter was brought in by his page, saying, he had received it from a tall man, whose face he could not discern in the dark, and who went hastily away. The letter was tossed carelessly by Mounteagle to a gentleman in his service, who read it aloud. It was the very warning which Tresham wished so earnestly to convey to him. Mounteagle, in astonishment, carried the letter to Cecil the next morning, and thus the secret of the impending catastrophe was out. Once more Catesby and Winter appointed a meeting with Tresham in Enfield Chase. Their purpose was to charge him with the warning of Mounteagle, and if he were found guilty, to stab him to the heart on the spot. But while they told him what had been done, they fixed their eyes searchingly on his countenance; all was clear and firm; not a muscle moved, not a tone faltered; he swore solemn oaths that he was ignorant of the letter, and they let him go. This man, when part of the conspirators were arrested, remained at large; while others fled, he hastened to the Council to offer his services in apprehending the rebels. Finally, arrested and conveyed to the Tower himself, there, under torture, he implicated the Jesuits, Garnet and Greenway, in some treason in Queen Elizabeth's time, then retracted the confession, and died in agony, as the Catholics believed of poison. Such was the career and end of this strange man. The family estate passed away into the hands of the Cockaynes, and is now the property of Mr. Hope. Could there be a more inspiring solitude for the composition of a poem, the object of which was to smooth the way for the return of Catholic ascendancy, and that by a poet warm with the first fires of a proselyte zeal?

Amongst other places of Dryden's occasional sojourn, may be mentioned Charlton, in Wiltshire, the seat of his wife's father, the Earl of Berkshire, whence he dates the introduction to his Annus Mirabilis; and Chesterton, in Huntingdonshire, the seat of his kinsman, John Driden, where he translated part of Virgil. In the country he delighted in the pastime of fishing, and used, says Malone, to spend some time with Mr. Jones, of Ramsden, in Wiltshire. Durfey was sometimes of this party; but Dryden appears to have underrated his skill in fishing, as much as his attempt at poetry. Hence Fenton, in his Epistle to Lambard:—

> "By long experience, Durfey may, no doubt,
> Ensnare a gudgeon, or sometimes a trout;
> Yet Dryden once exclaimed in partial spite,
> 'He *fish!*'—because the man attempts to write."

And finally, Canons-Ashby connects itself inevitably with his name. It was the ancient patrimony of the family. It was not his father's, it was not his, or his son's, though the title generally connected with it fell to his son, and there his son lived and died; yet, as the place which gives name and status to the line, it will always maintain an association with the memory of the poet. These are the particulars respecting it collected by Mr. Baker. The mansion of the Drydens, seated in a small deer park, is a singular building of different periods. The oldest part, as early as the beginning of the sixteenth century, or perhaps earlier, is built round a small quadrangle. There is a dining-room in the house thirty feet long by twenty feet wide, which is said to be entirely floored and wainscoted with the timber of one single oak, which grew in this lordship. In this room are various portraits of persons of and connected with the family. The drawing-room is traditionally supposed to have been fitted up for the reception of Anne of Denmark, queen of James I. The estate is good, but not so large as formerly, owing to the strange conduct of the late Lady Dryden, who cut off her own children, three sons and two daughters, leaving the whole ancient patrimonial property from them to the son of her lawyer, the lawyer himself refusing to have it, or make such a will. The estate here was, it appears, regained, but only by the sacrifice of one in Lincolnshire. Such are the strange events in the annals of families which local historians rarely record. How little could this lady comprehend the honour lying in the name of Dryden ; how much less the nature and duties of a mother !

The monument of the poet in Westminster Abbey is familiar to the public, placed there by Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, bearing only a single word, the illustrious name of—DRYDEN.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

ADDISON was a fortunate man; the houses in which he lived testify it. His fame as a poet, though considerable in his own time, has now dwindled to a point which would not warrant us to include him in this work, were not his reputation altogether of that kind which inseparably binds him up with the poetical history of his country. He was not only a popular poet in his own day, but he was the friend and advocate of true poetry wherever it could be found. It was he who, in the Spectator, first sounded boldly and zealously abroad the glory of John Milton. In our time the revival of true poetry, the return to nature and to truth, have been greatly indebted to the old ballad poetry of the nation. Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, Scott, and others, attribute the formation of their taste in the highest degree to the reading of Percy's Reliques of Ancient English Poetry. But it was Addison who long before had pointed out these sources, and these effects. It was he who brought forward again the brave old ballad of Chevy Chace; who reminded us that Sir Philip Sidney had said that it always stirred his heart like the sound of a trumpet. It was he who showed us the inimitable touches of nature and of true pathos in it, and how alive was the old bard who composed it to all the influences of nature and of circumstances.

Equally did he vindicate and commend to our hearts the sweet ballad of the Babes in the Wood, and others of the true school of nature and feeling. Who shall say that it was not owing to these criticisms that Bishop Percy himself was led to the study and the collection of the precious relics of former ages, that lay scattered about amongst the people? The services of Addison to the poetry of England are far greater through what he recommended than what he composed; and the man who, more than all others, contributed to make periodical literature what it has become, and gave us, moreover, Sir Roger de Coverley, and the spirit of true old English life which surrounds him, with all those noble papers in which religion and philosophy so beautifully blend in the Spectator, must ever remain enshrined in the most grateful remembrance of his countrymen.

Addison, I have said, was a fortunate man. It is well for us that he was in that one case so fortunate. It was the service that his pen could render to the government of the time, that raised him from the condition of a poor clergyman's son, to a minister of state, and thus gave him afterwards leisure to pursue those beautiful æsthetic speculations which have had so decided and so permanent an influence on our literature and modes of thinking. Addison had his faults, and was not without those thorns in the side which few escape in their progress through the wilderness of the world; but so far as we are concerned, we owe to him nothing but love and admiration. Thus much said, we must, in this brief article, leave all the details of his life and progress, of his travels, and his literary contests and achievements, as matters well known, and confine ourselves to a survey of the abodes in which he lived.

He was born at the parsonage of Milston, in Wiltshire, a humble dwelling, of which a view may be seen in Miss Aiken's life of him; his father being then incumbent of the parish. He was sent to schools at Shrewsbury and Lichfield, and then to the Charterhouse, where he formed that acquaintance with Richard Steele, which resulted in such lasting consequences to literature. Thence he went to Oxford, where he continued till the age of five-and-twenty, when, finding that, notwithstanding his fellowship and the resource of his pupils, he was so far from realizing a livelihood, that he was greatly in debt, he gave up all thought of taking orders, and devoted himself to public business. Fully to qualify himself for this, he applied to Montague, afterwards Lord Halifax, with whose friendship he was already honoured, as well as with that of Lord Somers, and procured from government a pension of 300*l.* a-year, to enable him to make the circle of European travel, and acquaint himself with the real condition of those countries with which every English statesman must come into continual practical contact. He first went over to France, saw Paris, and then settled down at Blois, to make himself master of the language. He continued nearly a year and a half at

Blois; and it was to his intense study during this time that he owed his great knowledge of French literature. He then sailed from Marseilles for Italy. "It was in December, 1700," says Miss Aiken, "that he embarked at Marseilles for Genoa, whence he proceeded through Milan, Venice, Ravenna, and Loretto, to Rome; thence to Naples by sea, and proceeded, by Florence, Bologna, and Turin, to Geneva; where he arrived exactly one year from his quitting Marseilles, and two and a half after his departure from England." At Geneva he was met by the news of the death of King William. This was followed by the dismissal of the Whigs from office, the consequent loss of his pension, and the blasting of all his hopes of further advantage from them for the present. Instead, therefore, of attending on Prince Eugene, as secretary from the English king, as was appointed for him, he turned aside, on his own slender resources, to take a survey of Germany. After making a pleasant tour through the Swiss cantons, he descended into the plains of Germany, but found the inhabitants in arms, and full of apprehension of the Bavarian troops, and was advised not to trust himself in the territories of the Duke of Bavaria. He therefore lost all opportunity of seeing Munich, Augsburg, and Ratisbon, and was obliged to make his way through the Tyrol to Vienna. In Vienna he felt himself in great anxiety on account of money, and made his way back through Holland home. Before reaching it, he received a proposal to go on a second tour of Europe for three years, with the son of the Duke of Somerset, but refused the Duke's offers. Soon after his return to England, he was engaged to write a poem on the victory of Blenheim, to serve the Whig cause, and produced The Campaign; at the time, a most successful poem, but now chiefly remembered by the passage in which he represents Marlborough, like the angel of divine vengeance, riding on the whirlwind and directing the storm. From this period his advance was rapid, and we here leave him to the biographer, and restrict ourselves to our proper task.

The change of circumstances, from the humble author to the minister, and the friend of ministers; from the simple clergyman's son to the husband of a countess, and the step-father of an earl, cannot be more strikingly displayed than by the singular contrast of his abodes under these different characters. D'Israeli, in his Curiosities of Literature, says that Pope, when taking his usual walk with Harte in the Haymarket, desired Harte to enter a little shop, when, going up three pair of stairs into a small room, Pope said, "In this garret Addison wrote his Campaign." That was certainly somewhat different to Bilton and Holland-house. But between the garret in the Haymarket, and these princely houses, there were some connecting and ascending steps in residence. Addison was always anxious to get to a quiet retreat, amidst trees and greenness, where he could write. Such was afterwards his abode at Sandy-end, a hamlet of Fulham. Here he appears to have occupied apartments in a lodging-house established at this place; whence several of the published letters of Steele are dated, written at times when he seems to have been the guest of Addison. From Sandy-end, too, are dated some letters to Lord Warwick, his future step-son, then a boy, and very anxious to get news about birds and birds'-nests, which Addison most cordially gives him. He then went to Ireland as chief secretary to the Earl of Wharton, on his appointment to the Lord-Lieutenancy, and resided for some time in that capacity in Dublin. After this, he removed to a lodging at Kensington, owing to his increasing intimacy at Holland-house, and was about this time a frequent guest at Northwick-park, with the first Lord Northwick, and there one of the best portraits of him, by Kneller, still remains.

In 1716, he married the Dowager Countess of Warwick; but five years before this, that is, in 1711, he had made the purchase of Bilton, as a suitable residence for a person of his position in the state, and of that high connexion towards which he was already looking. Before, however, we indulge ourselves with a view of Addison at Bilton, let us see the mode of his life in town, on the authority of Pope, Spence, and Johnson:—"Of the course of Addison's familiar day, before his marriage, Pope has given a detail. He had in the house with him Budgell, and perhaps Philips. His chief companions were Steele, Budgell, Philips, Carey, Davenant, and Colonel Brett. With one or other of these he always breakfasted. He studied all morning; then dined at a tavern; and went afterwards to Button's.

"Button had been a servant in the Countess of Warwick's family; who, under the patronage of Addison, kept a coffee-house on the north side of Russell-street, about two doors from Covent-garden. Here it was that the wits of that time used to assemble. It is said, when Addison had suffered any vexation from the countess, he withdrew the company from Button's house.

"From the coffee-house he went to a tavern, where he often sat late and drank too much wine. In the bottle, discontent seeks for comfort, cowardice for courage, and bashfulness for confidence. It is not unlikely that Addison was first seduced to excess by the manumission which he obtained from the servile timidity of his sober hours. He that feels oppression from the presence of those to whom he knows himself superior, will desire to set loose his powers of conversation; and who, that ever asked succours from Bacchus, was able to preserve himself from being enslaved by his auxiliary?

"Among those friends it was that Addison displayed the elegance of his colloquial accomplishments, which may easily be supposed such as Pope represents them. The remark of Mandeville, who, when he had passed an evening in his company, declared that he was a parson in a tie-wig, can detract little from his character; he was always reserved to strangers, and was not incited to uncommon freedom by a character like that of Mandeville."—*Johnson's Life of Addison.*

The statement made by Dr. Johnson, in his Lives of the Poets, and by Spence, that Addison's marriage, like that of Dryden, was not a happy one, has lately been strongly argued against by Miss

Aikin. One would gladly be able to acquiesce in it, and if we could believe the painter as well as Miss Aikin, we should be inclined to believe the Countess of Warwick possessed both unusual sense and sweetness of temper. The current of tradition, however, runs strongly the other way; and I fear we have not now sufficient strength of evidence to divert it. As little do I anticipate that Miss Aikin will prove Addison a very sober man; the statements of his cotemporaries, and the voice of tradition, are against her. We must be content to take the man with his failings and his secret griefs, the foils to a great reputation and a great prosperity.

Addison purchased the estate of Bilton for 10,000*l.*, and the money was principally advanced by his brother, Gulston Addison, governor of Fort St. George, at Madras. Thither he conveyed his paintings, his library, and his collection of medals, which, as connected with his Dialogues on Medals, was very valuable. Here it may be supposed that, during the five years previous to his marriage, he passed much of his leisure time. It was a beautiful retirement, well calculated to dispose to thought, and worthy of the author of the Spectator. If we are to believe tradition, that he planted most of the trees now standing around it, he must have taken great pleasure in its embellishment. On his death, he left it to his only child, Charlotte Addison, who could not have been much more than two years old. Here she spent her long life, from the death of her mother, the countess,—dying in 1797, at about eighty years of age. Miss Addison —for she was never married—is said to have been of weak intellect; a fact traced by many to the want of real and spiritual union between her parents,—a supposition which the researches of our own times into the nature of man tend greatly to confirm. With the usual effect of aristocratic prejudice on a feeble mind, she is said to have been especially proud of her mother, but to have rarely mentioned her father. Being left to the care and education of her mother, this does not very strongly corroborate the case which Miss Aikin labours to establish. It does not speak very eloquently for that true affection which she tells us the countess bore towards Addison, and which she endeavours to prove by his affection for her, as evidenced by his making her his sole executrix, and guardian of his child. By the fruits we must judge of the woman, as well as the tree: and the fruit of Lady Warwick's education of her child was, by all accounts, this,—that she left her ashamed of her father the commoner, though an immortal man, and proud of her mother, a countess—and nothing more. There are many stories of the eccentricities and increasing fatuity of poor Miss Addison, floating in the village and neighbourhood of Bilton, which may as well die out with time. The disposal of her property marks the tendency of her feelings. Her grandfather, Dr. Lancelot Addison, was a native of Cumberland. There, at the time of Miss Addison making her will, still remained many near and poor relations, whom she entirely passed over, as she had done in her lifetime, and bequeathed Bilton to the Honourable John Bridgman Simpson, brother to Lord Bridgman, whose representative is now Earl of Bradford. This gentleman she chose to consider her *nearest* relation, because her mother's relation, though very near he could not be. Her mother, the countess, was the daughter of Sir Thomas Middleton, of Chirk Castle, Denbighshire, by a daughter of Sir Orlando Bridgman; so that this Mr. Bridgman Simpson, a relative of her grandmother, could not be a very near relative of her own, while she must have had first cousins of the paternal line in plenty. Those relatives of her own name, and who would have handed down the property, bound up with the name of Addison, as a monument of their family fame, disputed her will, but ineffectually. She is buried in the chancel of the church.

Soon after Miss Addison's death, the library was removed to London, and in May, 1799, was sold by auction for 456*l.* 2*s.* 9*d.*, and Addison's collection of medals for 92*l.* 2*s.* 2*d.* The poet's screen, drinking cup, teapot, etc. are now in the possession of William Ferdinand Wratislaw, Esq. of Rugby, the descendant of one of the most ancient families in Europe,—no other than the royal family of Bohemia, of which our "good Queen Ann," the wife of Richard II., was a princess; and of which—that is, of Mr. Wratislaw, of Rugby, the present head of the house—the young Count Adam Wratislaw, allied to Queen Victoria by his aunt the Princess of Leiningen, is a near relative. They could not be in better hands.

Since Miss Addison's death, the house at Bilton has been successively occupied by Mrs. Brookes and Miss Moore; by Mr. Apperley, the well-known Nimrod of sporting literature; by Sir Charles Palmer, Bart.; by the Vernon family; by the Misses Boddington; and lastly, by Mr. Simpson himself. Mr. Simpson has considerably improved the house, rebuilding the back part facing the garden; but, on the other hand, he cut down a considerable part of a fine avenue of limes, stretching along one side of the garden down to a wood below, called Addison's Walk. This avenue is said to have been planted by Addison, and terminated in a clump of evergreens, where was an alcove, called Addison's Seat. It was not till about half this avenue was felled, that Mr. Simpson heard that it was Addison's Walk, and caused the destruction to stop. He was at the time of our visit a very old man, and had not resided at Bilton since the death of his wife. The house is, however, furnished; and after reading Miss Aikin's statement, that "a small number of pictures collected by Addison, still, it is believed, remain in the house, which are mostly portraits of his contemporaries, and intrinsically of small value," how great was my delight and surprise, to find what and how many these paintings were! But let us make a more regular approach to this gem of an old house, to the actual country seat of our "dear short-face," the Spectator.

Issuing from Rugby, Bilton salutes you from the hill on the opposite side of the valley which you have to cross in order to reach it. A lofty mass of trees, on a fine airy elevation; a small grey church, with finely tapering spire in front of them, show you where Bilton lies; but house or village you do not discern till you are close upon them. It was not till I had approached within a few hundred yards of Addison's house, or the Hall, as it is called, that I saw the cottages of the village stretching away to my right hand; and a carriage-road diverging to my left towards the church, brought me within view of the house; there it stood in the midst of the fine old trees. A villager informed me that no one lived there but the gardener, nor had done for years. The autumn had dyed all the trees with its rich and yet melancholy hues; leaves strewed the ground in abundance; and there was a feeling of solitude and desertion about the place which was by no means out of keeping, when I reflected that I was approaching the house of Addison, so long quitted by himself. A fine old avenue of lime-trees, winding with the carriage-drive, brought me to the front of the house. It is a true Elizabethan mansion, not too large for a poet, yet large enough for any country gentleman who is not overdone with his establishment. The front of the main portion is lofty, handsome, and in excellent repair. A projecting tower runs up from the porch to the roof. Over the door is cut, in freestone, that masonic sign—the circle enclosing two interlaced triangles, indicating the degree of the royal arch; and near the top is the date of 1623. On the right hand, a wing of lower buildings runs forward from the main erection, forming, as it were, one side of a court. These buildings turn their gables towards you, and are covered with ivy. On the left hand, but standing back in a stable-yard, are the out-buildings, seeming, however, to balance the whole fabric, and giving it an air of considerable extent. All round, adjoining the buildings and along the avenue, grow evergreens in tall and luxuriant masses.

On the other side of the house lies the old garden, retaining all the characters of a past age. The centre consists of a fine lawn: the upper part of which, near the house, has recently been laid out in fancy flower-beds, in the form of a star, and corner beds to make up the square. The rest appears as it might be when Addison left it. On the right, a square-cut holly hedge divides it from the fields, which are scattered with lofty trees, amongst which are foreign oaks, said to be raised from acorns brought home by the poet. To the left, the garden is bounded by a still more massy square-clipped hedge of yew, opening halfway down into a large kitchen-garden, being at the same time at the upper end an old Dutch flower-garden. At the far side of this garden, opposite to the entrance through the yew hedge, is an alcove, and down that side extends the lime avenue called Addison's Walk. At the bottom of this garden are fishponds, and in the field below, an oak wood. Thus, amidst lofty trees, some of them strong, old, and crooked, presenting a scene worthy of a picture by Claude Lorraine, you look down over the garden to rich fields descending into the country below. At the bottom right-hand corner is an alcove, shut in by a group of evergreen shrubs and pine-trees from the house, but overlooking the fields and woodlands, called Addison's Seat; and a very pleasant seat it is, full of quiet retirement. Such is the exterior of Bilton. The interior of the main part of the house consists principally of two large rooms, a dining and drawing room. These extend quite through, are lighted at each end, and the projection in front forms a sort of little cabinet in each room. These two fine large rooms are hung round with the paintings placed here by Addison: whether they are few, and of no intrinsic value, will soon be seen.

In the dining-room are, first, full-lengths of James I, by Mark Garrard; Lord Crofts, Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, by Balthazar Gerbier; the Duke of Hamilton, Henry Rich, Earl of Warwick, Prince Rupert, and Prince Maurice, all by Vandyck; Sir Thomas Middleton, the Countess of Warwick's father, by Sir Peter Lely; and in the small division in front of the room, Chief Justice the Earl of Nottingham, by Michael Dahl; Mr. Secretary Craggs, by Sir Godfrey Kneller, a man of fair complexion, and handsome, amiable countenance, in a light bright blue dress; Sir John Vanburgh, by Verelst; and Lord Halifax, by Kneller. These are chiefly three-quarter figures.

On the staircase is one of the four well-known equestrian Charles the Firsts, by Vandyck, the horse by Stone, one of which is at Hampton Court, and another at Warwick Castle. Opposite to it is a full-length figure of Anne of Austria, Queen of France, by Mignard.

In the drawing-room, a full-length figure of a lady, labelled as Lady Isabel Thynne, daughter of the Earl of Holland, behind which some artist had placed a paper, stating that at Knowle there is a precisely similar picture marked as Lady Frances Grenfield, daughter of the Earl of Middleton, and fifth Countess of Dorset; as well as a copy of it, likewise, at Knowle. Next to this is a singular picture, which might be one of Lely's, but bears no name of the artist. There is an exact fac-simile of it at Penshurst. It contains two half-length figures of Lady Lucy Percy, Countess of Carlisle, and Lady Dorothy Percy, Countess of Leicester, two of the most flattered and remarkable women of the day, and the latter the mother of Algernon Sidney; next is the Duke of Northumberland, their father, by Lely; and full lengths of the unfortunate Arabella Stuart, a very pretty and interesting-looking woman, and Rich, Earl of Holland, by Vandyck. On the opposite side of the room is the Countess of Warwick, Addison's wife, by Kneller, in a bright blue dress. She is here represented as decidedly handsome, having a high, broad forehead, dark hair falling in natural ringlets, and with a sweet expression of countenance. To her right is her son, Lord Warwick, as a boy of twelve or fourteen years old, also in a light-blue dress, and red scarf, by Dahl. On her left is a head of Lord Kensington, by Lely. A mother and daughter in two separate pictures, supposed to be by Lely; and the Earl of Warwick again as a boy.

Within the small department of the room, we find a half-length of Addison himself, also in light blue, which seems the almost universal colour of Kneller's drapery. He appears here about forty years of age, his figure fuller, and the countenance more fleshy and less spiritual than in either of the portraits at Holland-house and Northwick. Besides this, there is another portrait of the Earl of Warwick, by Kneller, as a young man; a head of Gustavus Adolphus, by Meirveldt; and lastly of the heiress of the house, Miss Addison herself. She is here a child, nor is there any one of her of a later age. If this portrait was done during Addison's life, it must have been represented as older than she really was; she could not be much more than two, and here she appears at least five years of age. It is a full-length. The child stands by a table, on which is a basket of flowers, and she holds a pink flower in her hand against her bosom. She has the air of an intelligent child, and, as usual, wears one of Kneller's light-blue draperies, with a lace-bordered apron, and stomacher of the same.

Such are the paintings at Bilton. They include a most interesting group of the friends and contemporaries of Addison, besides others. It is a rare circumstance that they have been permitted to remain there, when his library and his medals have been dispersed. Altogether Bilton is one of the most satisfactory specimens of the homes and haunts of our departed literary men.

Of Holland-house, the last residence of Addison, it would require a long article to give a fitting idea. This fine old mansion is full of historic associations. It takes its name from Henry Rich, Earl of Holland, whose portrait is in Bilton. It was built by his father-in-law, Sir Walter Cope, in 1607, and affords a very good specimen of the architecture of that period. The general form is that of a half H. The projection in the centre, forming at once porch and tower, and the two wings supported on pillars, give great decision of effect to it. The stone quoins worked with a sort of arabesque figure, remind one of the style of some portions of Heidelberg Castle, which is what is called on the Continent *roccoco*. Here it is deemed Elizabethan; but the plain buildings attached on each side to the main body of the house, with their shingled and steep-roofed towers, have a very picturesque and Bohemian look. Altogether it is a charming old pile, and the interior corresponds beautifully with the exterior. There is a fine entrance hall, a library behind it, and another library extending the whole length of one of the wings and the house upstairs, one hundred and five feet in length. The drawing-room over the entrance hall, called the Gilt-room, extends from front to back of the house, and commands views of the gardens both ways; those to the back are very beautiful.

In the house are, of course, many interesting and valuable works of art; a great portion of them memorials of the distinguished men who have been accustomed to resort thither. In one room is a portrait of Charles James Fox, as a child, in a light-blue dress, and with a close, reddish woollen cap on his head, under which show lace edges. The artist is unknown, but is supposed to be French. The countenance is full of life and intelligence, and the "child" in it is, most remarkably, "the father of the man." The likeness is wonderful. You can imagine how, by time and circumstance, that child's countenance expanded into what it became in maturity. There is also a portrait of Addison, which belonged to his daughter. It represents him as much younger than any other that I have seen. In the Gilt-room are marble busts of George IV. and William IV. On the staircase is a bust of Lord Holland, father of the second earl and of Charles Fox, by Nollekens. This bust, which is massy, and full of power and expression, is said to have brought Nollekens into his great repute. The likeness to that of Charles Fox is very striking. By the same artist there are also the busts of Charles Fox, the late Lord Holland, and the present earl. That of Frere, by Chantrey, is very spirited. There are also, here, portraits of Lord Lansdowne, Lord John Russell, and family portraits. There is also a large and very curious painting of a fair, by Callot, and an Italian print of it.

In the library, down stairs, are portraits of Charles James Fox—a very fine one; of the late Lord Holland; of Talleyrand, by Ary Scheffer, perhaps the best in existence, and the only one which he said that he ever sat for; of Sir Samuel Romilly; Sir James Mackintosh; Lord Erskine, by Sir Thomas Lawrence; Tierney; Francis Horner, by Raeburn, so like Sir Walter Scott by the same artist, that I at first supposed it to be him; Lord Macartney, by Phillips; Frere, by Shee; Mone, Lord Thanet; Archibald Hamilton; late Lord Darnley; late Lord King, when young, by Hoppner; and a very sweet foreign fancy portrait of the present Lady Holland. We miss, however, from this haunt of genius, the portraits of Byron, Brougham, Crabbe, Blanco White, Hallam, Rogers, Lord Jeffrey, and others. In the left wing is placed the colossal model of the statue of Charles Fox, which stands in Bloomsbury-square.

In the gardens are various memorials of distinguished men. Amongst several very fine cedars, perhaps the finest is said to have been planted by Charles Fox. In the quaint old garden is an alcove, in which are the following lines, placed there by the late earl—

"Here Rogers sat—and here for ever dwell
With me, those pleasures which he sang so well."

Beneath these are framed and glazed a copy of verses in honour of the same poet, by Mr. Luttrell. There is also in the same garden, and opposite this alcove, a bronze bust of Napoleon, on a granite pillar, with a Greek inscription from the Odyssey, admirably applying the situation of Ulysses to that of Napoleon at St. Helena—"In a far-distant isle he remains under the harsh surveillance of base men."

The fine avenue leading down from the house to the Kensington-road, is remarkable for having often been the walking and talking-place of Cromwell and General Lambert. Lambert then occupied Holland-house; and Cromwell, who lived at the next house, when he came to converse with him on state affairs, had to speak very loud to him, because he was deaf. To avoid being overheard, they used to walk in this avenue.

The traditions regarding Addison here are very slight. They are, simply, that he used to walk, when composing his Spectators, in the long library, then a picture-gallery, with a bottle of wine at each end, which he visited as he alternately arrived at them; and that the room in which he died, though not positively known, is supposed to be the present dining-room, being then the state bed-room. The young Earl of Warwick, to whom he there addressed the emphatic words—"See in what peace a Christian can die!" died also, himself, in 1721, but two years afterwards. The estate then devolved to Lord Kensington, descended from Robert Rich, Earl of Warwick, who sold it, about 1762, to the Right Honourable Henry Fox, afterwards Lord Holland. Here the early days of the great statesman, Charles James, were passed; and here lived the late patriotic translator of Lope de Vega, amid the society of the first spirits of the age. It has been rumoured that the present amiable and intelligent possessor, his son, contemplated pulling down this venerable and remarkable mansion. Such a thought never did, and never could, for a moment enter his mind, which feels too proudly the honours of intellect and taste, far above all mere rank, which there surround his name and family.

ALEXANDER POPE.

POPE, who was born in London, spent nearly the whole of his life between Binfield, in Windsor Forest, and Twickenham. They were his only two constant residences; the time which he passed in London, he passed but as a visitor, or lodger. Town poet, or poet of society, as he seems, he was inseparably attached to the country, though it was the country of an easily-accessible vicinity to town, and itself pretty thickly inhabited by people of rank and intelligence. From the time that his father purchased the property at Binfield, with the exception of a short time at school at Twyford, near Winchester, and at another school in Marylebone, which was removed while he was there to Hyde Park Corner, Pope never quitted Binfield as a residence, till he bought Twickenham. He went soon after his twelfth year from school, and he continued to reside at Binfield till 1716, when he was twenty-eight years of age; and singularly enough, he lived at Twickenham twenty-eight years more, dying in May, 1744, at the age of fifty-six. Born 16-

As is the case of many other people, who, with all their philosophy, are not content to rest their claims to distinction on their own virtues and achievements, there was an attempt on the part of Pope to hang his family on an aristocratic peg; and, as was to be expected in the case of a man who did not spare his enemies, and who wrote Dunciads, there was as stout an attempt to pull this peg out. In his Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot, he makes this claim for his parentage:—

> "Of gentle blood, part shed in honour's cause,
> Whilst yet in Britain honour had applause,
> Each parent sprang."

And in a note to that Epistle we are further informed, "that Mr. Pope's father was a gentleman of family in Oxfordshire, the head of which was the Earl of Downe, whose sole heiress married the Earl of Lindsay. His mother was the daughter of William Turnor, of York," &c. In reply to this, Warton tells us that when Pope published this note, a relation of his own, a Mr. Pottinger, observed that his cousin, Pope, had made himself out a fine pedigree, but he wondered where he got it; that he had never heard anything himself of their being related to the Earls of Downe; and, what was more, he had an old maiden aunt, equally related, a great genealogist, who was always talking of her family, but never mentioned this circumstance, on which she certainly would not have been silent, had she known anything of it. That the Earl of Guildford had examined the pedigree and descents of the Downe family, for any such relationship; and that at the Heralds' Office, this pedigree, which Pope had made out for himself, was considered to be as much fabricated as Mr. Ireland's descent from Shakspeare.

This was one of Pope's weaknesses. No man did more than he did, in his day, to free literature from the long degradation of servile, fulsome dependence on patrons. He created a property for himself by his own literary exertions, and set a splendid example to literary men of independence. He showed them that they might be free, honourable, and even wealthy, by their own means. He had the pride to place himself on equal terms with lords, when they were intellectual, but he scorned to flatter them. It was a pride worthy of a literary man, and it was well that when he departed from this just feeling, and would fain set up a claim to rank with them on their own terms of family and descent—a proceeding which undermined his true and unassailable principle of the dignity of genius—that he should receive a due reprimand from the hands of his enemies. The moment that he abandoned in any degree the patent of God, the long and luminous descent of genius from heaven,—a patent far above all other patents, a descent far higher than all other descents,—it was a fitting retribution that the pigmies of the Dunciad should fling it in his face that his father was a mechanic,—a hatter, or a cobbler,—as it appears that they did, from his reply to Lord Hervey and Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, who themselves had thus addressed him in print:—

> "———None thy crabbed numbers can endure,
> Hard as thy heart, and as thy birth obscure."

The simple fact was, that Pope's grandfather, the highest they could trace the family, was a clergyman in Hampshire. The second son was Alexander, the father of the poet. This Alexander was intended for mercantile offices, and was sent out to reside in a family in Lisbon, where he embraced Catholicism, and transmitted that faith to his son. He afterwards settled in Lombard-street, in London, as a linen-merchant, where Pope was born; and, acquiring an independence, retired first to Kensington, and afterwards to Binfield, where he purchased a house, and about twenty acres of land. This was pedigree enough for a poet, who needs none. In a truer tone, he pronounces the genuine honours of both his parents and himself in these words:—"A mother, on whom I never was obliged so far to reflect, as to say, *she spoiled me;* and a father, who never found himself obliged to say, that *he disapproved my conduct.* In a word, I think it enough that my parents, such as they were, never cost me a blush; and that their son, such as he is, never cost them a tear."

Improving on this, in his prologue to his Satires, he disclaims any adventitious distinctions from his parents whatever, and draws a beautiful character of his father:—

"Born to no pride, inheriting no strife,
Nor marrying discord in a noble wife;
Stranger to civil and religious rage,
The good man walked innoxious through his age;
No courts he saw, no suits would ever try,
Nor dared an oath, nor hazarded a lie.
Unlearned, he knew no schoolman's subtle art,
No language but the language of the heart;
By nature honest, by experience wise,
Healthy by temperance and by exercise;
His life, though long, to sickness pass'd unknown,
His death was instant, and without a groan."

From these parents, however, Pope inherited a feeble and crooked frame. This circumstance, added to his being the only child of his father, led to his domestic education and habits. When eight years old, he was placed under the tuition of the family priest. From him he passed to the schools mentioned, and at the early age of twelve returned home. This, he says, was all the instruction he received. He continued, however, to educate himself; and, as Milton had done in Buckinghamshire, so he at Binfield, and in the shades of Windsor Forest, pursued steadily his studies, both of books and nature. One of his earliest favourite books was Homer; and at Twyford school he wrote a satire on the master, for which he was severely castigated. Both these facts indicated his future character and pursuits. At Binfield, he not only went on strenuously with the study of Latin, Greek, and French, but he commenced author. At twelve, he wrote his Ode to Solitude, a subject with which his situation made him well acquainted. Pope was one of the very rare instances of a genius which was at once precocious and enduring. But the secret of this was, that he did not exhaust his young powers out of mere puerile vanity, but went on reading all the best authors, English, French, Italian, Greek, and Latin, and wrote rather to imitate and practise different styles. To his sedulous practice of all kinds of styles, as those of Spenser, Waller, Cowley, Rochester, Dorset, but especially Chaucer and Dryden, may be attributed that great mastery of language, and that exquisite harmony of versification, in which he has never yet been excelled.

A great advantage to him in these pursuits was the friendship of Sir William Trumbull, who was not only an excellent scholar, but a man of great taste, and had seen the world. Sir William had been ambassador to the Ottoman Porte, and afterwards one of the secretaries of William III; he had now retired to East Hamstead, his native place, near Binfield, where he soon found out the promise of Pope, and became his guide and friend so long as he lived. Sir William introduced him to Wycherley, then an old man; Wycherley introduced him to Walsh; and the literary connexions of the young poet spread so rapidly, that at seventeen he was an avowed poet, and frequented Will's coffee-house, which was on the north side of Russell-street, in Covent-garden, where the wits of the time used to assemble; and where Dryden had, when he lived, been accustomed to preside. But even while giving his evenings to society of the highest kind here, he was, during the day, pursuing his studies in town, and particularly prosecuting, under good masters, his knowledge of French and Italian. Neither, freely as he had written, had he rushed so very prematurely into print; it was not till 1709, when he was twenty-one, that he published his Pastorals, including some verses of Homer and Chaucer, in Jacob Tonson's Miscellany. This Miscellany seemed to be the great periodical of the time; but the same year in which Pope's contributions appeared in it, brought forth the Tatler, which was succeeded by the Guardian and Spectator.

In 1711, Pope published his Essay on Criticism: this was soon followed by the Rape of the Lock; and Pope, still only twenty-three, was at once on the pinnacle of popularity. In 1715, or at the age of twenty-seven, he had already proceeded boldly with his grand enterprise, the translation of the Iliad of Homer, and had issued the first volume. This great work, however, had been preceded by the Windsor Forest, in 1712, and other detached poems, as his Ode on St. Cecilia's Day, in 1713; and his Temple of Fame, in 1714. Long before his Homer was out, he numbered amongst his acquaintance and friends every great and distinguished name of the time—Swift, Bolingbroke, Gay, Addison, Steele, Congreve, Mr. Secretary Craggs, Lord Halifax, Prior, Mallet, Arbuthnot, Parnell, Lord Oxford, Garth, Rowe, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, &c. All this Pope had accomplished by the age of twenty-seven, and while at Binfield. Binfield will, therefore, always remain a place of lively interest to the lovers of our national literature, and especially to the admirers of the polished, acute, logical, and moral intellect of Pope.

Binfield lies near Wokingham, and about two miles north of Cæsar's camp, a pleasant village, surrounded with handsome houses, and in the midst of the tract called the Royal Hunt. The house in which Pope's father, and Pope too, resided, till he went to Twickenham, is a small neat brick house, on the side of the London road. Within about half a mile of this house, and within a retired part of the forest, on the edge of a common, is the spot where, it is said, Pope used to compose many of his verses; on a large tree were inscribed in capital letters the words, *Here Pope sang:* this sentence used to be annually refreshed at the expense of a lady of Wokingham. There used to be a seat under this tree, but that has long disappeared; the fact is, however, that tradition likes to fix on some particular spot, and especially some tree, as a particular object of a poet's attachment; it is a palpable affair, and satisfies the ordinary mind: but Pope, no doubt, especially when planning and working out his poem of Windsor Forest, used to ramble through these scenes, and they may all be considered as associated with his memory and genius.

Of the town life of Pope we find but few traces, considering the well-known times and the personages amongst whom he moved. Where his settled lodgings were I find no exact mention; he was sometimes at friends' houses, or at that of Jervas, the painter, which was probably near St. James's Park; as when Mr. Blount writes to Pope, in 1716, endeavouring to persuade him to make a journey to the continent with him, he exhorts him to leave "laziness and the elms of St. James's Park." Now, this summer Jervas was on a visit to Swift in Ireland, and during his absence Pope made use of his house as his town sojourn; it was exactly at the crisis of Pope's removal from Binfield to Twickenham, and no doubt was a great convenience to him till his own house was fully ready for him. His description of this house, in a letter to Jervas, will be well remembered by the readers of his letters:—"As to your inquiry about your house, when I came within the walls, they put me in mind of those of Carthage, where you find, like the wandering Trojan—

'Animum picturâ pascit inani;'

for the spacious mansion, like a Turkish caravanserai, entertains the vagabonds with bare lodgings. I rule the family very ill, keep bad hours, and lend out your pictures about the town. See what it is to have a poet in your house. Frank, indeed, does all he can in such circumstances; for, considering he has a wild beast in it, he constantly keeps the door chained: every time it is opened, the links rattle, the rusty hinges roar. The house seems so sensible that you are all its support, that it is ready to drop in your absence; but I still trust myself under its roof, as depending that Providence will preserve so many Raphaels, Titians, and Guidos as are lodged in your cabinet. Surely the sins of one poet can hardly be so heavy as to bring an old house over the heads of so many painters. In a word, your house is falling; but what of that? I am only a lodger!"

This was mere pleasant badinage. During Jervas's absence, Pope made a journey on horseback to Oxford, a place he was fond of visiting; and the account of his journey and mode of passing his time there, given in a letter to Martha Blount, is a pleasant near peep into his life. "Nothing could have more of that melancholy which once used to please me than my last day's journey; for, after having passed through my favourite woods in the forest, with a thousand reveries of past pleasures, I rode over hanging hills, whose tops were edged with groves, and whose feet watered with winding rivers, listening to the falls of cataracts below, and the murmuring of the winds above. The gloomy verdure of Stonor succeeded to these, and then the shades of the evening overtook me: the moon rose in the clearest sky I ever saw, by whose solemn light I passed on slowly without company, or any interruption to the range of my thoughts. About a mile before I reached Oxford, all the bells rang out in different notes; the clocks of every college answered one another, and sounded forth, some in deeper, some in softer tones, that it was eleven at night. All this was no ill preparation to the life I have since led among these old walls, memorable galleries, stone porticos, students' walks, and solitary scenes of the University. I wanted nothing but a black gown and a salary to be as mere a bookworm as any there. I conformed myself to college hours, was rolled up in books, lay in the most dusky parts of the University, and was as dead to the world as any hermit of the desert. If anything was alive or awake in me it was a little vanity, such as even those good men used to entertain, when the monks of their own order extolled their piety and abstraction; for I found myself received with a sort of respect which the idle part of mankind, the learned, pay to their own species; who are as considerable here as the busy, the gay, and the ambitious are in your world. Indeed, I was treated in such a manner, that I could not but sometimes ask myself in my mind, what college I was founder of, or what library I had built. Methinks, I do very ill to return to the world again; to leave the only place where I make a figure; and from seeing myself seated with dignity on the most conspicuous shelves of a library, put myself into the abject posture of lying at a lady's feet in St. James's Square."

There is a good deal of the poetical and picturesque in this account, as in another, of a ride to Oxford about two years before, there is of the picturesque and ludicrous. Pope and his contemporaries, Swift, Addison, and Steele, have made immortal the triad of great publishers of their day—Tonson, Lintot, and Curll. Curll issued to the light a stolen volume of Pope's letters, to the poet's astonishment; and, on Pope's very natural anger, with very bibliopolical coolness, replied that Mr. Pope ought to be very much obliged to him for making them known, for they did him so much credit. Jacob Tonson was the John Murray of his day; he turned out the most splendid editions of standard works, and was, moreover, the secretary of the great political Whig, or Kit-cat club, of which the dukes of Somerset, Richmond, Grafton, Devonshire, and Marlborough; the earls of Dorset, Sunderland, Manchester, Wharton, and Kingston; lords Halifax and Somers; Sir Richard Steele, Addison. Congreve, Garth, Mainwaring, Pulteney, and many other distinguished men, were members. These, such was the munificence of the great bibliopole, he employed Sir Godfrey Kneller to paint for him, of a size to admit of representing the heads, and which has since been called the kit-cat size. Munificent, however, as he was, Lintot soon out-bid him for Pope's Homer, and made his fortune by it.

Of Lintot's active schemes to turn a penny, the ride just mentioned to Oxford affords a curious example. Pope had borrowed a horse of Lord Burlington, and set out alone. He had most likely mentioned his going in Lintot's shop, for he had but just entered Windsor

Forest, when who should come trotting up behind at a smart rate but Bernard Lintot. Pope had an instant feeling of Lintot's design, and in a letter to Lord Burlington gave a humorous and characteristic account of the singular conversation which took place between them. Pope had observed that Lintot, who was more accustomed to get astride of authors than of horses, sat uneasily in his saddle, for which he expressed some solicitude, when Lintot proposed that, as they had the day before them, it would be pleasant to sit awhile under the woods. When they had alighted, "See here," said Lintot, "what a mighty pretty Horace I have in my pocket! What if you amused yourself in turning an ode till we mount again? Lord! if you pleased, what a clever miscellany you might make at leisure hours." "Perhaps I may," said Pope, "if we ride on; the motion is an aid to my fancy; a round trot very much awakens my spirits; then jog on apace, and I'll think as hard as I can." Silence ensued for a full hour, after which Lintot stopped short, and broke out—"Well, Sir, how far have you gone?"—"Seven miles," answered Pope. "Zounds! sir," exclaimed Lintot, "I thought you had done seven stanzas. Oldsworth in a ramble round Wimbledon Hill would translate a whole ode in this time. I'll say that for Oldsworth, though I lost by his Timothys, he translates an ode of Horace the quickest of any man in England. I remember Dr. King would write verses in a tavern, three hours after he could not speak; and there is Sir Richard, in that rumbling old chariot of his, between Fleet-street and St. Giles's Pound, shall make you half a Job." Pope jogged on to Oxford, and dropped Lintot as soon as he could.

We may imagine Pope, during his occasional visits to London, looking in at Lintot's to see what was coming out new, or spending a morning with Swift at his lodgings; with Bolingbroke; or with Gay, at the Duke of Queensbury's; with Lord Burlington, or Lord Halifax; and in the evening meeting in full conclave all the wits and philosophers of the time, at Will's coffee-house, or at Button's, to which some of the company which used to meet at Will's had been transferred by the influence of Addison. This was also called the Hanover club, because the members adhered to the Whig principles and the house of Hanover. But Pope was equally welcome at the Tory club, which had been constituted by his great friends, Bolingbroke and Harley, on the downfall of the Whigs at the peace of Utrecht, in opposition to the Kit-cat club, and where these noblemen, their great champion Swift, Sir William Wyndham, Lord Bathurst, Dr. Arbuthnot, and other men of note of that party assembled. This was called the October club, from the month in which the great alteration in the ministry took place. Later, when the dissensions arose between Harley and Bolingbroke, a more exclusive literary club was formed, of which Swift, Gay, Parnell, and Arbuthnot were members. This was the Scriblerus club, amidst whose convivialities originated the history of Martinus Scriblerus, the Discourse on the Bathos, and Gulliver's Travels.

At all these places, Pope, who having friends of all parties would not commit himself to any political party, was always welcome, though the casual influence of party did not fail to take its effect, and do the work of estrangement amongst many of the leading spirits of the time. Pope always professed to hold Whig principles, but in fact there was little distinction of political principle at that period; the chief difference was the difference of mere party. To the nation and its interests it was of little consequence what leader was in power.

Amid all the convivialities, the excitements of wine, wit, and conversation, which so many meetings of celebrated men opened to Pope, he began to find himself growing dissipated, and his health suffering. His wise old friend, Sir William Trumbull, warned him of his danger with an affectionate earnestness, and it is supposed with due effect. "I now come," said he, "to what is of vast moment, I mean the preservation of your health, and beg of you earnestly to get out of all tavern company, and fly away *tanquam ex incendio.* What a misery it is for you to be destroyed by the foolish kindness —it is all one, real or pretended—of those who are able to bear the poison of bad wine, and to engage you in so unequal a combat. As to Homer, by all I can learn, your business is done; therefore come away, and take a little time to breathe in the country. I beg now for my own sake, and much more for yours. Methinks Mr. —— has said to you more than once—

'Heu! fuge, nati deâ, teque his, ait, eripe flammis.'"

Pope felt the justice of this call, and obeyed. It was not, however, without a lingering and reverted look, as a letter of his to Jervas testifies. "I cannot express how I long to renew our old intercourse and conversation; our morning conference in bed in the same room, our evening walks in the park, our amusing voyages on the water, our philosophical suppers, our lectures, our dissertations, our gravities, our fooleries, or what not."

It appears that not merely Jervas, Parnell, Garth, Rowe, and others of like respectable character, were his companions in the amusements referred to, but that unfortunately for him he had fallen into the company of the dissolute Earl of Warwick, Addison's step-son, and of Colley Cibber; who, availing themselves of his vivacity, laid a deliberate plan to engage him in an affair derogatory to his reputation. But he cut wisely these connexions, and London, with a valediction to be found in his verses written in the character of a philosophical rake:—

"Dear, damned, distracting town, farewell;
Thy fools no more I'll tease," &c.

* * * *

"To drink and droll be Rowe allowed
Till the third watchman toll;
Let Jervas gratis paint, and Froude
Save threepence and his soul.

"Farewell Arbuthnot's raillery
On every learned sot;
And Garth, the best good Christian he,
Although he knows it not.

"Lintot, farewell! thy bard must go;
Farewell, unhappy Tonson;
Heaven gives thee for thy loss of Rowe,
Lean Philips and fat Johnson.

"Why should I stay? both parties rage;
My vixen mistress squalls;
The wits in envious feuds engage,
And Homer—damn him—calls."

Here, then, ends Pope's town life, or that part of his life when he gave himself most up to it. We now accompany him to his new and his last residence, his beloved Twickenham, or Twitenham, as he used to write it.

It seems that Pope did not purchase the freehold of the house and grounds at Twickenham, but only a long lease. He took his father and mother along with him. His father died there the year after, but his mother continued to live till 1733, when she died at the great age of ninety-three. For twenty years she had the singular satisfaction of seeing her son the first poet of his age; caressed by the greatest men of the time, courted by princes, and feared by all the base. No parents ever found a more tender and dutiful son. With him they shared in honour the ease and distinction he had acquired. They were the cherished objects of his home. Swift paid him no false compliment when he said, in condoling with him on his mother's death,—"You are the most dutiful son I have ever known or heard of, which is a felicity not happening to one in a million."

The property at Twickenham is properly described by Roscoe, as lying on both sides of the highway, rendering it necessary for him to cross the road to arrive at the higher and more ornamental part of his gardens. In order to obviate this inconvenience, he had recourse to the expedient of excavating a passage under the road from one part of his grounds to the other,—a fact to which he alludes in these lines:—

"Know all the toil the heavy world can heap
Rolls o'er my grotto, nor disturbs my sleep."

The lower part of these grounds, in which his house stood, constituted, in fact, only the sloping bank of the river, by much the smaller portion of his territory. The passage, therefore, was very necessary to that far greater part, which was his wilderness, shrubbery, forest, and everything, where he chiefly planted and worked. This passage he formed into a grotto, having a front of rude stonework opposite to the river, and decorated within with spars, ores, and shells. Of this place he has himself left this description.

"I have put the last hand to my works of this kind, in happily finishing the subterranean way and grotto. I found there a spring of the clearest water, which falls in a perpetual rill, that echoes through the cavern night and day. From the river Thames you see through my arch, up a walk of the wilderness, to a kind of open temple wholly composed of shells in the rustic manner; and from that distance, under the temple, you look down through a sloping arcade of trees, and see the sails on the river passing suddenly and vanishing, as through a perspective glass. When you shut the door of this grotto, it becomes on the instant, from a luminous room, a *camera obscura*, on the walls of which all the objects of the river, hills, woods, and boats, are forming a moving picture, in their visible radiations; and when you have a mind to light it less, it affords you a very different scene. It is finished with shells, interspersed with looking-glass in regular forms, and in the ceiling is a star of the same material, at which when a lamp of an orbicular figure of thin alabaster is hung in the middle, a thousand pointed rays glitter, and are reflected over the place. There are connected to this grotto, by a narrow passage, two porches: one towards the river, of smooth stones, full of light and open; the other towards the garden, shadowed with trees, rough with shells, flints, and iron ore. The bottom is paved with simple pebbles, as is also the adjoining walk up the wilderness to the temple, in the natural taste, agreeing not ill with the little dripping murmur, and the aquatic idea of the whole place. It wants nothing to complete it but a good statue with an inscription, like that beautiful antique one which you know I am so fond of. You will think I have been very poetical in this description; but it is pretty near the truth."

To this prose description Pope added this one in verse:—

"Thou who shalt stop, where Thames' translucent wave
Shines a broad mirror through the shadowy cave;
Where lingering drops from mineral roofs distil,
And pointed crystals break the sparkling rill;
Unpolished gems no ray on pride bestow,
And latent metals innocently glow;
Approach! great Nature studiously behold,
And eye the mine without a wish for gold.
Approach; but awful! Lo! the Egerian grot,
Where, nobly pensive, St. John sat and thought;
Where British sighs from dying Wyndham stole,
And the bright flame was shot through Marchmont's soul.
Let such, such only, tread this sacred floor,
Who dare to love their country, and be poor."

But it was not merely in forming this grotto that Pope employed himself; it was in building and extending his house, which was in a Roman style, with columns, arcades, and porticos. The designs and elevations of these buildings may be seen by his own hand in the British Museum, drawn in his usual way on backs of letters. The following passage, in a letter to Mr. Digby, will be sufficient to give us his idea both of his Thamesward garden and his house in a summer view:—"No ideas you could form in the winter could make you imagine what Twickenham is in this warm summer. Our river glitters beneath the unclouded sun, at the same time that its banks retain the verdure of showers; our gardens are offering their first nosegays; our trees, like new acquaintance brought happily together, are stretching their arms to meet each other, and growing nearer and nearer every hour. The birds are paying their thanksgiving songs for the new habitations I have made them. My building rises high enough to attract the eye and curiosity of the passenger from the river, where, upon beholding a mixture of beauty and ruin, he inquires, What house is falling, or what church is rising? So little taste have our common Tritons for Vitruvius; whatever delight the poetical gods of the river may take in reflecting on their streams, my Tuscan porticos, or Ionic pilasters."

Pope's architecture, like his poetry, has been the subject of much and vehement dispute. On the one hand, his grottos and his buildings have been vituperated as most tasteless and childish; on the other, applauded as beautiful and romantic. Into neither of these disputes need we enter. In both poetry and architecture a bolder spirit and a better taste have prevailed since Pope's time. With all his foibles and defects, Pope was a great poet of the critical and didactic kind, and his house and grounds had their peculiar beauties. He was himself half inclined to suspect the correctness of his fancy in such matters, and often rallies himself on his gimcracks and crotchets in both verse and prose. Thus, in his first epistle of his first book of Horace, addressed to Bolingbroke:—

"But when no prelate's lawn with haircloth lined
Is half so incoherent as my mind;
When—each opinion with the next at strife,
An ebb and flow of follies all my life—
I plant, root up; I build, and then confound;
Turn round to square, and square again to round;
You never change one muscle of your face;
You think this madness but a common case."

Pope's building madness, however, had method in it. Unlike the great romancer and builder of our time, he never allowed such things to bring him into debt. He kept his mind at ease by such prudence; and soothed and animated it under circumstances of continual evil, by working amongst his trees and grottos and vines, and at his labours of poetry and translation. At the period succeeding the rebellion of 1715, when that event had implicated and scattered so many of his highest and most powerful friends, here he was labouring away at his Homer with a progress which astonished every one. Removed at once from the dissipations and distractions of London, and from the agreeable interruptions of such society, he found leisure and health enough here to give him vigour for exertions astonishing for so weak a frame. The tastes he indulged here, if they were not faultless according to our notions, were healthy, and they endured. To the end of his life he preserved his strong attachment to his house and grounds. In 1736, writing to Swift, he says:—"I wish you had any motive to see this kingdom. I could keep you, for I am rich; that is, I have more room than I want. I can afford room for myself and two servants. I have indeed room enough; nothing but myself at home. The kind and hearty housewife is dead! The agreeable and instructive neighbour is gone! Yet my house is enlarged, and the gardens extend and flourish, as knowing nothing of the guests they have lost. I have more fruit-trees and kitchen garden than you have any thought of; nay, I have melons and pine-apples of my own growth. I am as much a better gardener, as I am a worse poet, than when you saw me; but gardening is more akin to philosophy, for Tully says, '*Agricultura proxima sapientiæ*.'" And towards the end of the same year he says, in a letter to Ralph Allen,—"I am now as busy planting for myself as I was lately in planting for another; and I thank God for every wet day and for every fog that gives me the head-ache, but prospers my works. They will indeed outlive me, but I am pleased to think my trees will afford fruit and shade to others, when I shall want them no more. And it is no sort of grief to me that those others will not be things of my own poor body; but it is enough that they are creatures of the same species, and made by the same hand that made me."

In 1743, the last year of his life, he was still inspired by the same tastes, and occupied in the same pursuits. "I have lived," says he, March 24th, 1743, "much by myself of late, partly through ill health, and partly to amuse myself with little improvements in my gardens and house, to which, possibly, I shall, if I live, be much more confined."

Of the mode of Pope's life here we have, from the letters of himself and his friends, a pretty tolerable notion. He was near enough town to make occasional visits to it, and his friends there near enough to visit him. His friends and acquaintances were every distinguished man and woman of the time, whether literary characters or statesmen. The greater part of them may be set down as his guests here, at one period or another. He delighted to have his most intimate friends near him, and some one or more of them with him. Bishops Atterbury and Warburton, the Duke and Duchess of Queensbury, Gay's great patrons; Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, Lady Suffolk, Lord and Lady Hervey, Lords Bathurst, Halifax, Oxford, Bolingbroke, Burlington, Lady Scudamore, the Countess of Winchilsea, Lord Chancellor Harcourt, and his son Sir Simon Harcourt, the Duke of Chandos, Lords Carlton, Peterborough, and Lansdowne, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, Addison, Steele, Swift, Parnell, Gay, Rowe, and all the literary men of the age. What an array of those who wrote, and of those who admired letters, were the frequenters of Twickenham. In fact, in a letter to Swift, in 1736, Pope says, "I was the other day recollecting twenty-seven great ministers, or men of wit and learning, who are all dead, and all of my acquaintance within twenty years past."

But Pope loved to induce those he most delighted to converse with, to reside near him. Bolingbroke settled at Dawley, and Lady Mary Wortley Montagu at Twickenham itself. The latter remarkable woman was a little too near. All the world is familiar with Pope's intense admiration of her, his having her picture drawn by Sir Godfrey Kneller, to gaze on every day, his worship of her, and their quarrel, which knew no reconciliation.

But Pope's attachments were, for the most part, strong and enduring. Except in the case of the flattered, spoiled, and satirical Lady Mary, there is scarcely a friend of Pope's who was not a friend for life. With the Blounts, the Allens,

"And honest, hatless Cromwell, with red breeches,"—

people who could confer no distinction, but had qualities worth loving—he maintained the most steady friendship to the last. On

Martha Blount, the woman who above all others he most loved, he has conferred an immortality as enduring as his own.

But his three most intimate friends, after all, were Swift, Bolingbroke, and Gay. These congenial souls were here much, often, and for long times together. With Pope they not only entered into literary plans, read together, wrote together, and joked and feasted together, but with him they worked at his grotto and in his garden. They helped him to construct his quincunx; to plant, to sort spars and stones, and to fix them in the wall. Lord Peterborough, who had run so victorious a career in Spain, did not disdain to lay on a helping hand.

> "He whose lightnings pierced the Iberian lines,
> Now forms my quincunx and now ranks my vines."

Even the querulous dean, even the proud Bolingbroke, as well as the easy and good-natured Gay, zealously partook of the rural as well as the philosophical labours of Pope at Twickenham. Swift made two extraordinarily long sojourns here, one of five months; and though he took an abrupt leave at length, it was not, as Johnson would biliously represent it, because they could not live together, or had abated their mutual regard, but because they were both completely out of health, and the dean especially, afflicted with the nervous irritability which proved the forerunner of insanity. It was necessary for him to get home, where, in that morbid condition, he could as little bear any society. Gay dead, Bolingbroke obliged to live abroad, Swift sunk into a hypochondriac, the latter end of Pope's life was melancholy, and Twickenham a comparative solitude. He had, however, the cordially cheering attentions of Martha Blount; and Warburton, whose advancement in the church was the work of his friendship, came in to supply the places of the old companions gone.

Such was the home of Pope: there is still another portion of his life of which we get most picturesque glimpses,—I mean into his haunts. Occasionally we find him at Bath for his health, but more frequently making a summer sojourn of a few weeks or months at the houses of some of his friends in the country. At one time he is at Dawley, with Bolingbroke, where they are lying and reading between two haycocks; at another, at Prior Park, near Bath, at the Allens', where an odd kind of stiffness grew up between the Allens and Miss Blount and himself, that was never cleared up, but blew away, and left them as good friends as before. Then he is at Oakley Park, Lord Bathurst's seat at Cirencester. In 1716, he writes to Martha and Teresa Blount,—that was in his young and Homeric days,—"I am with Lord Bathurst at my bower, in whose groves we had yesterday a dry walk of three hours. It is the place that of all others I fancy, and I am not yet out of humour with it, though I have had it some months; it does not cease to be agreeable to me so late in the season (October); the very dying of the leaves adds a variety of colours that is not unpleasant. I look upon it as upon a beauty I once loved, whom I should preserve a respect for in her decay; and as we should look upon a friend, with remembrance how he pleased us once, though now declined from his gay and flourishing condition.

"I write an hour or two every morning, then ride out a hunting upon the downs, eat heartily, talk tender sentiments with Lord B., or draw plans for houses and gardens, open avenues, cut glades, plant firs, contrive water-works,—all very fine and beautiful in our own imagination. At night we play at commerce, and play pretty high. I do more. I bet too; for I am really rich, and must throw away my money, if no deserving friend will use it. I like this course of life so well, that I am resolved to stay here till I hear of somebody's being in town that is worth coming after."

In another letter to these sisters, he gives us a curious peep at court life. "First, then, I went by water to Hampton Court, unattended by all but by my own virtues, which were not of so modest a nature as to keep themselves or me concealed; for I met the prince with all his ladies on horseback, coming from hunting. Mrs. B—— and Mrs. L——" (Mary Bellenden and Mary Lepell, maids of honour to the queen) "took me into protection, contrary to the laws against harbouring papists, and gave me a dinner, with something I liked better, an opportunity of conversing with Mrs. H——" (Mrs. Howard, afterwards Countess of Suffolk.) "We all agreed that the life of a maid of honour was of all things the most miserable; and wished that every woman that envied it had a specimen of it. To eat Westphalia ham in a morning, ride over hedges and ditches on borrowed hacks, come home in the heat of the day with a fever, and—what is worse a hundred times—with a red mark in the forehead from an uneasy hat: all this may qualify them to make excellent wives for fox-hunters, and bear abundance of ruddy-complexioned children. As soon as they can wipe off the sweat of the day, they must simper an hour, and catch cold in the princess's apartment; from thence, as Shakspeare has it, 'to dinner, with what appetite they may;' and after that, till midnight, walk, work, or think, which they please. I can easily believe no lone house in Wales, with a mountain and a rookery, is more contemplative than this court; and, as a proof of it, I need only tell you, Mrs. L—— (Mary Lepell) walked with me three or four hours by moonlight, and we met no creature of any quality but the king, who gave audience to the vice-chamberlain, all alone, under the garden wall.

"In short, I heard of no ball, assembly, basset-table, or any place where two or three were gathered together, except Madam Kilmansegg's, to which I had the honour to be invited, and the grace to stay away.

"I was heartily tired, and posted to —— park; (*q.* Bushy ?) there we had an excellent discourse of quackery; Dr. S—— was mentioned with honour. Lady —— walked a whole hour abroad without dying after it, at least in the time I stayed, though she seemed to be fainting, and had convulsive motions several times in her head. I arrived in the forest by Tuesday at noon."

At another time we find him at Orchard Wyndham, the seat of Sir William Wyndham, in Somersetshire. "The reception we met with," says he, "and the little excursions we made, were every way agreeable. I think the country abounds with beautiful prospects Sir William Wyndham is at present amusing himself with some real improvements, and a great many visionary castles. We are often entertained with sea-views and sea-fish; and were at some places in the neighbourhood, amongst which I was mightily pleased with Dunster Castle, near Minehead. It stands upon a great eminence, and hath a prospect of that town, with an extensive view of the Bristol Channel, in which are seen two small islands called the Steep Holms and Flat Holms, and on the other side we could plainly distinguish the divisions of the fields on the Welsh coast. All this journey I performed on horseback." To how many readers will this fine scene here mentioned be familiar!

But another visit of Pope's, to Stanton Harcourt, Oxfordshire, an old mansion of Lord Harcourt's, who lent it to him for the summer, has furnished us with a description which, though somewhat long, we must take in full. So much delighted was Pope with it, that he has described it twice; once to Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, and once to the Duke of Buckingham. The following account is made complete by a careful comparison of both these letters; but may be supposed to be addressed to Lady Mary.

"I am fourscore miles from London; and the place is such as I could not quit for the town, if I did not value you more than, nay, everybody else there; and you will be convinced how little the town has engaged my affections in your absence from it, when you know what a place this is which I prefer to it. I shall therefore describe it to you at large, as the true picture of a genuine ancient country seat.

"You must expect nothing regular in my description of a house which seems to be built before rules were in fashion. The whole is so disjointed, and the parts so detached from each other, and yet so joining again, one cannot tell how, that, in a poetical fit, you could imagine it had been a village in Amphion's time, when twenty cottages had taken a dance together, were all out, and stood still in amazement ever since.

"You must excuse me if I say nothing of the front; indeed I do not know which it is. A stranger would be grievously disappointed who should think to get into this house the right way. One would reasonably expect, after the entry through the porch, to be let into the hall: but alas! nothing less! you find yourself in a brewhouse. From the parlour you think to step into the drawing-room, but, upon opening the iron-nailed door, you are convinced, by a flight of birds about your ears, and a cloud of dust in your eyes, that it is the pigeon-house. On each side of our porch are two chimneys, that wear their greens on the outside, which would do as well within; for whenever we make a fire, we let the smoke out of the windows. Over the parlour window hangs a sloping balcony, which time has turned to a very convenient penthouse. The top is crowned with a very venerable tower, so like that of the church just by, that the jackdaws build in it, as if it were the true steeple.

"The great hall is high and spacious, flanked on one side with a very long table, a true image of ancient hospitality. The walls are all over ornamented with monstrous horns of animals, about twenty broken pikes, ten or a dozen blunderbusses, and a rusty matchlock musquet or two, which we were informed had served in the civil wars. There is one vast arched window, beautifully darkened with divers escutcheons of painted glass. There seems to be a great propriety in this old manner of blazoning upon glass; ancient families, like ancient windows, in the course of generations, being seldom free from cracks. One shining pane, in particular, bears date 1286, which alone preserves the memory of a knight whose iron armour has long since perished with rust, and whose alabaster nose has mouldered from his monument. The youthful face of Dame Elinor, in another piece, owes more to that single pane than to all the glasses she ever consulted in her life. Who can say, after this, that glass is frail, when it is not half so perishable as human beauty or glory? And yet I cannot but sigh to think that the most authentic record of so ancient a family should be at the mercy of every boy who flings a stone! In this hall, in former days, have dined gartered knights and courtly dames, with ushers, sewers, and seneschals, and yet it was but the other night that an owl flew in hither, and mistook it for a barn.

"This hall lets you, up and down over a very high threshold, into the great parlour. It is furnished with historical tapestry, whose marginal fringes do confess the moisture of the air. The other contents of this room are a broken-bellied virginal, a couple of crippled velvet chairs, with two or three mouldered pictures of mouldy ancestors, who look as dismally as if they came fresh from hell with all their brimstone about them. These are carefully set at the further corner, for the windows being everywhere broken, make it so convenient a place to dry poppies and mustard seed in, that the room is appropriated to that purpose.

"Next to this parlour lies, as I said before, the pigeon-house; by the side of which runs an entry that leads, on one hand and on the other, into a bed-chamber, a buttery, and a small hole called the chaplain's study. Then follow the brewhouse, a little green and gilt parlour, and the great stairs, under which is the dairy. A little further on the right, the servants' hall; and, by the side of it, up six steps, the old lady's closet for her private devotions, which has a lattice into the said hall, that, while she said her prayers, she might cast an eye on the men and maids. There are, upon the ground floor, in all, twenty-six apartments, hard to be distinguished by particular names; amongst which I must not forget a chamber that has in it a huge antiquity of timber, which seems to have been either a bedstead or a cyder-press.

"The kitchen is built in form of the Rotunda, being one vast vault to the top of the house, where one aperture serves to let out the smoke and let in light. By the blackness of the walls, the circular fires, vast cauldrons, yawning mouths of ovens and furnaces, you would think it either the forge of Vulcan, the cave of Polyphemus, or the temple of Moloch. The horror of this place has made such an impression on the country people, that they believe the witches keep their sabbath here, and that once a year the devil treats them with infernal venison, a roasted tiger stuffed with tenpenny nails.

"Above stairs we have a number of rooms; you never pass out of one into another but by the ascent and descent of two or three stairs. Our best room is very long and low, of the exact proportions of a bandbox. In most of these rooms there are hangings of the finest work in the world; that is to say, those which Arachne spins from her own bowels. Were it not for this only furniture, the whole would be a miserable scene of naked walls, flawed ceilings, broken windows, and rusty locks. Its roof is so decayed, that after a favourable shower we may, with God's blessing, expect a crop of mushrooms between the chinks of the floors.

"All the doors are as little and low as those to the cabins of packet-boats; and the rooms have, for many years, had no other inhabitants than certain rats, whose very age renders them worthy of this venerable mansion, for the very rats of this ancient seat are grey. Since these have not yet quitted it, we hope at least that this house may stand during the small remnant of days these poor animals have to live, who are too infirm to remove to another. They have still a small subsistence left them, in the few remaining books of the library.

"We had never seen half what I have described, but for an old, starched, grey-headed steward, who is as much an antiquity as any in the place, and looks like an old family picture walked out of its frame. He failed not, as we passed from room to room, to entertain us with several relations of the family; but his observations were particularly curious when he came to the cellar. He showed where stood the triple rows of butts of sack, and where now ranged the bottles of tent for toasts in a morning. He pointed to the stands that supported the iron-hooped hogsheads of strong beer: then, stepping to a corner, he lugged out the tattered fragments of an unframed picture. 'This,' says he, with tears in his eyes, 'was poor Sir Thomas, once master of all this drink! He had two sons, poor young masters! who never arrived to the age of this beer; they both fell ill in this very cellar, and never went out upon their own legs.' He could not pass by a heap of broken bottles without taking up a piece, to show us the arms of the family upon it. He then led us up the tower by dark, winding, stone steps, which landed us into several little rooms, one above another. One of these was nailed up; and our guide whispered to us a secret occasion of it. It seems the course of this noble blood was a little interrupted, about two centuries ago, by a freak of the Lady Frances with a neighbouring priest; since which the room has been nailed up and branded as the Adultery Chamber. The ghost of Lady Frances is supposed to walk there, and some prying maids of the family report that they have seen a lady in a farthingale through the keyhole; but this matter is hushed up, and the servants are forbid to talk of it.

"I must needs have tired you by this long description; but what engaged me in it was, a generous principle to preserve the memory of that which must itself soon fall into dust; nay, perhaps, part of it, before this letter reaches your hands. Indeed I owe this old house the same gratitude that we do to an old friend who harbours us in his declining condition,—nay, even in his last extremities. I have found this an excellent place for retirement and study, where no one who passes by can dream there is one inhabitant; and even any body that could visit me does not venture under my roof. You will not wonder that I have translated a great deal of Homer in this retreat; any one that sees it will own that I could not have chosen a fitter or more likely place to converse with the dead."

No one, after reading this, can doubt that Pope possessed that rare talent of painting in words which Thomson called so truly "the portrait painting of Nature;" and which, in a letter to Doddington, from Italy, he justly laments as so rare a faculty. "There are scarcely any to be met with who have given a landscape of the country through which they travelled,—seen thus with the mind's eye; though that is the first thing which strikes, and what all readers of travels demand." "We must lament," says Warton, "that we have no more letters of Bishop Berkeley, who, we see by this before us (from Naples), possessed the uncommon talent of describing *places* in the most *lively* and *graphical* manner, a talent in which he has only been equalled or excelled by *Gray*, in many of those lively and interesting letters published by Mason; those especially written during his travels." The want continues to the present hour; the want of the art of bringing the things you speak of livingly before the reader. It is this want, which can only be supplied by the same principles of study in the writer as in the painter, which first suggested to me the necessity of "Visits to Remarkable Places." No one could have made such visits more effectual than Pope. This is a merit for which he yet has received little or no praise; and yet no talent is rarer, and few more delightful. In his letters, especially those addressed to his two lovely, charming, and life-long friends, Martha and Teresa Blount, such living portraitures of places abound. His description of Sir Walter Raleigh's old mansion and gardens at Sherbourne is a masterpiece of the kind. You are now at Letcombe, in Berkshire, with Swift, where the author of Gulliver used to run up a hill every morning before breakfast; now at Bevis Mount, near Southampton, with his friend Lord Peterborough, the conqueror of Spain; and in his journeys to Bath or to Lord Cobham's at Stowe, you peep in at a number of country houses, and rich peeps they are. Bath and London society is sketched with great vivacity and gusto; but such sketches are more common than these peeps into aristocratic country life. Thus you have him rolling along slowly from Cobham towards Bath, drawn by the very horse on which Lord Derwentwater rode in the Rebellion, but then employed by Lord Cobham in rolling the garden. He looks in at Lord Deloraine's on the Downs. He lies one night at Rowsham, the seat of Colonel Cotterell, near Oxford; "the prettiest place for waterfalls, jets, ponds enclosed with beautiful scenes of green and hanging wood, ever seen."

Then at Mr. Howe's in Gloucestershire, "as fine a thing of another kind; where Nature has done everything, and luckily, for the master has ten children." Then he calls at Sir William Codrington's, at Durhams, eight miles from Bath, where he thus describes his entertainment :—"My reception there will be matter for a letter to Mr. Bethel. It was perfectly in his spirit. All his sisters, in the first place, insisted that I should take physic preparatory to the waters, and truly I made use of the time, place, and persons to that end. My Lady Cox, the first night I lay there, mixed my electuary; Lady Codrington pounded sulphur; Mrs. Bridget Bethel ordered broth; Lady Cox mounted first up stairs with the physic in a gallipot; Lady Codrington next, with the vial of oil; Mrs. Bridget third with pills; the fourth sister with spoons and tea-cups. It would have rejoiced the ghost of Dr. Woodward to have beheld this procession." But two years before his death, he was again at Stowe, when he says, "All the mornings we breakfast and dispute; after dinner and at night, music and harmony; in the garden fishing; no politics, and no cards, nor novel reading. This agrees exactly with me, for the want of cards sends us early to bed."

This was the way he describes spending the latter part of his life: —"Lord Bathurst is still my constant friend, but his country seat is now always in Gloucestershire, not in this neighbourhood. Mr. Pulteney has no country seat; and in town I see him seldom. In the summer, I generally ramble for a month to Lord Cobham's, or to Bath, or elsewhere."

Such were the homes and haunts of Pope. In his life one thing is very striking. How much the literary men of the time and the nobility associated,—how little they do now. Are our nobility grown less literary, or our authors less aristocratic? It may be said that authors now are more independent, and cannot flatter aristocracy. But no man was more independent, and proud of his independence, than Pope.

Pope was anxious that some of his friends should have the lease of his house and grounds, to prevent their being demolished; but it was never done. Since his day they have gone through various hands. His house has long been pulled down; his willow has fallen in utter decay; his quincunx has been destroyed. Two new tenements, having the appearance of one house, with a portico opening into the highway, have for some years been built at the farther extremity of Pope's grounds next to the Thames. The house itself was stripped, immediately after his death, of all mementos of him by the operation of his own will. To Lord Bolingbroke he left his own copy of his Translation of Homer, and his other works. To Lord Marchmont, other books, with the portrait of Bolingbroke by Richardson. To Lord Bathurst, the three statues of the Hercules of Farnese, the Venus de Medici, and the Apollo in chiaro oscuro, by Kneller. To Mr. Murray, the marble head of Homer, by Bernini; and Sir Isaac Newton, by Guelfi. To the son of Dr. Arbuthnot, another picture of Bolingbroke. He left to Lord Littleton the busts in marble of Shakspeare, Spenser, and Milton, presented to him by the Prince of Wales. His library went amongst his friends; the pictures of his mother, father, and aunts, to his sister-in-law, Mrs. Rackett. Of that of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, by Kneller, there is no mention; but all the furniture of his grotto, with the urns for his garden, given by the Prince of Wales, he left to Martha Blount.

Thus flew abroad those precious relics, then; and what changes since in the place itself! A new house has recently arisen on a part of the Thames bank: so that there are actually three tenements on the spot, and it is cut up and divided accordingly. With all this havoc there are still, however, more traces of Pope left than might have been expected. The Thames is there,—nothing can remove or cut up that. The scene across the river is woody, rich, and agreeable as ever. The sloping bank from the road to the river, once Pope's garden, is a pretty garden still. There is even at the end nearest to London a conservatory still standing, which has all the characteristics of another age, and probably was Pope's. It has Tuscan columns, and large panes of glass fit for sash windows. But a fine fantastic sort of Swiss villa has sprung up there, called by the neighbourhood Elizabethan. It has deep, depending eaves, full of wooden ornament, and a lofty tower. It is the property of Mr. Young, a wholesale tea-dealer. When I visited it, heaps of lime and other building materials were lying around, and troops of work-people were busily employed where the lords, ladies, and literati of George II.'s reign resorted.

The subterranean passage, or grotto, still runs under the road spite of Bowles telling us that all these things were pulled down and done away with. It is secured by iron gates at each end, and far more of the original spar and shell-work remains than you could have believed. Near the opening facing the Thames, under some ivied rock-work, stands the figure of a nun in stone, which no doubt has been placed there by some occupant subsequent to Pope.

On the opposite side of the road, there is a field of some half-dozen acres, still bearing traces of its former character. This was Pope's larger garden and wilderness, where he used to plant and replant, contrive and recontrive, pull down and build up, to his heart's content. Around it still are traces of shrubberies, and over all are scattered many of those trees which, upwards of a hundred years ago, Pope said he was busy planting for posterity. They are now stupendous in size—Spanish chestnuts, elms, and cedars. No doubt many of them have been felled, but what remain are lofty and magnificent trees. The walks and shrubberies are to a great extent annihilated; the centre of the field was planted with potatoes. In the midst of a clump of old laurels, near the road, there is the remains of a large tree, hewn out into the shape of a seat, not unlike a watchman's box, which is said to have been Pope's, but is doubtful. At the top of the grounds is another grotto, that which was erected by Sir William Stanhope, who purchased the estate, or the lease of it, at Pope's death. This grotto seems to have formed the passage to still further grounds; for we are informed that Sir William Stanhope not only built two wings to Pope's house, but extended his grounds. There was placed over the entrance of this grotto a bust of Pope in white marble, and on a white marble slab the following inscription:—

> "The humble roof, the garden's scanty line,
> Ill spoke the genius of a bard divine:
> But fancy now displays a fairer scope,
> And Stanhope's plans unfold the soul of Pope."—*Clare.*

These vaunting lines, which represent the addition of another grotto and another field as unfolding the soul of Pope, and Sir William Stanhope as somebody capable of far greater things than the poet himself, still remain, the monument of the writer's and the erector's folly. The bust, of course, is gone. The grotto is lined with spars; pieces of basalt, perhaps the very joints of the Giant's Causeway sent to Pope by Sir Hans Sloane in 1742, only two years before Pope's death; some huge pieces of glazed and striped jars of pottery; and masses of stalactites and of stone worn by the action of the waters, evidently brought from some cavernous shore, or bed of a torrent, perhaps from a great distance, and no doubt at great expense. As this, however, was the work of Sir William Stanhope, and not of Pope, the whole possesses little interest. Every trace of the temple of which Pope speaks, as being in full view from his grotto, is annihilated; and the small obelisk, bearing this inscription in memory of his mother,—

Ah! Editha,
Matrum Optima,
Mulierum Amantissima,
Vale!

has been removed, and is said to be in the possession of Lord Howe, and set up in his grounds, just by.

Lord Mendip, who married Sir William Stanhope's daughter, is said to have been particularly anxious to retain every trace of Pope. Yet in his care to maintain, he must have very much altered. He stuccoed the house, and adorned it, says a writer in the Gentleman's Magazine, in an elegant style. He enclosed the lawn, and propped with uncommon care the far-famed weeping willow, supposed to be the parent stock of the willows in Twickenham Park. Yes, Pope is said to have been the introducer of the weeping willow into England;—that seeing some twigs around the wrapping of an article of vertu sent to Lady Sylvius from abroad, he planted these, saying they might belong to some kind of tree yet unknown in England. From one of these sprung Pope's willow, and from Pope's willow thousands of others. Slips of his tree were anxiously sought after; they were even transmitted to distant climes; and, in 1789, the Empress of Russia had some planted in her garden at Petersburgh. Notwithstanding every care, old age overcame this willow, and in spite of all props, it perished, and fell to the ground in 1801.

On the decease of Lord Mendip, in 1802, the property was sold to Sir John Briscoe, Bart.; after whose death, it was again sold to the Baroness Howe. This lady, and her husband, Sir J. Waller Wathen, with a tasteless Vandalism, levelled the house of Pope to the ground; extirpated ruthlessly almost every possible trace of him in the gardens; and erected that house already mentioned at the extremity of Pope's property, now occupied as two tenements. This house of the unpoetical Lady Howe was also erected on the site of an elegant little villa belonging to Hudson, the painter, the master of Sir Joshua Reynolds.

Such are the revolutions which have passed over Pope's villa and its grounds. Where he and such celebrated gardeners as Swift, Bolingbroke, and Gay laboured, I found potatoes, black with the disease of 1846, growing. How long the giant trees planted by his hands, and which still lift aloft their noble heads, may escape some fresh change, we know not. The whole of the larger garden of Pope, in which they grow, bears evidences of neglect. Laurels grow wild under the lofty hedges. The stones of Stanhope's grotto lie scattered about; and vast quantities of the deadly nightshade, as if undisturbed for years, displayed to my notice its dark purple and burnished berries of death.

The remains of Pope rest, with those of his parents, in Twickenham church. In the middle aisle, the sexton shows you a P in one of the stones, which marks the place of their interment. To see the monuments to their memory, you must ascend into the north gallery; where, at the east end, on the wall, you find a tablet with a Latin inscription, which was placed there by Pope in honour of his parents; and on the side wall of the gallery nearest the west is a tablet of grey marble, in a pyramidal form, with a medallion profile of the poet. This was placed here by Bishop Warburton, and bears the following inscription:—

ALEXANDRO POPE. M. H. Gulielmus Episcopus, Glocestriensis,
Amicitiæ causâ fac: cur: 1761.
Poeta loquitur.

FOR ONE WHO WOULD NOT BE BURIED IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Heroes and kings, your distance keep;
In peace let one poor poet sleep,
Who never flattered folks like you:
Let Horace blush, and Virgil too.

By one of those acts which neither science nor curiosity can excuse, the skull of Pope is now in the private collection of a phrenologist. The manner in which it was obtained is said to have been this. On some occasion of alteration in the church, or burial of some one in the same spot, the coffin of Pope was disinterred, and opened to see the state of the remains; by a bribe to the sexton of the time, possession of the skull was obtained for a night, and *another* skull returned instead of it. I have heard that fifty pounds were paid to manage and carry through this transaction. Be that as it may, the undoubted skull of Pope now figures in the phrenological collection of the late Mr. Holm, of Highgate, and was frequently exhibited by him in his lectures, as demonstrating, by its not large but well-balanced proportions, its affinity to the intellectual character of the poet.

DEAN SWIFT.

The principal scenes of residence of Dean Swift lie in Ireland. Johnson, in his life of the Dean, makes it doubtful whether he was really an Englishman or an Irishman by birth. He says: "Jonathan Swift was, according to an account said to be written by himself, the son of Jonathan Swift, an attorney, and was born at Dublin, on St. Andrew's day, 1667; according to his own report, as delivered by Pope to Spence, he was born at Leicester, the son of a clergyman, who was minister of a parish in Herefordshire. During his life, the place of his birth was undetermined. He was contented to be called an Irishman by the Irish, but would occasionally call himself an Englishman. The question may, without much regret, be left in the obscurity in which he delighted to involve it."

There has long ceased to be any obscurity about the matter. His relations, justly proud of the connexion, have set that fully in the light which Swift himself characteristically wrapped in mystification. He was of an English family, originally of Yorkshire; but his grandfather, Thomas Swift, was vicar of Goodrich, in Herefordshire. Taking an active part with Charles I. against the Parliament, he was expelled from his living; yet he died at Goodrich, and was buried under the altar there. The account of the plundering of his parsonage by the Parliament army, given in the appendix to Scott's life of the Dean, is so lively a description of such an affair, that I will transcribe it:—

"When the Earl of Stamford was in Herefordshire, in October 1642, and pillaged all that kept faith and allegiance to the king, information was given to Mrs. Swift, wife of Thomas Swift, parson of Goodrich, that her house was designed to be plundered. To prevent so great a danger, she instantly repaired to Hereford, where the earl then was, some ten miles from her own home, to petition him that no violence might be offered to her house or goods. He most nobly, and according to the goodness of his disposition, threw the petition away, and swore no small oaths that she should be plundered to-morrow. The good gentlewoman, being out of hope to prevail, and seeing that there was no good to be done by petitioning him, speeds home as fast as she could, and that night removes as much of her goods as the shortness of the time would permit. Next morning, to make good the Earl of Stamford's word, Captain Kirle's troop, consisting of seventy horse and thirty foot, which were hangers on—birds of prey—came to Mr. Swift's house. There they took away all his provision of victuals, corn, household stuff, which was not conveyed away. They empty his beds, and fill the ticks with malt; they rob him of his cart and six horses, and make this part of their theft the means to convey away the rest. Mrs. Swift, much affrighted to see such a sight as this, thought it best to save herself though she lost her goods; therefore, taking up a young child in her arms, began to secure herself by flight; which one of the troopers perceiving, he commanded her to stay, or, holding his pistol to her breast, threatened to shoot her dead. She, good woman, fearing death whether she went or returned, at last, shunning that death which was next unto her, she retires back to her house, where she saw herself undone, and yet durst not oppose, or ask why they did so. Having thus rifled the house and gone, next morning early, she goes again to Hereford, and there again petitions the earl to show some compassion to her and her ten children, and that he would be pleased to cause her horses and some part of her goods to be restored to her. The good earl was so far from granting her petition that he would not vouchsafe so much as to read it. When she could not prevail herself, she makes use of the mediation of friends. These have the repulse also, his lordship remaining inexorable, without any inclination to mercy. At last, hoping that all men's hearts were not adamant relentless, she leaves the earl, and makes her addresses to Captain Kirle, who, upon her earnest entreaty, grants her a protection for what was left; but for restitution there was no hope of that. This protection cost her no less than thirty shillings. It seems paper and ink are dear in those parts. And now, thinking herself secure in his protection, she returns home, in hope that what was left she might enjoy in peace and quietness. She had not been long at home but Captain Kirle sends her word, that if it pleased her, she might buy four of her own six horses again, assuring her by her father's servant and tenant, that she should not fear being plundered any more by the Earl of Stamford's forces, while they were in those parts. Encouraged by these promises, she was content to buy her own, and deposited eight pounds ten shillings for four of her horses. And now conceiving the storm to be blown over, and all danger past, and placing much confidence in her purchased protection, she causes all her goods secured in her neighbours' houses to be brought home; and since it could not be better, rejoiced that she had not lost all. She had not enjoyed these thoughts long, but Captain Kirle sent unto her for some vessels of cyder, whereof having tasted, but not liking it, since he could not have drink for himself he would have provender for his horses, and therefore, instead of cyder, he demands ten bushels of oats. Mrs. Swift, seeing that the denial might give some ground for a quarrel, sent him word that her husband had not two bushels of oats in a year for tythes, nor did they grow any on their glebe, both of which were most true. Yet, to show how willing she was, to her power, to comply with him, that the messengers might not return empty, she sent him forty shillings to buy oats. Suddenly after, the captain of Goodridge castle sends to Mr. Swift's house for victual and corn. Mrs. Swift instantly shows him her protection. He, to answer show with show, shows her his warrant; and so without any regard to her protection, seizeth upon that provision which was in the house, together with the cyder which Captain Kirle had refused. Hereupon Mrs. Swift writes to Captain Kirle, complaining of this injury, and the affront done to him in slighting his protection; but before the messenger could return with an answer to her letter, some from the castle come a second time to plunder the house, and they did what they came for. Presently after comes a letter from Captain Kirle in answer to Mrs. Swift's, that the Earl of Stamford did by no means approve of the injuries done to her, and withal, by word of mouth, sends to her for more oats. She, perceiving that as long as she gave they would never leave asking, resolved to be drilled no more. The return not answering expectation, on the third of December, Captain Kirle's lieutenant, attended by a considerable number of dragoons, comes to Mr. Swift's house, and demands entrance; but the doors being kept shut against them, and not being able to force them, they broke down two iron bars in a stone window, and so, with swords drawn and pistols cocked, they enter the house. Being entered, they take all Master Swift's and his wife's apparel, his books and his children's clothes, they being in bed; and these poor children that hung by their clothes, unwilling to part with them, they swung them about until, their hold-fast failing, they dashed them against the walls. They took away all his servants' clothes, and made so clean work with one that they left him not a shirt to cover his nakedness. There was one of the children, an infant, lying in the cradle; they robbed that, and left not the poor soul a rag to defend it from the cold. They took away all the iron, pewter, and brass; and a very fair cupboard of glasses, which they could not carry away, they broke to pieces; and the four horses lately redeemed are with them lawful prize again, and nothing left of all the goods but a few stools, for his wife, children, and servants to sit down and bemoan their distressed condition. Having taken away all, and being gone, Mrs. Swift, in compassion to her poor infant in the cradle, took it up, almost starved with cold, and wrapped it in a petticoat, which she took off from herself; and now hoped, that having nothing to lose would be a better protection for their persons than that which they purchased of Captain Kirle for thirty shillings. But as if Job's messenger would never make an end, her three maid-servants, whom they in the castle had compelled to carry the poultry to the castle, return and tell their mistress, that they in the castle said they had a warrant to seize upon Mrs. Swift and bring her into the castle, and that they would make her three maid-servants wait on her there, and added things not fit for them to speak nor us to write. Hereupon Mrs. Swift fled to the place where her husband, for fear of the rebels, had withdrawn himself. She had not been gone two hours, but they come from the castle, and bring with them, three teams to carry away what was before designed for plunder, but wanted means of conveyance. When they came, there was a batch of bread hot in the oven. This they seize on; her children on their knees entreat but for one loaf, and at last, with much importunity, obtained it; but before the children had eaten it, they took even that one loaf away, and left them destitute of a morsel of bread amongst ten children. Ransacking every corner of the house, that nothing might be left behind, they find a small pewter dish in which the dry-nurse had put pap to feed the poor infant, the mother who gave it suck being fled to save her life. This they seize on too. The nurse entreats for God's sake that they would spare that, pleading that in the mother's absence it was all the substance which was or could be provided to sustain the life of the child, that 'knew not the right hand from the left,' a motive which prevailed with God himself, though justly incensed against Nineveh.

"Master Swift's eldest son, a youth, seeing this barbarous cruelty, demanded of them a reason for this so hard usage. They replied that his father was a traitor to the king and parliament, and added, that they would keep them so short, that they would eat the very flesh from their arms; and to make good their word, they threaten the miller, that, if he ground any corn for these children, they would grind him in his own mill; and not contented with this, they go to Mr. Swift's next neighbour, whose daughter was his servant, and take him prisoner: they examine him on oath what goods of Mr. Swift's he had in his custody. He professing that he had none, they charge him to take his daughter away from Mr. Swift's service, or else they threaten to plunder him; and to make sure work, they make him give them security to obey all their commands. Terrified with this, the neighbours stand afar off, and pity the distressed condition of these persecuted children, but dare not come or send to their relief. By this means the children and servants had no sustenance, hardly anything to cover them, from Friday, six o'clock at night, until Saturday, twelve at night, until at last, the neighbours moved with the lamentable cries and complaints of the children and servants, one of the neighbours, overlooking all difficulties, and showing that he durst be charitable, in despite of these monsters, ventured in, and brought them some provision. And if the world would know what it was that so exasperated these rebels against this gentleman, the Earl of Stamford, a man that is not bound to give an account of all his actions, gave two reasons for it. First, because he had bought arms, and conveyed them into Monmouthshire, which, under his lordship's good favour, was not so; and, secondly, because not long before, he preached a sermon in Rosse, upon that text, 'Give unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's,' in which his lordship said he had spoken treason in endeavouring to give Cæsar more than his due. These two crimes cost Mr. Swift no less than 300*l.*" *

With the memory of such things as these in the family, there need be no wonder at the Dean's decided tendency to toryism. His father and three uncles, that is four out of ten sons, and three or four daughters of the persecuted clergyman fled to Ireland, where the eldest son, Godwin Swift, a barrister, married a relative of the Marchioness of Ormond, and was made, by the Marquis of Ormond, his attorney-general in the palatinate of Tipperary. This Godwin married the co-heiress of Admiral Deane; the second son, a daughter of Sir William Davenant. Another was Mr. Dryden Swift, so called after his mother, who was a Dryden, and a near relation of the poet's. Thus Swift was of good family and alliance. He was the only son of Jonathan Swift, the eighth son of Thomas Swift, the vicar of Goodrich, who was so plundered. His mother was Abigail Erick, of Leicestershire, descended from the most ancient family of the Ericks, who derive their lineage from Erick the Forester, a great commander, who raised an army to oppose the invasion of William the Conqueror, by whom he was vanquished, but afterwards employed to command that prince's forces. In his old age he retired to his house in Leicestershire, where his family has continued ever since, has produced many eminent men, and is still represented by the Heyricks of Leicester town, and the Herricks of Beaumanor.

Swift's father was a solicitor, and steward to the Society of the King's Inn, Dublin; but he died before Swift was born, and left his mother in such poverty, that she was not able to defray the expenses of her husband's funeral. He was born on the 30th of November, 1667, St. Andrew's-day, in a small house now called No. 7, in Hoey's-court, Dublin, which is still pointed out by the inhabitants of that quarter, and by the antiquity of its appearance seems to vindicate the truth of the tradition. Here a circumstance occurred to him as singular as the case of his father, who, as a child in the cradle, had his clothes stripped from him by the troopers of Captain Kirle. His nurse was a woman of Whitehaven, and being obliged to go thither, in order to see a dying relative from whom she expected a legacy, out of sheer affection for the child, she stole on shipboard, unknown to his mother and uncle, and carried him with her to Whitehaven, where he continued for almost three years. For when the matter was discovered, his mother sent orders by all means not to hazard a second voyage till he could better bear it. The nurse was so careful of him, that before he returned he had learned to spell, and by the time that he was five years old, he could read any chapter in the Bible.

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* *Mercurius Rusticus.* London, 1638.

After his return to Ireland, he was sent, at six years old, to Kilkenny school, and thence, at fourteen, he was transferred to the university at Dublin. At Kilkenny, it is said that his name is still shown to strangers at the school, cut, boy fashion, upon his desk or form. At the university, like Goldsmith, he was more addicted to general reading and poetry, than to the classics and mathematics. He was poor, and the sense of his poverty on his proud spirit made him reckless, and almost desperate. He got into dissipation to drown his mortification. Between the 14th of November 1685, and the 8th of October 1687, he incurred no less than seventy penalties for non-attendance at chapel, for neglecting lectures, for being absent at the evening roll-call, and for town-haunting, the academical phrase for absence from college without licence. These brought censures, suspension of his degree; and on his part, satirical sallies against the college authorities. He finally received his degree of bachelor of arts by *special grace*, that is, not by his own fair acquisition. His uncles, Godwin and, after his death, Dryden, had borne the cost of his education; his mother had gone over to her native Leicester and friends, and on obtaining his degree, he passed over to England to her. His mother was related to the wife of Sir William Temple, and through her Swift was received into Sir William's house as his private secretary. This brings us to the first *home* which Jonathan Swift may almost be said to have had.

Sir William, according to some authorities, was residing at this time at Sheen, near Richmond; according to others, he had retired to his favourite residence of Moorpark, near Farnham, in Surrey. Whichever place it was originally, it soon became Moorpark. Here William III. used to visit Temple, and here, as at Sheen, it was that the Dutch monarch, it is related as a most important fact, taught Swift to cut asparagus the Dutch way. The fact is Dutch and economical, and worthy to be known to all gardeners, and all other people who undertake this useful operation. It consists in cutting with a short and circular stroke, not with a wide sweeping one. In the first case you cut off only the head of asparagus you want, in the other you most probably cut off half-a-dozen heads that have not yet appeared above the soil. Still, this was only half the advantage derived from the royal gardener; he taught Swift how to eat the asparagus when cut; and Swift used always to tell his guests that King William ate the stalks as well as the heads. If he taught him how to make them eatable, it is a great pity that the secret is lost. William is said also to have offered Swift a troop of horse, which might naturally arise out of their cutting *horse*radish for dinner at the same time, though of this the biographers do not inform us. Certain it is, that Swift must have become a great favourite with William, or have thought so, for though he respectfully declined becoming a trooper, he gave the king to understand that he had no objection to become a *canon;* and the king, as Swift wrote his uncle, desired him not to take orders till he gave him a prebend. Such was the opinion entertained by both Sir William Temple and Swift, of his standing in the monarch's estimation, that he was employed by Sir William, who was himself laid up with the gout, to lay before the king reasons why his majesty ought to assent to the bill for triennial parliaments. Swift could strengthen Sir William's opinion by several arguments drawn from English history, but all his arguments had no effect on William III, who knew how to cut triennial parliaments as cleverly as asparagus. This was Swift's first dip into politics, and though he said it helped to cure him of vanity, it did not of addicting himself to the same unsatisfactory pursuit in after life.

Swift's residence at Moorpark is marked by all the characteristics of his after life, and by two of those events which are mixed up with its great mystery, and which brought after them its melancholy ending. He was so morose, bitter, and satirical, that Mr. Temple, nephew to Sir William, stated, that Sir William for a long time very much disliked him "for his ill qualities, nor would allow him to sit down at table with him." Though related to Lady Temple, Sir William had engaged him only in the capacity of reader and amanuensis, at a salary of 20*l.* a year and his board, and looked upon him as "a young fellow taken into a low office who was inclined to forget himself." We can well believe that the proud and unbending spirit which through life never deserted Swift, made him feel that he was thus regarded, and excited his most hostile and disagreeable qualities. He was also very defective in his education, and the consciousness of this in a towering spirit like Swift's, while it mortified him, could not make him humble. Yet his better qualities at length prevailed. He took to study; was commended by Sir William; and this on his part induced a more respectful deportment towards Sir William, whose fine mind and noble character no one could better estimate than Swift, and it ended, notwithstanding an occasional jar, and a parting at one time, with Swift's becoming the most zealous, attentive, and affectionate friend of Sir William, who admitted him to his most entire and cordial confidence.

The whole period of Swift's residence at Moorpark was two years. During this time, he went for awhile to Oxford to take his degree, and he was absent twice in Ireland; once a few months, on account of his health, and the second time, when Swift, anxious for some means of independence, and Temple only offering him an employment worth a hundred a-year in the office of the rolls in Ireland, they parted with mutual displeasure. Swift then went to Ireland, where, the heat of their difference having abated on both sides, through Sir William's influence, he obtained the prebend of Kilroot, in the diocese of Connor, worth about a hundred pounds a-year. To this small living he retired, and assumed the character of a country clergyman. But this life of obscurity and seclusion was not likely long to suit the reckless, aspiring nature of Swift. He sighed to return to the intellectual pleasures and persons who resorted to Moorpark, and Sir William had not the less sensibly felt the absence of Swift, than Swift the absence of Moorpark. He returned within the year, and was welcomed back with warmth and respect, and thenceforward stood in a new position. With his abrupt departure from Kilroot two very different stories have been connected; one which, if true, would sink his character for ever; the other, which has never been questioned, evidencing the noblest qualities in that character. The first of these stories is, that he attempted violence on the daughter of a farmer, one of his parishioners. Of this it is enough to quote the words of Sir Walter Scott, which, after giving the particulars of the refutation of this calumny, are:—"It is sufficient for Swift's vindication to observe, that he returned to Kilroot after his resignation, and inducted his successor in face of the church and of the public; that he returned to Sir William Temple with as fair a character as when he left him; that during all his public life in England and Ireland, when he was the butt of a whole faction, this charge was never heard of; that when adduced so many years after his death, it was unsupported by aught but sturdy and general averment; and that the chief propagator of the calumny first retracted his assertions, and finally died insane."

That there might be *something* on which this charge was founded is by no means improbable, and that Swift, as alleged, was brought before a magistrate of the name of Dobbs, for it is confessed that in his youth he was of a dissipated habit, and it is far more likely that these habits induced that constitutional affection, with giddiness, deafness, and ultimate insanity, which made his future life wretched, than that it was owing to eating an over quantity of stone-fruit. In this point of view the life of Swift presents a deep moral lesson, for no man, if that were the case, ever drew down upon himself a severer chastisement. But as regards this particular fact, it could by possibility be nothing so flagrant as was endeavoured to be propagated by the report. The second statement one is unwilling to weaken, because in itself it is so beautiful; yet in the Dean's life there are so many proofs of his making professions of patriotism and generosity to cover and screen his private purposes, that one is equally tempted to suspect a certain share of policy. The fact is thus stated:—

"In an excursion from his habitation, he met with a clergyman, with whom he formed an acquaintance, which proved him to be learned, modest, well-principled, the father of eight children, and a curate at the rate of forty pounds a-year. Without explaining his purpose, Swift borrowed this gentleman's black mare—having no horse of his own—rode to Dublin, resigned the prebend of Kilroot, and obtained a grant of it for this new friend. When he gave the presentation to the poor clergyman, he kept his eyes steadily fixed on the old man's face, which at first only expressed pleasure at finding himself preferred to a living; but when he found that it was that of his benefactor, who had resigned in his favour, his joy assumed so touching an expression of surprise and gratitude, that

Swift, himself deeply affected, declared he had never experienced so much pleasure as at that moment. The poor clergyman, at Swift's departure, pressed upon him the black mare, which he did not choose to hurt him by refusing; and thus mounted for the first time on a horse of his own, with fourscore pounds in his purse, Swift again rode to Dublin, and there embarked for England, and resumed his situation at Moorpark, as Sir William Temple's confidential secretary."

The incident is a charming one, and we may admit the facts as regards the clergyman to be fully true, and that the pleasure of Swift must have been great in having the opportunity of thus making a good man happy; but in order to place the transaction on its probably correct basis, we must not forget that Swift was confessedly already most thoroughly weary of the obscurity of Kilroot, and longing for return to Moorpark. This takes a good deal of the romance out of it. Without, therefore, astonishing ourselves at the unworldly generosity of a young man abandoning his own chance in life to serve a poor and meritorious man, we may suppose to the full that Swift was glad to do the good man such a service while it coincided with his own wishes. No person was more clear-sighted than Swift as to the consequences of such things; and none could better estimate the wide difference in the mode of doing the thing, between saying, "Well, I am tired of this stupid place, I must away again to England, but I'll try to get the living for you," and leaving the high merit of such a personal sacrifice to be attributed to him. In any way, it was rich in consequences. He left behind a family made happy; grateful hearts, and tongues that would sound his praises through the country; and what a *prestige* with which to return to Moorpark! He came back like a hero of romance. That, judging by the after life of the Dean, is probably the true view of the affair. He did a good deed, and he took care that it presented to the public its best side.

These ten years of life at Moorpark, which ended only with the death of Sir William Temple, were every way a most important portion of Swift's life. Here he laid at once the foundation of his fame and his wretchedness. Here, with books, leisure, and as much solitude as he pleased; with the conversation of Sir William Temple and the most distinguished *literati* of the age who visited him; Swift in so auspicious an atmosphere not only thought and studied much, but wrote a vast deal, as it were to practise his pen for great future efforts, when he felt his mind and his knowledge had reached a sufficient maturity. He informs his friend, Mr. Kendall, that he had "written, and burned, and written again upon all manner of subjects, more than perhaps any man in England." He wrote Pindaric Odes; translated from the classics; and exercised his powers of satire till he could confidently to himself predict the force of that "hate to fools" which he afterwards assumed as his principal characteristic. Besides this, he was deeply engaged in assisting Sir William in the controversy on the superiority of ancient or modern learning, in which Temple, Boyle, Wotton, and Bentley were all involved. This occasioned Swift's "Battle of the Books," though it was not printed till some years afterwards. Here, also, he wrote his famous "Tale of a Tub," which more than any other cause stopped effectually the path of his ambition towards a bishopric. Though not known avowedly as an author, Swift was now well known as a man of great ability to many literary men, and was on terms of particular friendship with Congreve.

But his literary pursuits here had not so completely engrossed him as to prevent his engaging in what, in any other man, would have been termed more tender ones; in Swift they must take some other name, be that what it may. The history of his conduct, too, with regard to every woman to whom he paid particular court, is the most extraordinary thing in all literary research. There have been several ways of accounting for it, into which it is not my intention to descend; let the causes have been what they may, they stamp his character for intense selfishness beyond all possibility of palliation. If Swift felt himself disqualified for entering into matrimonial relations from whatever cause or motive, as it is evident he did, he should have conducted himself towards women of taste and feeling accordingly; but, on the contrary, he never, in any instance, seems to have put the slightest check on himself in this respect. He paid them the most marked attentions; in some instances he wooed with all the appearances of passion, and proposed marriage with the most eager importunity; he saw one after another respond to his warmth, and then he coolly backed out, or entered into such a tantalizing and mysterious position—where the woman had to sacrifice everything, peace of mind being destroyed, and character being put into utmost jeopardy—as wore their very hearts and lives out. He played with women as a cat does with mice. So that they were kept fast bound within his toils, cut off from all the better prospects of life, sacrificed as victims to his need of their society, he cared nothing. He was alarmed and agitated almost to madness by the fear of losing them, yet this was a purely selfish feeling; he took no measures to set their hearts at rest; he placed them in such circumstances that he could not do it; to satisfy one he must immolate another. Some of the finest and most charming women of the age were thus kept, as it were, with a string round their hearts, by which he could pluck and torture them at pleasure; and keep them walking for ever over the burning ploughshares of agonizing uncertainties, and the world's oblique glances. There is nothing which can ever reclaim Swift's memory, in this respect, from the most thorough contempt and indignation of every manly mind.

Every instance of what are called love-affairs, in which Swift was concerned, presents the same features, even under the softened effect of the colouring of his most laudatory biographer, Sir Walter Scott. While Swift was at Leicester, his mother was afraid of his forming an imprudent attachment to a young woman there; at which Swift, knowing himself pretty well, only laughed. His flirtations, he represented, were only "opportunities of amusement;" a "sort of insignificant gallantry which he used towards the girl in question;

a "habit to be laid aside whenever he took sober resolutions, and which, should he enter the church, he should not find it hard to lay down at the porch." This is base language, and that of Scott is hardly better. He says—"it is probably to a habit, at first indulged only from vanity or for the sake of amusement, that we are to trace the well-known circumstances which embittered his life, and impaired his reputation."

And is this all? Are habits of indulging vanity, and of amusing oneself with the affections and the happiness of others, to be thus coolly talked of? "Circumstances which embittered *his* life, and impaired *his* reputation," indeed! Swift had the greatest right to embitter his own life, and impair his own reputation, if he pleased, but that is not the question; it was because he most recklessly, for the indulgence of his vanity and his self-love, embittered the lives of those who listened to him, and impaired their reputations, that he was culpable in proportion to his brilliant powers, and placed himself thereby in the category of heartless villains. These are severe words; but I have always felt, and still cannot avoid feeling, that their application to Swift is most just and necessary. Perhaps no instance of mere meanness was ever more striking than that shown in his second courtship. The lady in this case was not a simple country girl, but was Jane Waryng, the sister of an ancient college companion; to this young lady, in his affected pastoral style, he had given the name of Varina. Let it be remembered that this was in Ireland, while he was bearing the name and performing the functions of a clergyman. His suit for this lady was continued for four or five years with all the appearances and protestations of the deepest attachment; he proposed marriage in the most unequivocal terms. The young lady does not seem to have responded very cordially to his advances for a long time, in fact, till that very response put a speedy end to the disgraceful farce. When she did agree to accept him and his offer, "he seemed," says Scott, "to have been a little startled by her sudden offer of capitulation." He then assumed quite another tone;—let Scott's own language relate what he did: "Swift charged Varina with want of affection, and indifference; stated his own income in a most dismal point of view, yet intimated that he might well pretend to a better fortune than she was possessed of! He was so far from retaining his former opinion as to the effects of a happy union, that he inquired whether the physicians had got over some scruples they appeared to entertain on the subject of her health. (He had made this delicate health before a plea for entreating her to put herself under his care.) Lastly, he demanded peremptorily to know whether she would undertake to manage their domestic affairs with an income of rather less than three hundred pounds a-year; whether she would engage to follow the methods he should point out for the improvement of her mind; whether she could bend all her affections to the same direction which he should give his own, and so govern her passions, however justly provoked, as at all times to resume her good humour at his approach; and, finally, whether she could account the place where he resided more welcome than courts and cities without him? These premises agreed, as indispensable to please those who, like himself, 'were deeply read in the world,' he intimates his willingness to wed her, though *without* personal beauty or large fortune."

This language requires no comment; it is the vile shuffle of a contemptible fellow, who, taken at his word, then bullies and insults to get off again.

His next victim was Esther Johnson, the Stella of this strange history. This young lady was the daughter of the steward of Sir William Temple at Moorpark; she was fatherless when Swift commenced his designs upon her; her father died soon after her birth, and her mother and sister resided in the house at Moorpark, and were treated with particular regard and esteem by the family. Miss Esther Johnson, who was much younger than Swift, was beautiful, lively, and amiable. Swift devoted himself to her as her teacher, and under advantage of his daily office and position, engaged her young affections most absolutely. So completely was it understood by her that they were to be married when Swift's income warranted it, that on the death of Temple, and Swift's preferment to the living of Laracor in Ireland, she was induced by him to come over and fix her residence in Trim near him, under the protection of a lady of middle age, Mrs. Dingley. The story is too well known to be minutely followed; Swift acquired such complete mastery over her, that he kept her near him, and at his command, the greater part of his life, but would neither marry her, nor allow her to marry anyone else, though she had excellent offers. It was not till many years afterwards, when this state of dependence, uncertainty, and arbitrary selfishness had nearly worn her to death; and when these were aggravated by fears for her reputation, and then by the appearance of a rival on the scene, that she extorted from him a marriage which was still kept a profound secret, unacknowledged, and which left her just in the position she was in before, that of a mere companion in presence of a third party, when he chose. The rival just mentioned was a Miss Vanhomrigh, the daughter of a widow lady, whose house he frequented during his life in London. This young lady, to whom he, on his uniform plan, which tended to prevent unpleasant claims by the evidence of letters, gave the name of Vanessa, as he termed himself Cadenus, was high-spirited and accomplished. When Swift, in his usual manner, had for a long time paid every marked attention to Miss Vanhomrigh, and was regarded both by herself and the whole family as an acknowledged lover, yet never came to plain terms, the young lady came boldly to them herself. The gay deceiver was thunderstruck: he had for years been living in the most intimate state of confidence with Stella, as her affianced lover; she had all the claims of honour and affection upon him that a wife could have; for, though maintaining the strictest propriety of life under the closest care of Mrs. Dingley, she was devoting her time, her thoughts, the very flower of her life, and the hazard of her good name, to his social happiness. This plain dealing, therefore, on the part of Vanessa, was an embarrassing blow. "We cannot doubt," says Scott, "that he actually felt" the shame, disappointment, guilt, surprise, "expressed in his celebrated poem, though he had not the courage to take the open and manly course of avowing those engagements with Stella, or other impediments, which prevented his accepting the hand and fortune of her rival."

The fox in fact was taken in his wiles. He had more on his hands than with all his cunning he knew how to manage. His selfish tyranny had been able to control and put off poor Stella, but Vanessa was a different kind of subject, and occasioned him great alarm and anxiety. He retired to Ireland; but this did not mend the matter, it tended rather to make it worse; for Miss Vanhomrigh had property there, and speedily announced to the guilty Dean her presence in Dublin. He was now in as pretty a fix as one could wish such a double-dealer to be. "The claims of Stella," says Scott, "were preferable in point of date, and to a man of honour and good faith, in every respect inimitable. She had resigned her country, her friends, and even hazarded her character, in hope of one day being united to Swift. But if Stella had made the greater sacrifice, Vanessa was the more important victim. She had youth, fortune, fashion; all the acquired accomplishments and information in which Stella was deficient; possessed at least as much wit, and certainly higher powers of imagination. She had, besides, enjoyed the advantage of having in a manner compelled Swift to hear and reply to the language of passion. There was in her case no Mrs. Dingley, no convenient third party, whose presence in society and community in correspondence necessarily imposed on both a restraint, convenient perhaps to Swift, but highly unfavourable to Stella."

The consequences were such as might be expected. Swift endeavoured to temporize and amuse Miss Vanhomrigh, and to induce her to return to England, but in vain. She never ceased to press the, to her, important question, and to keep him in what he used to call "a quickset hedge." She importuned him with complaints of cruelty and neglect, and it was obvious that any decisive measure to break this acquaintance would be attended with some such tragic consequence, as, though late, at length concluded their story. He was thus compelled to assume a demeanour of kindness and affection to Vanessa, which, of course, soon was reported to Stella, and began to produce in her the most fatal symptoms. Her heart was wrung by fears and jealousies; her health gave way; and Swift was compelled to a private marriage, in order not to clog his conscience with her murder. The conditions of this marriage were, that it should continue a strict secret from the public, and that they should continue to live separately, and in the same guarded manner as before The grand business of his life now was to soothe and wheedle Vanessa, and to play the hypocrite lover to her while he was the husband of another woman; a fine situation for a clergyman and a dean! This, we may believe, with a woman of Miss Vanhomrigh's temperament, was no easy task. His next plan was to try to get rid of her by inducing her to marry some one else, and for this purpose he presented to her Dean Winter, a gentleman of character and fortune, and Dr. Price, afterwards Archbishop of Cashel. It was in vain; she rejected such offers peremptorily, and at length, as if to hide her vexation and seek repose in nature, she retired to Marley Abbey, her house and property, near Celbridge. But the dreams of love and jealousy pursued her thither with only the more force. She heard whispers of Stella being actually the wife of Swift, and she determined to know the truth. For this purpose she wrote at once to Stella, and put the plain question to her. The result of this was rapid and startling. In a few days she saw the Dean descend from his horse at her gate, and advance to her door, dark and fierce as a thunder-cloud. He entered, threw down a letter upon the table before her, and with a look black as night, stalked out again without a word, mounted, and rode away. As soon as Miss Vanhomrigh recovered in some degree from her terror and amazement, she took up the letter, opened it, and found it her own to Stella!

Stella herself confirmed the fatal truth by a candid avowal, and Miss Vanhomrigh sank under the shock. For eight years, trusting probably to the promises of Swift, and the apparently failing health of Stella, she had maintained the unequal contest with her deep-rooted passion and Swift's mysterious conduct, but this revelation of his villany was her death. However, she lived only to revoke in haste her will, which had been made in favour of Swift, and to leave her fortune to Mr. Marshall, afterwards one of the Judges of the Court of Common Pleas in Ireland, and Dr. Berkeley, the celebrated philosopher, and afterwards Bishop of Cloyne; and to command the publication of all the letters which had passed between Swift and herself, as well as the celebrated poem of Cadenus and Vanessa.

Stella died in 1727-8, having borne the secret and corroding suffering of the position imposed by the selfishness of Swift for upwards of thirty years. Mrs. Whiteway, a lady who was on terms of great intimacy with Swift, and spent much time at the deanery of St. Patrick's, stated that when Stella was on her death-bed she expostulated with Swift on his having kept their marriage unnecessarily secret, and expressed her fear that it might leave a stain on her reputation; to which Swift replied, "Well, my dear, if you wish it, it shall be owned." Stella replied, "*It is too late!*"

Scott says, "he received this report of Mrs. Whiteway with pleasure, as vindicating the Dean from the charge of cold-blooded and hard-hearted cruelty to the unfortunate Stella, when on the verge of existence." How does it vindicate him from any such charge? The avowal was never made by him; and so dubious was the very fact of the marriage left, as far as any act of Swift's was concerned, that its very existence has since been strenuously denied, especially by Mr. Monck Mason in his History of St. Patrick's Cathedral. The simple truth is, that the whole of Swift's conduct to Stella for thirty-three years was a piece of "cold-blooded and hard-hearted cruelty," which admits of no defence. Such was the treatment which all ladies who manifested an attachment to Swift received at his hands; is it any wonder that such a man went mad?

These circumstances have given a singular character to the biography of Swift; the letters of Stella and Vanessa, which have been published, convert it by their passion and heart-eloquence into a species of romance; in which, however, Swift himself plays the part of a very clever, witty, and domineering, but certainly not attractive, hero. Moorpark will always possess an interest connected with Stella. It was amid its pleasant groves that, young, beautiful, and confiding, she indulged with Swift in those dreams of after-life which he was so bitterly to falsify. There is a cavern about three quarters of a mile from the mansion, called Mother Ludlam's Hole, which the country tradition represents as having been a frequent resort of Swift and Stella in their walks. It lies halfway down the side of the hill covered with wood, towards the southern extremity of the park. It seems to have been hewn out of the sandstone rock, and to have increased considerably in its dimensions since it was described by Grose. The greatest height of this excavation may be about twelve feet, and its breadth twenty, but at the distance of about thirty feet from the entrance it becomes so low and narrow as to be passable only by a person crawling on his hands and knees. From the bottom of the cave issues a small, clear stream, and two stone benches have been placed for the accommodation of visitors. The gloom and uncertain depth of the grotto, the sound of the water, and the beauty of the surrounding solitary scene, surveyed through the dark arched entrance, shagged with weeds and the roots of trees, give the spot an impressive effect. Hauff has introduced this cavern into a drama called "Ludlam's Höhle."

Grose gives a jocose account of the origin of the name of the cave. Old Mother Ludlam, he tells us, was a *white* witch; one who neither killed hogs, rode on broomsticks, nor made children vomit nails and crooked pins, but, on the contrary, did all the good she could. That the country people, when in want of any article,—say a frying-pan or a spade,—would come to the cave at midnight, and turning three times round, would three times say, "Pray, good Mother Ludlam, lend me such a thing, and I will return it within two days." The next morning, on going there again, the article would be found laid at the entrance of the cave. At length the borrower of a large cauldron was not punctual in returning it, which so irritated the good mother, that when it did come she refused to take it in again, and in course of time it was conveyed away to Waverley Abbey, and, at the dissolution of the monasteries, was deposited in Frensham church. From the hour of the non-appearance of the cauldron, however, at its proper time, Mother Ludlam never would lend the slightest thing. Moorpark is now a water establishment, conducted by Dr. Lane.

The resorts and residences of Swift in London, during his life there, have no very peculiar interest. He frequented freely the houses of the great political characters with whom he was connected. His immediate friends were Harley, Bolingbroke, and Godolphin. He was a frequent attendant at Leicester-house, the court of the Prince of Wales, afterwards George II. He was on the most familiar terms with all the *literati*, Gay, Pope, Addison, and, for a considerable period, Steele, &c. He was often at Twickenham for months together, and a frequenter of Button's coffee-house with the other wits of the time. It is not in these places, however, that the deep interest of Swift's life has settled, and, therefore, we cross the Channel to Ireland, and seek his homes there. We have already noticed his brief abode at Kilroot; his next residence was at Laracor, in Meath.

Swift was about thirty-two years of age when he attended Lord Berkeley, one of the Lords Justices of Ireland, to that country as his chaplain and private secretary. Berkeley had promised him the first good church living that fell vacant, but the rich deanery of Derry soon after falling out, he would only *sell* it to Swift for a thousand pounds. Swift resented this in such a manner, that to prevent making so formidable an enemy, Berkeley gave him the next vacancy,—the rectory of Agher, and the vicarage of Laracor and Rathbeggan. These livings, united, amounted to about 230*l.* yearly; and the prebend of Dunlavin being added in the year 1700, raised Swift's income to betwixt 350*l.* and 400*l.* His manner of taking possession of Laracor, where he resolved to live, was characteristic. He was a great pedestrian, and is said to have walked down *incognito* to Laracor from Dublin, making doggrel rhymes on the places which he passed through. Many anecdotes are related of this journey. Arriving, he entered the curate's house, demanded his name, and announced himself bluntly "as his master." All was bustle to receive a person of such consequence, who, apparently, was determined to make his consequence felt. The curate's wife was ordered to lay aside the Doctor's clean shirt and stockings, which he carried in his pocket; nor did he relax his airs of domination until he had excited much alarm, which his subsequent friendly conduct to the worthy couple turned into respectful attachment.

These *brusqueries* of the Dean's were, no doubt, very amusing to himself, and are agreeable enough to read of, but they must have been anything but agreeable to those upon whom they were played off. They betray a want of regard to the feelings of others, and were offences against the best laws of society, which every one who regards the kindly sparing of the feelings of the humble and the modest ought to condemn. However respectful might be the after attachment of this worthy curate and his wife, we may well believe that the first strange rudeness and severity of the dreaded Dean would leave a wound and a terror behind that were not deserved, and that no one ought willingly to inflict. There were cases where folly merited the eccentric chastisement which Swift gave them. The farmer's wife who invited him to dinner, and then spoiled the dinner by repeatedly complaining that it really was too poor for him to sit down to, though the table groaned with good things, deserved, in some degree, the retort,—"Then why did you not get a better?—you knew I was coming; I have a good mind to go away and dine on a red herring." Yet even there, the good-natured country habit of the woman was somewhat too severely punished. She meant well.

Swift seemed to settle down at Laracor in good earnest. He found the church and parsonage much neglected and dilapidated, and set about their repairs at once. He was active and regular in the discharge of his clerical duties. He read prayers twice a-week, and preached regularly on Sundays. The prayers were thinly attended, and it was on one of these occasions that Lord Orrery represents him as addressing the clerk, Roger Coxe, as "My dearly beloved Roger." The truth of the anecdote has been disputed, and is said to exist in an old jest-book, printed half-a-century before. This does not, however, render it at all improbable that Swift made use of the jest, especially when we know that Roger was himself a humourist and a joker; as, for instance, when Swift asked Roger why he wore a red waistcoat, and he replied, because he belonged to the church militant.

Swift took much pleasure in his garden at Laracor; converted a rivulet that ran through it into a regular canal, and planted on its banks avenues of willows. As soon as he was settled, Stella, and her companion Mrs. Dingley, came over and settled down too. They had a house near the gate of Knightsbrook, the old residence of the Percivals, almost half-a-mile from Swift's house, where they lived when Swift was at Laracor, or were the guests of the hospitable vicar of Trim, Dr. Raymond. Whenever Swift left Laracor for a time, as on his annual journeys to England, the ladies then took possession of the vicarage, and remained there during his absence. The site of Stella's house is marked on the Ordnance Survey of the county of Meath.

STELLA'S HOUSE.

The residence of Swift at Laracor includes a most important portion of his life. It was, at the least, twelve years, as he took possession of his living in 1700, and quitted it for the deanery of St. Patrick in 1713. Here he was fully occupied with the duties of his parish, and the united labours of authorship and politics. Hardly was he settled when he wrote his pamphlet on the Dissensions between the Nobles and Commons of Rome, which applied to the impeachment by the Commons of Lord Somers, Oxford, Halifax, and Portland, on account of their share in the partition treaty. This brought him at once into the intimacy of Somers, Sunderland, and Halifax. Here he soon after published his Tale of a Tub, which had been written at Moorpark. This created a vast sensation, and though anonymous, like most of Swift's works, was soon known to be his, and his society was eagerly sought by men of the highest distinction both for rank and genius. Amongst the latter, Addison, Steele, Tickell, Philips, and others, at once became his friends. He now made use of his influence with government to obtain the gift of the first-fruits and tenths to the Church of Ireland, which he effected. Besides this boon to the Church at large, he increased the glebe of Laracor from one acre to twenty; and, purchasing the tithes of Effernock, when he was not overburdened with money, settled them for ever on his successors. Here he amused himself with his quizzes upon Partridge the Astrologer, under the title of Isaac Bickerstaff, which almost drove that notorious impostor mad. Here he wrote the celebrated verses on Baucis and Philemon, and other of his poems. Here, in 1710, he made his grand political transit from the Whigs to the Tories, and became the great friend, assistant, and political counsellor of Harley and Bolingbroke; living, during his long sojourns in London, on the most familiar terms with those noblemen, and also with Pope, Gay, and all the more celebrated authors.

Swift's political achievements at this time are a singular subject of contemplation, and show what momentous influence a mere private man may acquire in England by his talents. Here was a country clergyman of an obscure parish in Meath, with a congregation, as he himself said, of "some half-score persons," who yet wielded the destinies of all Europe. It was more by the power of his pen in "The Examiner," and by his counsels and influence, than by any other means, that the Tories were enabled to turn out of office the long triumphant Whigs, and, by the peace of Utrecht, put a stop to the triumphs of Marlborough on the Continent. The vengeance which the Tories took on their adversaries the Whigs on regaining power for a time, in Anne's reign, is, perhaps, the most startling thing in the history of party. The Whigs had steadily pursued the war against Louis the Fourteenth, in which William had been engaged all his life. For nearly half-a-century, that is, from 1667 to 1713, the French monarch had carried on a desperate contest for the destruction of the liberties of Europe. In Spain, in the Netherlands, in Holland, in Italy, and Germany, his generals, Catinat, Luxemburg, Condé, Turenne, Vendome, Villars, Melac, Villeroi, Tallard, &c., &c., had led on the French armies to the most remorseless devastations. To this day, the successive demon deeds of Turenne, Melac, Créqui, and their soldiers, are vividly alive in the hearts and the memories of the peasantry of the Palatinate, where they destroyed nearly every city, chased the inhabitants away, leaving all that beautiful and fertile region a black desert, and throwing the bones of the ancient Germanic emperors out of their graves in the cathedral of Speir, played at bowls with their skulls. To extinguish Protestantism, and to extend the French empire, appeared Louis's two great objects; in which he was supported by all the spiritual power of the king of superstitions, the Pope. Revoking the Edict of Nantes, he committed the most horrible outrages and destruction on his own Protestant subjects. He hoped, on the subjugation of Holland and the reformed states of Germany, to carry out there the same horrors of religious annihilation. Except in the person of Buonaparte, never has the spirit of conquest, and of political insolence, shown itself in so lawless, determined, and offensive a form as in this ostentatious monarch. William III, before his accession to the British throne, had been the most formidable opponent to his progress. But he had contrived to set his grandson, Philip V, on the throne of Spain, in opposition to the claims of Austria, and, by the fear of the ultimate union of these two great nations under one sceptre, alarmed all Europe. In vain was the united resistance of Austria and Holland, till England sent out its great general, Marlborough. The names of Marlborough, and the Savoyard, Prince Eugene, became as those of the demi-gods in the temple of war; and Blenheim, Ramillies, Oudenarde, and Malplaquet, arose from their ages of obscurity into Continental pyramids of England's military renown.

But of what avail was all this renown? What was won by it, except the empty glory itself? At the crowning moment—at the hour of otherwise inevitable retribution to the bloody and unprincipled monarch of France, and of recompence to those nations whose blood he had so lavishly shed, and whose surface he had covered with ashes, ruins, and horrors, instead of cities, peaceful villages, and fair fields—the Whigs were expelled from office by the Tories, and all the fruits of this long and bitter war were snatched away from us and our allies. To deprive the Whigs of the glory of a successful war, to dash down as abortive all the triumphs of the Whig general, Marlborough, these men rushed into peace, without consulting the allies, and left no results to the great European struggle but the blood which had been shed, and the misery that had been endured. Louis, then eighty-five years of age, and tottering towards the grave, saw himself at once released from the most fearful condition into which his wicked ambition had plunged him—from the most terrible prospect of humiliation and disgrace which could wring such a mind. He had reduced his kingdom to the last stage of exhaustion, by half-a-century's incessant contest with Europe; by bribing the English monarchs, Charles II, and James II, and many English nobles, to refuse help to the suffering Continent; and by bribing and paying the armies of German princes whom he could induce to become traitors to their nation. His people were fiercely embittered against him; no taxes could be raised; his best generals were defeated on all hands; and a short time would, most probably, have seen Marlborough and Eugene anticipate the allies of our day, by marching directly upon and taking possession of Paris. So sensible of this was Louis, that his haughty tone was totally gone; he ordered his ambassadors to give up Alsace, and even to assist in driving Philip, his own grandson, out of Spain, by privately paying the allies a million of livres monthly for the purpose. The Tories came in at this critical juncture, and all was changed. They offered Louis a most unexpected peace. At once he lifted again his head and his heart:

Alsace remains, to this day, a part of France; Spain has descended to the Bourbon; and the glory of Marlborough is without a single result, except Blenheim House, the dukedom to his family, and *sixty-two millions and a half of taxation*, which that war cost the English people. The peace of Utrecht roused the indignation of the whole civilized world. Volumes have been written in reprehension of it, and even enlightened conservatives of our time, as Hallam, in his Constitutional History, join in the condemnation.

Yet this mighty change, with all its countless consequences, could be effected, almost wholly, by the simple vicar of a simple Irish parish. It was Swift who helped to plan and carry out this grand scheme of defeat and mortification to the Whigs, who had excited his wrath by withholding from him preferment. It was he, more than all men together, who, in the Examiner, painted the scheme in all his affluence of delusive colours to the nation, and roused the English people, by the cry of English blood and English money wasted on the Continent, to demand immediate peace. While we lament the deed, we must confess the stupendous powers of the man.

But all this could not win him the keenly-coveted bishopric. He could reverse the history of total Europe, he could arrest the victorious arms of Marlborough and Eugene, he could put forth his hand and save France and its proud monarch from just humiliation; but he could not extort from the reluctant queen, even by the combined hands of Oxford and Bolingbroke, the object of his own ambition—a mitre. The Tale of a Tub stood in his way: it was only just in time, that his friends, themselves falling, secured for him the deanery of St. Patrick; to which he retired to act the ostensible patriot by indulging his own private resentment against his enemies and his fate.

Laracor is about two English miles from Trim. It lies in a drearyish sort of farming country, and to Swift, full of ambition, and accustomed to town life, and the stirring politics of the time, with which he was so much mixed up, one would have thought must prove a perfect desert. There is no village there, nor does there appear to have been one. It was a mere church and parsonage, and huts were very likely scattered about here and there, as they are now. The church still stands; one of the old, plain, barn-like structures of this part of the country, with a low belfry. The graveyard is pretty well filled with headstones and tombs, and some that seem to belong to good families. The churchyard is surrounded by a wall and trees, and in a thatched cottage at the gate lives the sexton. He said he had built the house himself; that he was seventy-five or so; and his wife, who had been on the spot fifty years, as old; but that the incumbent, a Mr. Irvine, was eighty-four, and that he was but the third from Swift. Swift held it fifty-five years, the next incumbent nearly as long, and this clergyman thirty-six, or thereabouts. It must, therefore, be a healthy place. The old man complained that all the gentry who used to live near were gone away. His wife used to get 20*l.* at Christmas for Christmas-boxes, "and now she does not get even a cup o' tay. Poor creature! and she so fond of the tay!"

Like his house at Dublin, Swift's house here is gone. There remains only one tall, thick ruin of a wall. "What is that?" I asked of a man at a cottage-door, close by. "It's been there from the time of the Dane," said he. For a moment I imagined he meant the Danes; but soon recollected myself. Close to it, at the side of the high road, is a clear spring, under some bushes, and margined with great stones, which they call "the Dane's cellar," and "the Dane's well." Swift has not lost his popularity yet with the people. "He was a very good man to the poor," say they. "He was a fine bright man." This, however, is all the remains of his place here. The present vicar has built himself a good house in the fields, nearer to Trim; and not only the Dean's house is all gone except this piece of wall, but his holly hedge, his willows, and cherry-trees have vanished. A common Irish hut now stands in what was his garden. The canal may still be traced, but the river walk is now a marsh.

Trim, where Stella lived when Swift was at Laracor, though the county town of Meath, is now little more than a large village. It bears, however, all the marks of its ancient importance. The ruins scattered on the banks of the Boyne are most extensive. They are those of a great palace, a castle, a cathedral, and other buildings. It is a great haunt for antiquarians; and not far distant from it is Tara, with its hill, the seat of ancient kings. As you leave the town to go to Laracor, you come at the town-end to a lofty column in honour of Wellington, who was born at Dangan Castle, a few miles beyond Laracor. The way to Laracor then lies along a flattish country, with a few huts here and there by the wayside. On your left, as you approach Laracor, runs an old ruinous wall, with tall trees within it, as having once formed a park. The first object connected with Swift which arrests your attention, is the ruin of his house, with its spring, which lies on the right hand of the road; and on the left side of the road, perhaps a hundred yards further, stands the church in its enclosure.

From Laracor, Swift's remove was to Dublin, where he spent the remainder of his life. Here the deanery has been quite removed, and a modern house occupies its place. The old cathedral of St. Patrick is a great object connected with his memory here. Though wearing a very ancient look, St. Patrick's was rebuilt after its destruction in 1362, and its present spire was added only in 1750. In size and proportion, the cathedral is fine. It is three hundred feet long, and eighty broad. It cannot boast much of its architecture, but contains several monuments of distinguished men; amongst them, those of Swift and Curran. These two are busts. Aloft in the nave hang the banners of the knights of St. Patrick; and again in the choir hang newly-emblazoned banners of the knights; and over the stalls which belong to the knights are fixed gilt helmets, and by each stall hangs the knight's sword. The whole fabric, when I visited it, was undergoing repair, and not before it was needed. Of course, the monuments of highest interest here are those of Swift and Stella.

These occupy two contiguous pillars on the south side of the nave. They consist of two plain slabs of marble, in memory of the Dean and Mrs. Johnson,—Stella. The inscription on the Dean's slab is expressive "of that habit of mind which his own disappointments and the oppressions of his country had produced." It was written by himself.

"*Hic* depositum est corpus
JONATHAN SWIFT, S. T. D.
Hujus Ecclesiæ Cathedralis
Decani
Ubi sæva indignatio
Ulterius
Cor lascerare nequit.
Abi Viator
Et imitare, si poteris,
Strenuum pro virili
Libertatis vindicatorem.
Obiit 19o. die mensis Octobris,
A.D. 1745. Anno Ætatis 78."

Over this monument has been placed his bust in marble, sculptured by Cunningham, and esteemed a good likeness. It was the gift of T. T. Faulkner, Esq., nephew and successor to Alderman George Faulkner, Swift's bookseller, and the original publisher of most of his works. The inscription over his amiable and much-injured wife is as follows:—"Underneath lie the mortal remains of Mrs. Hester Johnson, better known to the world by the name of STELLA, under which she is celebrated in the writings of Dr. Jonathan Swift, dean of this cathedral. She was a person of extraordinary endowments and accomplishments of body, mind, and behaviour, justly admired and respected by all who knew her, on account of her many eminent virtues, as well as for her great natural and acquired perfections. She died January 27th, 1727-8, in the forty-sixth year of her age, and by her will bequeathed one thousand pounds towards the support of a chaplain to the hospital founded in this city by Dr. Steevens."

In an obscure corner, near the southern entrance, is a small tablet of white marble with the following inscription:—"Here lieth the body of Alexander M'Gee, servant to Doctor Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's. His grateful master caused this monument to be erected in memory of his discretion, fidelity, and diligence in that humble station. Obiit Mar. 24, 1721-2. Ætatis 29."

There are other monuments, ancient and modern, in the cathedral worthy of notice, but this is all that concerns our present subject. How little, indeed, seems to remain in evidence of Swift where he lived so many years, and played so conspicuous a part. The hospital for the insane, which he founded, is perhaps his most genuine monument. It still flourishes. The sum which was made over by the Dean's executors for this purpose was 7,720*l*. This has been augmented by parliamentary grants and voluntary donations, and is capable of accommodating upwards of a hundred pauper patients, besides nearly an equal number of paying ones.

At the deanery house there is an excellent portrait of Swift by Bindon. Another by Bindon, and said to be one of the best likenesses of him, is in the possession of Dr. Hill, of Dublin; and there is a third at Howth Castle. But nothing can to the visitor fill up the vacuum made by the destruction of the house in which he lived. We want to see where the author of the Drapier's Letters and of Gulliver's Travels lived; where he conversed with Stella and Mrs. Whiteway, and joked with Sheridan and Delany; and where he finally sank into moody melancholy, and died.

Of all the lives of Swift which have been written, it would be difficult to say whether Dr. Johnson's or Sir Walter Scott's is the most one-sided. Johnson's is like that of a man who had a personal pique, and Scott's is that of a regular pleader. In his admiration of his author he seems unconsciously to take all that comes as excellent and right, and slurs over acts and principles in Swift, which in another he would denounce as most disgraceful. When we recollect that Swift was bitterly disappointed in his ambition of a mitre, and that he retired to Ireland to brood not only over this, but over the utter wreck of his political patrons and party, the impartial reader finds it difficult to concede to him so much the praise of real patriotism, as of personal resentment. He was ready to lay hold on anything that could at once annoy government and enhance his own popularity. In all relations of life, an intense selfishness was his great characteristic, if we except this in his character of author: there he certainly displayed a great indifference to pecuniary profit; and was not only a staunch friend to his literary associates, but allowed them to reap that profit by his writings which he would not reap himself. But in all other respects his selfishness is strikingly prominent. He did not hesitate to sacrifice man or woman for the promotion of his comfort or his ambition. We have spoken of his treatment of women; we may take a specimen of his treatment of men. In the celebrated case of Wood, the patentee, and the Drapier's Letters, nothing could be more recklessly unjust than his conduct, or more hollow than his pretences. He wanted a cause of annoyance to Walpole, and against the government generally. Government had given a contract to Wood to coin a certain quantity of halfpence for Ireland, and this he seized hold on. He represented Wood as a low ironmonger, an adventurer; his halfpence as vile in quality, and deficient in weight; and the whole as a nuisance, which would rob Ireland of its gold, and enrich England at its expense. Now Scott himself is obliged to admit that the whole of this was false. Wood, instead of the mere ironmonger on whom he heaped all the charges and epithets of villany and baseness that he could, even to that of a "wood-louse," was a highly respectable iron-master of Wolverhampton. His coinage, on this outcry being raised by Swift, was submitted by government to Sir Isaac Newton, to be assayed; when it was reported by Sir Isaac to be better than bargain; and is admitted by Scott to have been better than Ireland had been in the habit of having; and in fact, he says, a very handsome coinage. So far from an evil to Ireland, Scott admits, as is very obvious, that one of the best things which Ireland could have was a sufficient stock of coin. But the ignorant population, once possessed with the idea of imposition, grew outrageous, and flung the coinage into the Liffey, and Swift chuckled to himself over the success of his scheme, and the acquisition of the reputation of a patriot. In the mean time he had inflicted a real injury on his infatuated fellow-countrymen, and a loss of 60,000*l.* on his innocent victim, Wood. Scott says that Wood was indemnified by a grant of 3,000*l.* yearly, for twelve years. The simple fact I believe to be, that though granted, it was never paid. Wood, who had nine sons, lost by this transaction the fortune that should have provided for them. One of these sons was afterwards assay-master in Jamaica, and the introducer of platina into England. The real facts respecting Wood's coinage may be found in "Ruding's Annals of Coinage."

There is another point in which Swift's biographers and critics have been far too lenient towards him. Wonderful as is his talent, and admirable as his wit, these are dreadfully defiled by his coarseness and filthiness of ideas. Wit has no necessary connexion with disgusting imagery; and in attempting to excuse Swift, his admirers have laid the charge upon the times. But Swift out-Herods the times and his contemporaries. In them may be found occasional smuttiness, but the filthy taint seemed to pervade the whole of Swift's mind, and his vilest parts are inextricably woven with the texture of his composition, as in Gulliver's Travels. There is nothing so singular as that almost all writers speak of the wit of Swift and of Rabelais, without, as it regards the latter, warning the reader against the mass of most revolting obscenity which loads almost every page of the Frenchman. Pope, though professing to be a great moralist, talks of "laughing with Rabelais in his easy-chair," but he never seems to reflect that far the greater portion of readers would have to blush and quit his company in disgust. It is fitting that, in an age of moral refinement, youthful readers should at least be made aware that the wit that is praised is combined with obscenity or grossness that cannot be too emphatically condemned. Yet Coleridge, probably when his intellects were muddled by opium, has praised Rabelais as a most moral and decent writer; and this praise has been quoted by Mr. Bohn, in justification of his cheap reprint of the filthy Gaul.

Amongst the places connected with the history of Swift's life, the residence of Miss Vanhomrigh—Vanessa—is one of the most interesting. The account of it procured by Scott was this:—"Marley Abbey, near Celbridge, where Miss Vanhomrigh resided, is built much in the form of a real cloister, especially in its external appearance. An aged man, upwards of ninety by his own account, showed the grounds to my correspondent. He was the son of Miss Vanhomrigh's gardener, and used to work with his father in the garden when a boy. He remembered the unfortunate Vanessa well, and his account of her corresponded with the usual description of her person, especially as to her *embonpoint*. He said she went seldom abroad, and saw little company; her constant amusement was read ing, or walking in the garden. Yet, according to this authority, her society was courted by several families in the neighbourhood, who visited her, notwithstanding her seldom returning that attention; and he added, that her manners interested every one who knew her. But she avoided company, and was always melancholy, save when Dean Swift was there, and then she seemed happy. The garden was to an uncommon degree crowded with laurels. The old man said, that when Miss Vanhomrigh expected the Dean, she always planted with her own hand a laurel or two against his arrival. He showed her favourite seat, still called Vanessa's bower. Three or four trees and some laurels indicate the spot. They had formerly, according to the old man's information, been trained into a close arbour. There were two seats and a rude table within the bower, the opening of which commanded a view of the Liffey, which had a romantic effect, and there was a small cascade that murmured at some distance. In this sequestered spot, according to the old gardener's account, the Dean and Vanessa used often to sit, with books and writing materials on the table before them. Vanessa, besides musing over her unhappy attachment, had, during her residence in this solitude, the care of nursing the declining health of her younger sister, who at length died about 1720. This event, as it left her alone in the world, seems to have increased the energy of her fatal passion for Swift; while he, on the contrary, saw room for still greater reserve, when her situation became that of a solitary female, without the society or countenance of a female relation."

Marley Abbey, Vanessa's house, is now the residence of Mr. Henry Grattan, M.P.

In D'Alton's "History of the County of Dublin," p. 344, there is an account of the present state of Delville, the residence of Dr. Delany.

JAMES THOMSON.

THE author of The Seasons was born at Ednam, a couple of miles or so from Kelso, on the 11th of September, 1700. His father was the minister of the parish, and it was intended to bring him up to the same profession. The early childhood only of Thomson was spent here, for his father removed to Southdean, near Jedburgh, having obtained the living of that place.

Ednam has nothing poetical about it. It lies in a rich farming country of ordinary features. The scenery is flat, and the village by no means picturesque. It consists of a few farm-houses, and long rows of hinds' cottages. David Macbeth Moir, the Delta of Blackwood's Magazine, described the place some years ago in these lines:—

> "A rural church; some scattered cottage roofs,
> From whose secluded hearths the thin blue smoke
> Silently wreathing through the breezeless air,
> Ascended mingling with the summer sky;
> A rustic bridge, mossy and weather-stained;
> A fairy streamlet, singing to itself;
> And here and there a venerable tree
> In foliaged beauty;—of these elements.
> And only these, the simple scene was formed."

Yet even this description is too favourable. It would induce us to believe that the spot had something of the picturesque—it has nothing of it. The streamlet sings little even to itself through that flat district;—the mossy bridge has given way to a good substantial but unpoetical stone one. The landscape is by no means over enriched by fine trees. There are some limes, I believe they are, in the churchyard. The old church has been pulled down since Thomson's time, and the new one now standing is a poor barn-like affair, with a belfry that would do for a pigeon-cote. The manse in which the poet was born has also disappeared, and a new, square, unpicturesque one been built upon the site. Perhaps no class of people have less of the poetical or the picturesque in them than the Presbyterian clergy of Scotland. The hard, dry, stern Calvinism imparted by John Knox has effectually expelled all that. The country people of Scotland are generally intelligent, and have a taste for poetry and literature; but to a certainty they do not derive this from their clergy. In no country have I found the parish clergy so ignorant of general literature, or so unacquainted with anything that is going on in the world, except the polemics of their own church. The cargo of *Geneva* which Knox imported has operated on the religious feeling of Scotland worse than any gin or whisky on its moral or physical condition. It is a *spirit* as unlike Christianity as possible. One is all love and tenderness; the other all bitterness and hardness:—the one is gentle and tolerant; the other fierce and intolerant:—the one careless of form, so that the life and soul of charity and piety are preserved; the other is all form and doctrine—doctrine, hard, metaphysical, rigid, and damnatory. On the borders too, in many places, the very people seem to me more ignorant and stupid than is the wont of Scotland; they would match the Surrey chopsticks or Essex calves of England.

I walked over from Kelso to Ednam on a Sunday morning. The people were collected about the church door, waiting for the time of service. I thought it a good opportunity to hear something of the traditions of the country about Thomson. Nobody could tell me anything. So little idea had they of a poet, that they informed me that another poet had been born there besides Thomson. I asked whom that might be? They said, "One White, a decrepit old man, who used to write under the trees of the churchyard;" and this they thought having another poet! Such—as we are often obliged to exclaim—is fame!

An old woman, into whose cottage I stepped, on returning, to avoid a shower, was more intelligent. She told me that her mother had lived at the old manse, and frequently heard what had been told to inquirers. The manse in which Thomson was born, she said, was of mud; and he was born in the parlour, which had a bed in a recess concealed by a curtain.

I stayed the service, or at least nearly three hours of it. It is the odd custom of many country places in Scotland, where the people have too far to come to be able to do it twice in the day, to have actually two services performed all at one sitting. With that attention to mere rigid formality which Calvinism has introduced, that task-work holiness which teaches that God's wrath will be aroused if they do not go through a certain number of prayers, sermons, and ceremonies in the day, they have the morning and afternoon services all at once. There were, therefore, *two* enormously long sermons, three prayers, three singings, and, to make worse of it, the sermons consisted of such a mass of doctrinal stubble as filled me with astonishment that such actual rubbish, and worse than rubbish, could at the present day be inflicted on any patient and unoffending people. What a gross perversion and misconception of Christianity is this! How my heart bled at the very idea that the state paid and upheld this system, by which the people were not blessed with the pure, simple, and benign knowledge of that simplest, most beautiful, and love-inspiring of all systems—Christianity, but were actually cursed with the drawing of the horrid furze-bushes of school divinity and Calvinistic damnation across their naked consciences.

Imagine a company of hard-working and care-worn peasants, coming for five or ten miles on a Sunday to listen to such chopped-straw preaching as this. The sermons were to prove that the temptation of Christ in the wilderness was a *boná fide* and actual history. And, first, the preacher told them what profound subtlety the temptations of Satan showed, such as advising Christ after forty days' fast to cause the stones to be made bread; as if Christ could not have done that, if he needed, without the devil's suggestion. And then he told them that Christ was God himself, so that the devil, knowing that, instead of showing such profound subtlety, must have been a very daft devil indeed to try to tempt him at all. Poor people! of all the beautiful sayings and doings in the life of our Saviour; of all the divine precepts which he peculiarly brought down from heaven for the especial consolation and invigoration of the poor; of all the deeds and the expressions of an infinite love; of all those teachings that "the Sabbath is made for man, and not man for the Sabbath;" of all the gracious declarations, that it was not by doctrine and cunningly devised fables, but by the great spirit of love—love to God and to one another, and by keeping his commandments, that we are to be saved—was there nothing that could be dealt out to you? Could your dry and thirsty spirits receive nothing but this dry and musty fodder of sectarian disquisition? Oh! how much better were one simple word of genuine feeling from the most unlettered preacher on a bare hill-side!

My only wonder was to find any body in the church, for I thought I must have met the whole village going to Kelso, where they have *eight* different sects, the most zealous of all being the Free Church. It is only by a passage through Scotland that you get a living idea of what a movement the movement of this Free Church has been. In every town, from the extremest south to the extremest north, you see free churches rising or arisen. Even in little Melrose there is a large one; and I observed that they built them as near, on all occasions, as possible to the established one, and, if compassable, exactly opposite. Indeed, I have been told that land has, in many instances, been offered gratuitously to build a free church upon, and has been refused because it was not opposite to the established one. Such is the fruit of an Establishment in Scotland, and such were the evidences of its teachings in Ednam. How different to the fine, genial, and genuine faith of James Thomson!

On a hill on the right hand of the road, proceeding from Kelso to Ednam, and about a quarter of a mile from that village, a plain obelisk has been erected to the memory of the poet, bearing this inscription:—"Erected in memory of James Thomson, Author of the Seasons. Born at Ednam, 11th of September, A.D. 1700."

The Earl of Buchan, who erected a temple of the Muses at Dryburgh, in the centre of which he placed Thomson, and who affixed the brass tablet to his memory in the church at Richmond, also instituted an annual commemoration of his fame at Ednam, which has long fallen into desuetude. For the first meeting of this kind, Burns wrote his address to the shade of Thomson in crowning his bust at Ednam.

Of Thomson's sojourn at Southdean nearly all that is now known is comprehended in the following passage in Mr. Robert Chambers's "Picture of Scotland:"—"The father of James Thomson was removed from Ednam to this parish while the poet was a child; and here accordingly the author of the Seasons spent the days of his boyhood. In the churchyard may still be seen the humble monument of the father of the poet, though the inscription is nearly obliterated. The manse in which that individual reared his large family, of whom one was destined to become so illustrious, was what would now be described as a small thatched cottage. It is traditionally recollected that the poet was sent to the University of Edinburgh, seated behind his father's man on horseback, but was so reluctant to quit the country for a town life, that he had returned on foot before his conductor, declaring that he could study as well on the braes of Sou'den—so Southdean is generally pronounced—as in Edinburgh."

Southdean lies in a much more beautiful country than Ednam. In his rambles he could reach the banks of the Tweed and the Teviot, and the fine ruins of Jedburgh, Dryburgh, and Melrose; and here Thomson undoubtedly acquired that deep love for nature, and that intimate acquaintance with it, which enabled him to produce the poem of the Seasons, which, with considerable faults of style, is one of the richest compositions in the language, in the legitimate subject-matter, in the grandeur of its scenery drawn from all regions of the earth, and in the broad and beautiful spirit of its religious philosophy. It has stood the test of more than a century, during which time great changes have taken place in the theory of versification and in public taste. Compositions of great variety, and of the most splendid character, have since rendered fastidious the public judgment, yet the Seasons are, and will continue to be, read with pleasure.

Through the recommendation of Mr. Riccaltoun, the minister of

Hobkirk, Thomson was sent to Jedburgh school. His uncle was gardener to Sir Gilbert Elliott, of Minto, and that gentleman and Sir William Bennet, of Chesters, noticed something promising in the lad, and invited him to their houses. Though the old man-servant, who had jogged along to Edinburgh with little Jemmy Thomson behind him, was astonished on his return to find him at home again, yet another attempt must have been more successful, for at the University of Edinburgh he finished his education. The poetic nature, however, convinced him by that time that it was not his vocation to preach the arid notions of Knox, and palm them off as the grand heart-opening truths of Christianity. His father had died, two years after his coming to Edinburgh, in a very extraordinary manner, being fatally struck on the head, it is said, by a ball of fire, while trying to exorcise a ghost at a place called Woolie, leaving his mother with nine children, who raised upon her little estate by mortgage what she could, and came to reside in Edinburgh. James resolved not to weigh upon her resources longer than needful; but set out for London with his poem of Winter in his pocket. He had introductions to several influential persons, and one of them to Mr. Mallet, then tutor to the sons of the Duke of Montrose, with whom, after residing some time near East Barnet as a tutor to the eldest son of Lord Binning, he went to live. His great want, Dr. Johnson says, on reaching London, was a pair of shoes. To make his calls these were necessary, and his Winter was his sole resource. It was a wintry one, for he could find no purchaser for it for a long time, and when purchased it did not for a good while sell. At length it fell under the eye of a Mr. Whatley, who instantly perceived its merit, and zealously spread the information. Thomson was quickly a popular author, and from this time resided chiefly in the neighbourhood of London. Before this period he was fagging as usher of an academy in Little Tower Street. On the success of his Winter he left the school, and took lodgings in Lancaster Court, Strand. He made one tour on the Continent as companion to Mr. Talbot, the eldest son of the chancellor. The despotism which he saw abroad induced him to write his poem of Liberty, one of his very worst productions, and which lost him much government preferment; and when the public complained of this, a ministerial writer remarked that "Thomson had taken a *Liberty* which was not agreeable to *Britannia* in any *Season*."

Government preferment, however, he did receive. The chancellor conferred on him the place of Secretary of the Briefs, which made him independent. On the death of the Chancellor Talbot he lost his post, through being too indolent to make application to Lord Hardwicke for it, though Hardwicke kept it open for some time that he might. He was again reduced by this circumstance to poverty and difficulty, out of which he was, after a while, permanently raised through the influence of Lord Lyttelton, a pension of a hundred a year being conferred on him. This removed the pressure of utter necessity, but compelled him to work, without which compulsion perhaps no man would have worked less. About three years before his death, Lord Lyttelton, being then in power, made him Surveyor-General of the Leeward Islands. Those islands he surveyed from his elevation on Richmond-hill, and very general his survey of course must have been. The particular and actual survey was left to his deputy in the islands themselves, and Thomson netted a yearly balance, the deputy being paid, of three hundred a year; which, with his pension, left him most comfortably at ease in the castle of indolence. Besides his two principal poems he wrote several tragedies, as Sophonisba, in which the unfortunate line,

"O Sophonisba, Sophonisba, O!"

was parodied by a wag with—

"O Jemmy Thomson, Jemmy Thomson, O!"

and was echoed through the town everywhere and for a long time. Agamemnon was another, Edward and Eleonora a third, and Tancred and Sigismunda his last and best; except a posthumous one—Coriolanus.

Amongst the haunts of Thomson were the country houses of many of the more literary or more tasteful noblemen of the time; as Hagley, the seat of Lord Lyttelton; Bub Doddington's seat in Dorsetshire; Stowe, then the seat of Lord Cobham; the seat of the Countess of Hertford, etc. The last place, however, it seems, only received Thomson once. It was the practice, says Johnson, of the Countess of Hertford, to whom Thomson dedicated his poem of Spring, to invite some poet every summer into the country to hear her verses and assist her studies. This honour was once conferred on Thomson, who took more delight in carousing with Lord Hertford and his friends than assisting her ladyship's poetical operations, and never therefore received another summons.

Thomson was, in fact, the last person to hope for much literary and understrapper service from, though in the shape of a countess, where, on the one hand, bad verses had to be inflicted on him, and on the other there was a good table and good talk. Indolence and self-indulgence were his besetting sins. Every one has heard of the lady who said she had discovered three things concerning the author in reading the Seasons: that he was a great lover, a great swimmer, and rigidly abstinent; at all which Savage, who had lived much with him, laughed heartily, saying that he believed Thomson was never in cold water in his life, and that the other particulars were just as true. The anecdote of Quin, regarding Thomson's splendid description of sunrise, has been equally diffused. He, like Savage, asserted that he believed Thomson never saw the sun rise in his life; and related that, going one day to see him at Richmond, he found him in bed at noon, and asking him why he did not get up earlier, he replied listlessly, that "he had nae motive."

That no man ever lived more completely in a castle of indolence there can be little question, and perhaps as little that it cut his life short. He died August the 27th, 1748, at the age of forty-eight, of cold taken on the Thames between Kew and Richmond. He used, it seems, to be in the habit of walking from town to his house at

Richmond, and crossed at a boat-house, somewhere hereabout, which being also a public-house, he there took a rest and refreshment. The place is still shown. Here, it would seem, he came warm from his walk, and crossing in a damp wind took cold; but this susceptibility to cold was the direct result of his indolent, self-indulgent, and effeminate habits. Had he followed those practices of healthy activity so finely described in his poem, how much longer and more useful might his life have been! Yet it must be a fact unquestionable, that Thomson as a boy rose early, saw both sunrises and all the glories of nature, plunged into the summer flood, and braved the severity of winter. No man could so vividly or so accurately describe what he had not experienced, and they who know best the country know how exact is his knowledge of it. Every one can feel how masterly are his descriptions of the grandest phenomena of nature in every region of the world, when such descriptions are deducible from books. In those, however, which came under his own eye, there is a life and there are beauties that attest that personal knowledge. The faults of his Seasons are those of style. His blank verse is peculiar; you can never mistake it for that of any other poet, but it has not the charm of that of Milton, of Wordsworth, or of various other poets. It is often turgid, and still more often prosaic. There are strange inversions used; and with his adverbs and adjectives he plays the most terrible havoc. Frequently the adjective is tossed behind the substantive, just for the sake of the metre, and regardless of all other effect, as,—

> "Driving sleets
> Deform the day delightless;"

instead of the delightless day. His adverbs are continually lopped of their last syllable, and stand like wretched adjectives out of place; as,—the sower "liberal throws the grain," instead of liberally,—clouds, "cheerless, drown the crude, unripened year," instead of cheerlessly,—the herb dies, though with vital power "it is copious blest," instead of copiously. These barbarisms, which greatly deface this poem, abound; but especially in the Spring, which was not published first in its native position, but third, the routine of appearance being Winter, Summer, Spring, and Autumn.

But, above its faults, how far ascend the beauties and excellences of this poem! the finest of which spring out of that firm, glowing, and noble spirit of patriotism and religion which animated James Thomson. His patriotism bursts forth on all occasions, but more especially in that elaborate description of England, her deeds and worthies, in the Summer, commencing—

> "Heavens! what a goodly prospect spreads around,
> Of hills and dales, of woods and lawns, and spires
> And glittering towns, and gilded streams, till all
> The stretching landscape into smoke decays!
> Happy Britannia!" etc.

His piety,—the piety of love and wonder, of that profound admiration which the contemplation of the works of the Divine Creator had inspired him with, and of that grateful love and trust which the manifestations of parental goodness everywhere had impressed upon his heart,—these are, as it were, the living soul of the poem, and the principles of imperishable vitality. These sentiments, diffused throughout the poem itself, concentrate themselves at its conclusion as predominant over all others, and burst forth in that magnificent hymn, which has no rival in the language, except the glorious one of Milton, the morning hymn of our first parents, beginning,—

> "These are thy glorious works, Parent of good,
> Almighty! Thine this universal frame,
> Thus wondrous fair; Thyself how wondrous then," etc.

The religion, too, of Thomson was the religion not of creeds and crabbed doctrines of humanity. He had studied nature in the spirit of its Maker, and the fruit of that study was an enlarged and tender sympathy for his fellow-men. This sentiment is everywhere conspicuous as his piety; and in the passage following the fine account of the man perishing in the snow, rises to a high degree of power and descriptive eloquence.

> "Ah! little think the gay licentious proud,
> Whom pleasure, power, and affluence surround;
> They who their thoughtless hours in giddy mirth,
> And wanton, often cruel, riot waste;
> Ah! little think they, while they dance along,
> How many feel, this very moment, death,
> And all the sad variety of pain:
> How many sink in the devouring flood,
> Or more devouring flame: how many bleed,
> By shameful variance betwixt man and man;
> How many pine in want, and dungeon glooms;
> Shut from the common air, and common use
> Of their own limbs: how many drink the cup
> Of baneful grief, or eat the bitter bread
> Of misery: sore pierced by wintry winds,
> How many shrink into the sordid hut
> Of cheerless poverty! How many shake
> With all the fiercer tortures of the mind,
> Unbounded passion, madness, guilt, remorse:
> Whence tumbled headlong from the height of life,
> They furnish matter for the tragic Muse.
> Even in the vale where Wisdom loves to dwell.
> With Friendship, Peace, and Contemplation joined,
> How many racked with honest passions, droop
> In deep retired distress. How many stand
> Around the death-bed of their dearest friends,
> And point the parting anguish. Thought fond man
> Of these, and all the thousand nameless ills,
> That one incessant struggle render life,
> One scene of toil, of suffering, and of fate,
> Vice in his high career would stand appalled,
> And heedless rambling Impulse learn to think;
> The conscious heart of Charity would warm,
> And her wide wish Benevolence dilate;
> The social tear would rise, the social sigh,
> And into clear perfection, gradual bliss,
> Refining still, the social passions work."—*Winter.*

Yes, if the great sentiment of this passage were but firmly imprinted on the hearts of all men and all women, but especially the rich and powerful, how soon would the face of earth be changed, and the vale of tears be converted into a lesser heaven! It is the grand defect of our systems of education, for rich and for poor, but preeminently for the former, that they are not taught that no man can live innocently who lives only for his own enjoyment; that to live merely to enjoy ourselves is the highest treason against God and man; that God does not live merely for himself, his eternal existence is one constant work of beneficence; and that it is the social duty of every rational being to live like God, his Creator, for the good of others. Were this law of duty taught faithfully in all our schools, with all its responsibilities, the penalties of its neglect, the ineffable delight of its due discharge, there would be no longer seen that moral monster, the man or woman who lives alone for the mere purpose of selfish enjoyment. That host of gay and idle creatures, who pass through life only to glitter in the circles of fashion, to seek admiration for personal attractions and accomplishments—for dressing, playing, dancing, or riding—whose life is but the life of a butterfly when it should be the life of a man, would speedily disperse, and be no more seen. That life would be shrunk from as a thing odious and criminal, because useless; when faculties, wealth, and fame are put into their hands, and a world is laid before them in which men are to be saved and exalted; misery, crime, shame, despair, and death prevented; and all the hopes and capacities for good in the human soul are to be made easy to the multitude. To live for these objects is to be a hero or a heroine, and any man or woman may be that; to live through this world of opportunities given but once, and to neglect them, is the most fearful fate that can befal a creature of eternal responsibilities. But poets and preachers have proclaimed this great truth for ages; the charge now lies at the door of the educators, and they alone can impress effectually on the world its highest and most inalienable duty, that of living for the good of others.

Amongst those who have used the voice of poetry given them of God to rouse their fellow-men to a life of beneficence, none have done it more zealously or more eloquently than Thomson. For this we pass over here the mere charms of his poetic achievements; over those great pictures which he has painted of the world, and its elements of frosts, tempests, plagues, earthquakes; of the views of active life at home and abroad; the hunter's perils and the hunter's carouse,

"In ghostly halls of grey renown;"

of man roaming the forests of the tropics, or climbing the cliffs of the lonely Hebrides; to notice in this brief article those bursts of eloquent fire in which he calls to godlike deeds,—those of mercy and of goodness. In this respect, as well as in that of mere poetical beauty, his poem of the Castle of Indolence is pre-eminent. Thomson suffered from the seductions of the vile wizard of Indolence, and in his first canto he paints most effectively the horrors of that vice; in the second canto he shows that though he had fallen into the net of sloth, it had not entirely conquered, and it could not corrupt him. He calls with the energy of a martyr on his fellow-men to assume the privileges and glories of men. The Castle of Indolence is as felicitous in its versification as in its sentiments; it is full of harmony, and the spirit of picturesque beauty pervades every line;

there is a manliness of sentiment about it that is worthy of true genius. Such a stanza as this is the seed of independence to the minds of thousands:

"I care not, Fortune! what you me deny:
You cannot rob me of free Nature's grace;
You cannot shut the windows of the sky,
Through which Aurora shows her bright'ning face;
You cannot bar my constant feet to trace
The woods and lawns, by living stream, at eve;
Let health my nerves and finer fibres brace,
And I their toys to the great children leave:
Of fancy, reason, virtue, nought can me bereave."

The address of the bard of active virtue is worthy of being listened to in every age.

"Ye hapless race!
Dire labouring here to smother Reason's ray,
That lights our Maker's image in our face,
And gives us wide o'er earth unquestion'd sway:
What is the adored Supreme Perfection, say?
What but eternal, never-resting soul,
Almighty power, and all-directing day;
By whom each atom stirs, the planets roll:
Who fills, surrounds, informs, and agitates the whole.

"Come, to the beaming God your hearts unfold!
Draw from its fountain life! 'Tis thence alone
We can excel. Up from unfeeling mould
To seraphs burning round the ALMIGHTY's throne,
Life rising still on life, in brighter tone,
Perfection forms, and with perfection bliss.
In universal nature this clear shown
Not needeth proof; to prove it were, I wis,
To prove the beauteous world excels the brute abyss.

"It was not by vile loitering in ease,
That Greece obtained the brighter palm of art;
That soft, yet ardent Athens learn'd to please,
To keen the wit, and to sublime the heart,
In all supreme, complete in every part!
It was not thence majestic Rome arose,
And o'er the nations shook her conquering dart:
For sluggard's brow the laurel never grows·
Renown is not the child of indolent repose.

"Had unambitious mortals minded nought,
But in loose joy their time to wear away;
Had they alone the lap of dalliance sought,
Pleased on her pillow their dull heads to lay;
Rude nature's state had been our state to-day;
No cities here their towery fronts had raised,
No arts had made us opulent and gay;
With brother brutes the human race had grazed;
None e'er had soared to fame, none honour'd been, none praised.

"Great Homer's song had never fired the breast
To thirst of glory and heroic deeds;
Sweet Maro's Muse, sunk in inglorious rest,
Had silent slept amid the Mincian reeds;
The wits of modern times had told their beads,
And monkish legends been their only strain;
Our Milton's Eden had lain wrapp'd in weeds;
Our Shakspeare strolled and laugh'd with Warwick swains;
Ne had my master, Spenser, charm'd his Mulla's plains.

"Dumb, too, had been the sage historic muse,
And perished all the sons of ancient fame;
Those starry lights of virtue that diffuse
Through the dark depths of time their vivid flame,
Had all been lost with such as have no name.
Who then had scorn'd his care for others' good?
Who then had toil'd rapacious men to tame?
Who in the public breach devoted stood,
And for his country's cause been prodigal of blood?

* * * * * *

"Heavens! can you then thus waste in shameful wise
Your few important days of trial here?
Heirs of eternity! yborn to rise
Through endless states of being, still more near
To bliss approaching and perfection clear;
Can you renounce a fortune so sublime,—
Such glorious hopes, your backward steps to steer,
And roll with vilest brutes through mud and slime?
No! no!—your heaven-touch'd hearts disdain the sordid crime!"

It is a pleasure to find that the spot where these noble sentiments were penned is still preserved sacred to the memory of the poet of truth and virtue. As far as the restless and rapid change of property would permit so near London, the residence of Thomson has been kept from destruction: changed it is, it is true, but that change has been made with a veneration for the muse in the heart of the new inhabitant. The house of Thomson, in what is called Kew-foot-lane at Richmond, as shown in the woodcut at the head of this article, was a simple cottage; behind this lay his garden, and in front he looked down to the Thames, and on the fine landscape beyond. The cottage now appears to be gone, and in the place stands the goodly villa of the Earl of Shaftesbury; the cottage, however, is not really gone, it is only swallowed up in the larger house of the present time. After Thomson's death his cottage was purchased by George Ross, Esq., who, out of veneration for his memory, forbore to pull it down, but enlarged and improved it at the expense of 9,000*l*. The walls of the cottage were left, though its roof was taken off, and the walls continued upwards to their present height. Thus, what was Thomson's cottage forms now the entrance hall to Lord Shaftesbury's house. The part of the hall on the left hand was the room where Thomson used to sit, and here is preserved a plain mahogany Pembroke table, with a scroll of white wood let into its surface, on which is inlaid, in black letters, this piece of information:—

> "On this table James Thomson constantly wrote. It was therefore purchased of his servant, who also gave these brass hooks, on which his hat and cane were hung in this his sitting room. F. B."

These initials, F. B., are those of the Hon. Frances Boscawen, the widow of Admiral Boscawen, who came into possession of the property after the death of Mr. Ross, whose name, however, still attaches to it, being called Rossdale, or more commonly, Rosedale, House. Mrs. Boscawen it was who repaired the poet's favourite seat in the garden, and placed there the table on which he wrote his poems; she it was too, no doubt, who hung the inscriptions there, her initials being again found appended to one of them. Her son, Lord Falmouth, sold the place. No brass hooks are now to be seen, that I could discover or learn anything of.

The garden of Thomson, which lay behind the house, has been preserved, in the same manner and to the same extent as his house; the garden and its trees remain, but these now form only part of the present grounds, as the cottage forms only part of the present house. Mr. Ross, when he purchased the cottage and some adjoining grounds, and came to live here after Thomson, not only enlarged the house, but threw down the partition fence, and enlarged the grounds to their present extent. A pleasanter lawn and shrubberies are rarely to be seen; the turf, old and mossy, speaks of long duration and great care; the trees, dispersed beautifully upon it, are of the finest growth and of the greatest beauty. In no part of England are there so many foreign trees as in the grounds of gentlemen's villas near London; in many of them the cedars of Lebanon are of a growth and majesty which probably Lebanon itself cannot now show. In these grounds are some fine specimens, and one of especial and surpassing loveliness; it is the *pinus picea*, or silver cedar. The growth is broad, like that of the cedar of Lebanon, though its boughs do not throw themselves out in that exact horizontal direction that those of the cedar of Lebanon do; they sweep down to the ground in a style of exquisite grace. Heavy, full of life, rich in hue as masses of chased silver, their effect with the young cones sitting birdlike on them resembles that of some tree of heaven, or of some garden of poetic romance. Besides this superb tree, standing on its ample portion of lawn, there are here the evergreen ilex, hickory, white sassafras, scarlet and Ragland oaks, the tulip-tree, the catalpa, the tupelo, the black American ash, etc. The effect of their large growth, their varied hues and foliage, their fine branches sweeping over the soft velvet turf, is charming; for trees display the effects of breeding and culture quite as much as horses, dogs, or men.

A large elm not far from the house is pointed out as the one under which Thomson's alcove stood; this alcove has, however, been removed to the extremity of the grounds, and stands now under a large Spanish chestnut-tree in the shrubbery. It is a simple wooden construction, with a plain back and two outward sloping sides, a bench running round it within, a roof and boarded floor, so as to be readily removable altogether. It is kept well painted of a dark green, and in it stands an old small walnut table with a drawer which belonged to Thomson. On the front of the alcove overhead is painted, on a white oval tablet—

"Here
Thomson sang
The Seasons
and their change."

Within the alcove hang three loose boards, on which are painted the following inscriptions:—

"Hail, Nature's Poet, whom she taught alone
To sing her works in numbers like her own.
Sweet as the thrush that warbles in the dale,
And soft as Philomela's tender tale;
She lent her pencil, too, of wondrous power,
To catch the rainbow, and to form the flower
Of many mingling hues; and, smiling, said—
But first with laurels crowned her favourite's head—

These beauteous children, though so fair they shine
Fade in my *Seasons*, let them live in *Thine*.
And live they shall; the charm of every eye,
Till Nature sickens, and the Seasons die."

F. B.

"Within this pleasing retirement,
Allured by the music of the nightingale,
Which warbled in soft unison to the melody of his soul,
In unaffected cheerfulness,
And general though simple elegance,
Lived
James Thomson.
Sensitively alive to the beauties of Nature,
He painted their images as they rose in review,
And poured the whole profusion of them
Into his inimitable Seasons.
Warmed with intense devotion
To the Sovereign of the Universe,
Its flame glowed through all his compositions.
Animated with unbounded benevolence,
With the tenderest social sensibility,
He never gave one moment's pain
To any of his fellow-creatures,
Save only by his death, which happened
At this place on the 27th day of August,
1748."

"Here Thomson dwelt.
He, curious bard, examined every drop
That glistens on the thorn; each leaf surveyed
That Autumn from the rustling forest shakes,
And marked its shape; and traced in the rude wind
Its eddying motion. Nature in his hand
A pencil, dipped in her own colours, placed,
With which he ever faithful copies drew,
Each feature in proportion just."

On a brass tablet in the top of the table in the alcove is inscribed —"This table was the property of James Thomson, and always stood in this seat."

Such is the state of the former residence of James Thomson at Richmond. Here, no doubt, he was visited by many of his literary cotemporaries, though it does not appear that Pope, who was so near a neighbour, was of this number. Poets, with advancing years, grow exclusive. Wordsworth, in his old age, said that he read no new poets, but left them to their cotemporaries; so, in the correspondence of Pope, you find no further mention of Thomson, than that "Thomson and some other young men have published lately some creditable things;" and Gray, writing to one of his friends, says— "Thomson has just published a poem called 'The Castle of Indolence,' which contains some good stanzas."

The view down to the Thames, and over the country beyond, which he enjoyed, is now much obstructed by the walls, including part of the royal property, on which the Queen has erected her laundry—sending, it seems, all the royal linen, from Windsor, the Isle of Wight, and elsewhere, to be washed and got up here, sufficiently, as one would think, near enough to the smoke of London.

The vicinity of the royal washhouse certainly does not improve Lord Shaftesbury's residence here, especially as a tall, square, and most unsightly tower, most probably intended to carry the soot from the drying fires pretty high, overlooks his grounds. But it will not disturb the remains of the poet; and let us hope that the Queen's linen will enjoy the benefit of all the *Seasons*, from this close neighbourhood.

Thomson is buried in Richmond church, at the west end of the north aisle. There is a square brass tablet, well secured into the wall with ten large screws, bearing this inscription :—

"In the earth below this Tablet
Are the remains of
JAMES THOMSON,
Author of the beautiful Poems entitled, The Seasons, Castle of Indolence, etc. etc
who died at Richmond on the 27th day of August, and was buried here
on the 29th, old style, 1748. The Earl of Buchan, unwilling that
so good a man and sweet a poet should be without a
memorial, has denoted the place of his interment
for the satisfaction of his
admirers, in the year of
our Lord 1792."

"Father of light and life, thou Good Supreme!
O teach me what is good; teach me Thyself!
Save me from folly, vanity, and vice
From every low pursuit! and feed my soul
With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue pure,
Sacred, substantial, never-fading bliss!"—*Winter.*

WILLIAM SHENSTONE.

No poet of the same pretensions has been so much known through his residence as Shenstone. Without the Leasowes he would have been nothing. His elegies and pastorals would have lain on the dustiest of book-shelves, and his Schoolmistress, by far the best of his productions, would hardly have retained vitality enough to make herself noticeable in the crowd of poetical characters. The Leasowes was the chief work of Shenstone's life, and it is the chief means of that portion of immortality which he possesses. Into every quarter of the kingdom the fame of this little domain has penetrated. Nature there formed the grand substratum of his art, and nature is always beautiful. But I do confess, that in the Leasowes, I have always found so much ado about nothing; such a parade of miniature cascades, lakes, streams conveyed hither and thither; surprises in the disposition of woods and the turn of walks, with a seat placed here, and another there; with inscriptions, Latin and English; and piping Fauns *fauning* upon you in half-a-dozen places, that I have heartily wished myself out upon a good rough heath, with the winds blowing away the cobwebs of so many conceits from my brain.

The remarks of Dr. Johnson appear to me, in the case of Shenstone, who was amiable but trifling, very just :—" Whether to plant a walk in undulating curves, and to place a bench at every turn where there is an object to catch the view; to make water run where it will be heard, and to stagnate where it will be seen; to leave intervals where the eye will be pleased, and to thicken the plantation where there is something to be hidden, demand any great powers of mind, I will not inquire; perhaps a sullen and surly spectator may think such performances rather the sport than the business of human reason."

This seems to me the precise merit of Shenstone. He introduced a better taste in landscape gardening, though *his* taste was often questionable, and may be ranked with Browne and Kent. He was a man of taste rather than of genius, and may claim a full alliance with the lovers of nature, but is as far from the association with great poets—with such men as Milton or Shakspeare, Burns or Elliott, as the glow-worm is with the comet. Poetry is not only the highest art, but, next to religion itself, the most divine principle on earth. It is a religion itself, or rather, forms part and parcel of that of Christ; for its object is to stimulate virtue, abash vice, raise the humble, abase the proud, call forth the most splendid qualities of the soul, and pour love like a river over the earth till it fills every house, and leaves behind it a fertility like that which follows the inundations of the Nile. We do injustice to Shenstone when we place him beside the giants, and thus provokingly display his true proportions.

"The pleasure of Shenstone," continues Johnson, "was all in his eye; he valued what he valued merely for its looks; nothing raised his indignation more than to ask if there were any fishes in his water.

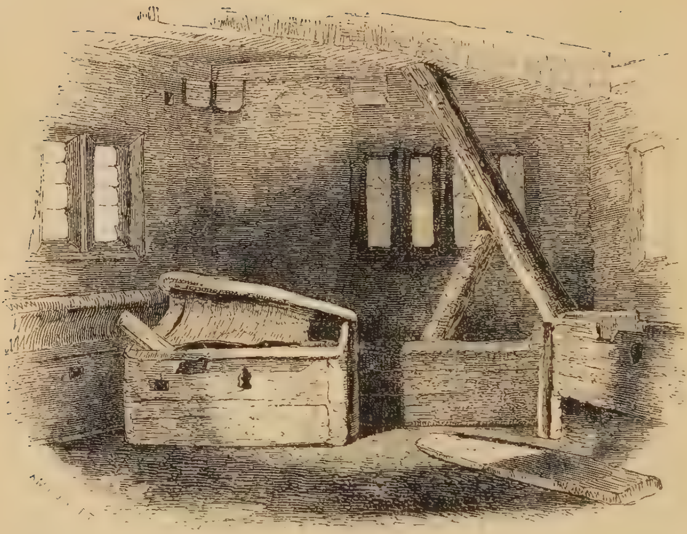
"His house was mean, and he did not improve it; his care was of his grounds. When he came home from his walks, he might find his floors flooded by a shower through the broken roof; but could spare no money for its reparation. In time his expenses brought clamours about him that overpowered the lamb's bleat and the linnet's song; and his groves were haunted by beings very different to fauns and fairies. He spent his estate in adorning it, and his death was probably hastened by his anxieties. He was a lamp that spent its oil in blazing. * * * He died at the Leasowes, of a putrid fever, in 1763, and was buried by the side of his brother in Halesowen churchyard.

"He was never married, though he might have obtained the lady whoever she was, to whom his Pastoral Ballad was addressed. He is represented by his friend Dodsley as a man of great tenderness and generosity, kind to all that were within his influence; but if once offended not easily appeased; inattentive to economy, and careless of his expenses. In his person he was larger than the middle size, with something clumsy in his form; very negligent of his clothes, and remarkable for wearing his grey hair in a particular manner; for he held that the fashion was no rule of dress, and that every man was to suit his appearance to his natural form. His mind was not very comprehensive, nor his curiosity active; he had no value for those parts of knowledge which he had not himself cultivated."

Gray visited the Leasowes, and his opinion of Shenstone was very similar to that of Johnson. The Leasowes is about six or seven miles distant from Birmingham on the road to Kidderminster, and about four miles from Hagley, in the parish of Halesowen. Arriving at Halesowen, you have to descend a long and steep hill, from the top of which you have a view of the Bromsgrove, Clent, and Dudley hills, which are in the immediate neighbourhood,—Hagley-park being situated on one of the Clent hills,—and of the Clee hills in the distance; these form a boundary between the counties of Hereford and Salop. About halfway down this descent, which is a mile long, you turn to the left down a shady lane; this leads to the Leasowes, and in some degree partakes of the character of the place; winding continually, yet still presenting a beautiful archway of trees, of nearly all descriptions. From this lane you enter the Leasowes; and crossing a bridge, pass on to the lawn. On your left lies a beautiful piece of still water, overshadowed with evergreens, and conveying the idea of infinite depth. This is nearly the lowest part of the grounds, which here begin to ascend towards the house, commanding, not an extensive, but a beautifully condensed prospect. Going round the house to the right, and still ascending, you gain another prospect equally agreeable, yet different, and in both cases are surprised by the skill which presents to the eye the artificial depth of forest which there strikes it. A canal which has been cut through the valley between the house and Halesowen, so far from injuring the prospect, as many of these things are apt to do, rather improves it, giving a rest to the eye, and shutting out, by its embankment, sundry forges which would otherwise be visible. In order to discover, however, the true spirit of the place, you must cross the lawn at the back of the house, where you are reminded of passages in Shenstone's pastorals.

Let us now suppose the grounds lying in the shape of a Y; the house not standing at the top, but near the centre of the fork, and the lowest part of the scene, the stem. The lines forming the fork of the Y are beautifully wooded ravines, or dells, down which flow small streamlets, meeting at the bottom of the hill, and in their progress forming numerous small pools, which may well represent "the fountains all bordered with moss." The walks along the sides of these streams are now neglected, but they still conduct you to the natural beauties of the scene. There is one spot which commands the view of the whole grounds, and all the poetry of them. Following the course of one of the streams, you arrive at that part of the scene which was Shenstone's favourite spot; still marked by the remnants of several fallen statues. Still advancing along the brook side, you come to a pool. This may be called the tail or stem of the Y; and at dusk, on a November day, it gives you no bad idea of the Lake of the Dismal Swamp in miniature. Indeed, the feeling on quitting the place is, that you have been well deceived as to extent; so small a space really containing great variety of scenery.

The Leasowes now belongs to the Attwood family; and a Miss Attwood resides there occasionally. But the whole place bears the impress of desertion and neglect.



CHATTERTON.

St. Mary Redcliffe, Bristol, is a beautiful church; some of the biographers of Chatterton have declared that it is the finest parish church in England. Mr. Britton was almost as enamoured of it as was Chatterton himself. He wrote a complete history of it, and for years zealously exerted himself to rouse the inhabitants of Bristol to have this ornament of their city put into thorough repair by subscription, an object in which I am glad to find that he finally succeeded, and that the restoration, especially of the time-worn exterior, which commenced under the superintendence of himself and Mr. Brayley, is still progressing under Mr. Godwin.

"Beautiful exceedingly" is St. Mary of Redcliffe; and it is the triumph of this beauty that it awoke the poet in the soul of one of its lovers, and a poet so extraordinary in the circumstances of his life, in the mere boyhood of his age, in the tragic nature of his death, and, above all, in the proud splendour of his genius; that his passion for this lovely structure, and the facts which have sprung out of it, have flung round St. Mary an everlasting interest, and made it one of the most brilliant monuments of national glory which stand on the bosom of our mother-land.

If it had turned out that the Rowley Poems produced to the public by Chatterton had been genuine, and that the fame of so great a poet as Thomas Rowley the priest had been buried for near four hundred years in the iron chest of William Canynge, it would have been a most extraordinary circumstance that it should have been a boy of fourteen who had discovered them; who had had the taste and discernment to pick them out from amidst the ordinary documents of such a chest, of little interest except to parishioners; to transcribe them, to press them upon the attention of his townsmen, and the literary public, and to have suffered insult, obloquy, and persecution on their account. Had he only raised that great public astonishment, inquiry, quarrel and controversy, amongst the learned and antiquarian of his time, and had been satisfactorily proved to be *only* the discoverer, introducer, and champion of the merit of these productions, it would have been one of the most remarkable occurrences in the whole history of literature, and the boy Chatterton would have still merited the happy epithet of "the marvellous boy." Had he been allowed, on justly admitted grounds, to have taken only the position which he claimed, that of the discoverer of the Rowley MSS., and the writer of his own acknowledged poems, the occurrence would have stood alone in the annals of letters, and Chatterton must have still remained one of the most extraordinary of precocious geniuses. The wit which sparkles through the whole series of his verses, from Sly Dick to his Journal and his Will; the bold satire, the daring independence of his thoughts, setting defiance to public opinion, even on the most solemn of all subjects—religion; the indomitable pride, and bold adventure of the lad; these are facts, in connexion with his great "discovery," supposing it to have been a real discovery, which must have raised the wonder of every one, and have given him a distinguished niche in the Walhalla of his country. The boy of sixteen, who could pen such a description as that of Whitfield in his Journal, beginning—

"In his wooden palace jumping,
Tearing, sweating, bawling, thumping,
Repent, repent, repent,
The mighty Whitfield cries,
Oblique lightning in his eyes;"—

the daring description of religion in his Defence; or who could make such a Will as that which he drew up, when he for the first time proposed to himself suicide, must be pronounced a startling but most uncommon lad. The youth, who, without friends or patrons in the great metropolis, could set out with a small fund borrowed at the rate of a guinea apiece from his acquaintances, to make his fortune and fame; and there, in the midst of the utter wreck of all his august visions and soaring hopes; in the depth of neglect, contempt, and the most grinding indigence, could issue satire after satire, and launch Junius-like letters from the newspapers at the highest personages of the land, not sparing even the crowned head, can, however we might estimate such productions in an experienced adult, only be regarded with the most profound and unmixed wonder. We may lament over the waywardness of his genius, but we must admit its unequivocal reality; and when its career is closed by self-violence, after appealing to Heaven from the abyss of its agony in stanzas such as the following, we know not whether most to marvel at the greatness of the phenomenon, or the dense stolidity of the age which did not perceive it, but suffered it to expire in horror, to the eternal disgrace of human nature and our country.

"THE RESIGNATION.

O God, whose thunder shakes the sky,
  Whose eye this atom globe surveys,
To thee, my only rock, I fly;
  Thy mercy in thy justice praise.

The mystic mazes of thy will,
  The shadows of celestial light,
Are past the power of human skill;—
  But what th' Eternal acts is right.

O teach me in the trying hour,
  When anguish swells the dewy tear,
To still my sorrows, own thy power,
  Thy goodness love, thy justice fear.

If in this bosom aught but Thee
  Encroaching sought a boundless sway,
Omniscience could the danger see,
  And Mercy look the cause away.

Then why, my soul, dost thou complain?
  Why, drooping, seek the dark recess?
Shake off the melancholy chain,
  For God created all to bless.

But ah! my breast is human still;
  The rising sigh, the falling tear,
My languid vitals' feeble rill,
  The sickness of my soul declare.

But yet, with fortitude resigned,
  I thank the inflictor of the blow;
Forbid the sigh, compose my mind,
  Nor let the gush of misery flow.

The gloomy mantle of the night,
  Which on my sinking spirit steals,
Will vanish at the morning light
  Which God, my East, my Sun, reveals."

But pride and despair triumphed over this deep feeling of trust in Divine goodness. These words were the rending cry of the dying giant; they were the mighty poetry of forlornest misery; and independently of the poems of Thomas Rowley, they stamp beyond dispute the high poetical renown of Thomas Chatterton. They show, that notwithstanding the unworthy subjects on which necessity had forced him to attempt the waste of his sublime endowments, and had forced him in vain, for the soul of poesy within him had refused to come forth at the call of booksellers and political squabblers, there lay still in his bosom the great heart, and the great mind, of the first-rate poet.

But what were all these flashes and indications of the *mens divinior* to the broad and dazzling display of it in the Rowley Poems themselves; those poems which would have crowned any grown man a king in the realms of intellectual reputation, which yet the towering pride of the boy—"that damned, native, unconquerable pride" which he said "plunged him into distraction," that "nineteen-twentieths of his composition," as he himself asserted it to be—flung determinedly from him? These poems, now admitted on all hands to be his own boyish compositions, and which indeed were thrust upon him as crimes by those of his cotemporaries who ought to have seen in them the proofs of a genius which should have been carefully and kindly cherished for the good of humanity, and the honour of England,—these are indeed as stately and beautiful as the fair pile of St. Mary, which had first awoke in his spirit the deathless love of poetry and antique romance. Ah! what a sad, beautiful, but heart-wringing romance is itself the story of Chatterton!

His real history is this.

There was a little boy, in Bristol, whose fathers, for many generations, had been the sextons of St. Mary Redcliffe. The veneration for this beautiful fabric, from the habit of ages, might be said to be woven into the frames and infused into the blood of this family. The office was gone out of the family; the boy's father had become a schoolmaster, and died three weeks previous to the child's birth. His uncle had been the last to fill this post, but he too was deceased. The boy's mother, however, lived in a small house in a back court, nearly opposite to this church; and the lad, very likely led by what he heard her say of the former long connexion of their family with it, was in the habit of going into it when open, and wandering about it for hours. At that time, nearly a century ago, neither churches nor churchyards were so rigidly locked up as at present, and ample and often was the time when a little boy on the watch might enter, and while marriage or burial ceremony went on, while the cleaners and sweepers were at work, or while the evening and the morning bell was rung, might stroll to and fro, and gaze, and wonder to his heart's content. That this was his dearest occupation was soon well known to his family. "His mother's house," says one of his biographers, "was close to the fine structure of St. Mary Redcliffe, and they well knew that the boy's favourite haunts were the aisles and towers of that noble pile. And there they would find the truant, seated generally by the tomb of Canynge, or lodged in one of the towers, reading." And what effect this church-haunting had upon him was very early visible. At five years of age he went to the day-school in Pyle-street, which had formerly been taught by his father, but here he was dull and stupid; and till he was six and a half years old, his master could trace no sign of intellectual progress in him, and his poor mother began to think him an absolute fool. But the objects of the silent church had not fallen in vain on his infant fancy. Those quaint and gorgeous paintings, and those antique letters engraven on floor brasses, had acquired a strong hold upon him, and, without doubt, led him to seize as he did, with an avidity new to him, on the old musical manuscript in French, adorned with illuminated capitals, which he found at home. "He fell in love with it," said his mother; and the shrewd woman catching at this discovered charm, brought him an ancient black-letter Bible, which she possessed, to read, and the boy's inner nature came to light,—"he was no longer a dunce." At eight he was a voracious devourer of books. He read morning, noon, and night, from the hour that he awoke to that in which he went to bed. But another cause now contributed to strengthen the impressions of antiquity which he had received in St. Mary's church. He was become an inmate of the blue-coat school of Bristol, on St. Augustine's Back, founded by Colston, a merchant, in 1708. Here, in an institution which, though not of ancient date, was yet conducted in the ancient fashion, he was arrayed in long blue coat and belt, and scarlet stockings, and tonsure cap. Here, say some of his schoolfellows, he took no part in the poetical and literary emulations which arose. An usher wrote poetry, and his example stimulated others to a like ambition; but Chatterton "possessed apparently neither the inclination nor ability for literary pursuits;" he contented himself with the ordinary sports and pastimes of his age. But, in truth, he was secretly gleaning up knowledge wherever he could lay hands on it. Long before, he had begged of a painter "to paint him an angel, with wings and a trumpet *to trumpet his name over the world!*" This spirit, once awoke, was not likely to die again, even in the bosom of a child. He had continually in his heart that cry which haunted Cowley :—

"What shall I do to be for ever known?"

From the time he had begun to read, a great change had passed over him. "He grew thoughtful and reserved. He was silent and gloomy for long intervals together, speaking to no one, and appearing angry when noticed or disturbed. He would break out into sudden fits of weeping, for which no reason could be assigned; would shut himself in some chamber, and suffer no one to approach him, nor allow himself to be enticed from his seclusion. Often he would go to the length of absenting himself from home altogether, for the space sometimes of many hours; and his sister remembered him being most severely chastised for a long absence, at which, however, he did not shed one tear, but merely said, 'It was hard, indeed, to be whipped for reading.' This was before his entering Colston's school, but there he kept up the zealous reading. He is reported to have stood aloof from the society of his schoolmates, to have made few acquaintances, and only amongst those whose disposition inclined them to reflection. His money, all that he could procure, went for the perusal of books; and on Sundays, and holidays, and half-holidays, he was either wandering solitarily in the fields, sitting beside the tomb of Canynge in the church, or was shut up in a little room at his mother's, attending to no meal-times, and only issuing out, when he did appear, begrimed with ochre, charcoal, and black-lead.

"From twelve to seven, each Saturday, he was always at home; returning punctually a few minutes after the clock had struck, to get to his little room, and to shut himself up. In this room he always had by him a great piece of ochre in a brown pan; pounce-bags full of charcoal dust, which he had from a Miss Sanger, a neighbour; also a bottle of black-lead powder, which they once took to clean the stove with, and made him very angry. Every holiday, almost, he passed at home, and often, having been denied the key when he wanted it, because they thought he hurt his health, and made himself dirty, he would come to Mrs. Edkins, and kiss her cheek, and coax her to get it him, using the most persuasive expressions to effect his end; so that this eagerness of his to be in this room so much alone, the apparatus, the parchments (for he was not then indentured to Mr. Lambert), both plain as well as written on, and the begrimed figure he always presented when he came down at tea-time, his face exhibiting many stains of black and yellow—all these circumstances began to alarm them; and when she could get into his room, she would be very inquisitive, and peep about at everything. Once he put his foot on a parchment on the floor, to prevent her from taking it up, saying—'You are too curious and clear-sighted—I wish you would bide out of the room—it is my room.' To this she answered by telling him that it was only a general lumber-room, and that she wanted some parchment to make thread-papers of; but he was offended, and would not permit her to touch any of them, not even those that were not written on; but at last, with a voice of entreaty, said—'Pray don't touch anything here,' and seemed very anxious to get her away; and this increased her fears, lest he should be doing something improper, knowing his want of money, and his ambition to appear like others.* At last, they got a strange idea that these colours were to colour himself with, and that perhaps he would join some gipsies, one day or other, as he seemed so discontented with his station in life, and unhappy." †

But the true secret was one far beyond the conception of his simple relatives. Coining and forging, indeed, he was bent upon, and meant to join himself, some day or other, to a company which, in their eyes, would have appeared stranger than a troop of gipsies. He was already, child as he was, forging the name and deeds of Thomas Rowley, and fathering upon him the glorious coinage of his own brain. A great and immortal guest was theirs, and they did not know it. One of themselves was marked by the passing angel of destiny, as the one of all his generation doomed to the fearful sacrifice of a sad but eternal fame. The spirit which had stolen upon him and taken possession of him as he had roamed the dim aisles of the old church, and gazed on the great sacred scene of the Ascension of Christ, and on the light avenues of lofty columns, and sat by the tomb of Master Canynge, was now busy with him. It was this which had made him gloomy and retiring, which had caused him to burst into passions of tears for which no reason could be assigned. A new world had dawned before his inner vision! the sensibilities of the poet were now quivering in every nerve; mysterious shapes moved around him, which one day he must report of to the world—shapes, the offspring of that old church, and its tombs and monuments, and traceries and emblazonments, mingled with the spirit of his solitary readings in history, divinity, antiquities; and that melancholy foreboding, that *Ahnung* of the future, as the Germans term it, which, like a present angel of prophecy, unseen but felt, hangs on the heart of youthful genius with an overpowering sadness, was spread over him like a heavenly cloud, which made the physical face of life dreary and insipid to him.

This was the boy of eleven or twelve years old, who had already commenced satirist, and launched his arrows of sarcasm at offenders, in Felix Farley's Bristol Journal; where "Sly Dick," and "Apostate Will," were pilloried before the whole city by so young a hand. This was the boy of, perhaps, fourteen, who astonished the worthy pewterer, Burgum, by bringing to him an historic account of his pedigree, with coats of arms all elaborately painted on parchment, tracing his descent, with minute detail of personages, from no less a distance than the Saxon period, and from no less a person than the great Waltheof, Earl of Northumberland, Northampton, and Huntingdon! Great has been the laughter at poor Burgum, for swallowing the pleasant deceit; but let any one imagine to himself a charity schoolboy, in old-fashioned costume, and his innocent boy's face, appearing before him, and presenting so matter-of-fact a document, as found in a chest in the muniment-room of St. Mary's church, in which this boy was known to pore and hunt about. Could any suspicion of such a boy's forgery of the document at first be entertained? Would any feelings but those of wonder and curiosity be excited? Burgum was completely taken in, and a thousand others who have since laughed at him would have been taken in too. And now began to be sounded abroad that famous story of the iron-bound chest of Master Canynge, in the muniment-room over the north porch of St. Mary Redcliffe church, from which Chatterton's father had been allowed to carry home whole heaps of parchments, and from which heaps Chatterton professed to have drawn this pedigree of the De Bergham family. This was the prolific source of the strange documents, which from time to time came issuing forth, in the shape of transcripts by the boy Chatterton. His fifteenth year, however, saw him, in one day, metamorphosed from a Colston's charity boy into a lawyer's apprentice. He was bound to one Lambert, a man of little practice, and who, besides, is termed "a vulgar, insolent, imperious man; who, because the boy wrote poetry, was of a melancholy and contemplative disposition, and disposed to study and reading, thought him a fit object of insult and contemptuous rage." Need we ask why his mother bound him to such a man? To whom *can* the poor bind their children? Had Lambert been a pleasant fellow, and in great practice, he would have had rich men's sons offered, and would have demanded a fee that would effectually exclude the poor. Here Chatterton's life was the life of insult and degradation, which might pretty safely be calculated upon with such a man, and such a practice. Twelve hours he was chained to the office, *i.e.* from eight in the morning till eight at night, dinner hour only excepted; and in the house he was confined to the kitchen, slept with the footboy, and was subjected to indignities of a like nature, at which his pride rebelled, and by which his temper was embittered. Yet here it was, during this life of base humiliation, that Thomas Chatterton worked out the splendid creations of his imagination. In less than three years of the life of a poor attorney's apprentice, fed in the kitchen, and lodged with the footboy, did he here achieve an immortality such as the whole life of not one in millions is sufficient to create.

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* Of a scene supposed to occur in this lumber-room, a beautiful mezzotint engraving has been published by Mr. Mitchell of Bristol, from a painting by Mr. Lewis of that city.

† G. Cumberland, Esq. in Dix's Life.

In the long solitary hours of this empty office,—for, not having any business, even the master was very often absent,—he had ample leisure and secure opportunity to give scope to the feelings and fancies which had sprung up in the aisles of St. Mary's; but which had since grown with the aliment of historic and poetic knowledge, gathered from Fuller, Camden, Chaucer, and the old chroniclers.

From time to time, as I have said, came flying forth some precious old piece of local history, which astonished the good people of Bristol, and was always traced to this same wonderful lad, and his inexhaustible parchments from the old chest. A new bridge is built, and in Felix Farley's Journal appears an account of the opening of the old bridge, ages before, with all the ceremonies and processions of civil officers, priests, friars, and minstrels, with all their banners and clarions. Then Mr. Barrett, a surgeon, is writing his history of the place, and lacks information respecting the ancient churches; and lo! the prolific MSS. of Maister Canynge supply not only histories of all churches, but of castles and palaces, with the directions of the ancient streets, and all the particulars of the city walls, and all their gates. Never was an historian so readily and so affluently supplied! Whoever now sees the ponderous quarto of Barrett's History of Bristol, with all the wonders palmed upon the author by Chatterton, must be equally amazed at the daring of the lad and the credulity of the man. He restored in a fine drawing the ancient castle, in a style of architecture such as surely never was seen in any castle before. There were towers of a most lofty and unique description, yet extremely beautiful; there were battlements as unique, as if the ancient knights who defended them had left their shields lying upon them. There were tiers of arches, circles and stars one above another, in fronts of the most fanciful kind. There were other parts where pilasters ran from ground to battlement, ornamented with alternating cross-keys, human figures, lozenges, ovals, zigzag lines, and other ornaments, such as never could have originated but in a poetical and daring brain; yet was the whole worthy of the residence of some knight or king of old romance. It was beautiful, and might suggest to architects, in these threadbare days, ideas of a style piquantly original and refreshing. This was the view of Bristol Castle in 1138; Rowlie Canonicus, delineator, 1440, to be seen in Barrett's History. But deeper and deeper does this fortunate youth dive into the treasures of the chest, and more and more amazing are the wonders that he brings up. Never was so rich a chest stowed away in cloisters of the rich old middle ages. Now came up poets, painters, carvers, heralds, architects, and stainers of glass, besides warriors of proudest renown, all flourishing in times that we are wont to deem barren of such glories; and a more than chivalric reign of Arthur—a more than Elizabethan constellation of genius in arts and arms, astonishes the senses of those deeply learned, who fancied that they had explored all possible mines of the past knowledge. The dark ages grow brighter and brighter as the necromantic stripling rubs his lamp in the office of the attorney Lambert, till the living are almost blinded by the blaze of light from the regions of the forgotten dead. No less than eleven poets of great fame did he bring to light, of whom Abbot John, who flourished in 1186, he says, was one of the greatest that ever lived; and Maister John à Iscam not much less, living in the time of the great Maister Canynge, himself also a fine poet! But of all men, most versatile and rich in lore and intellect was Thomas Rowley, the friend of Canynge, and priest of St. John in Bristol; and truly, if the poems which he put forth in Rowley's name had been Rowley's, Rowley would have been a famous poet indeed—to say nothing of his sermons, histories, and other writings.

Spite of the wretchedness of his domestic position in Lambert's house, this must have been the happiest portion of Chatterton's life. His bringing out these treasures to the day had given him great consideration, amongst not only some of the most leading men, but amongst the youth of Bristol. With his excitable temperament his spirits rose occasionally into great gaiety and confidence. He began to entertain dreams of a lofty ambition. He had created a new world for himself, in which he lived. He had made Rowley its great heroic bard. He had raised Maister Canynge again from his marble rest in the south transept of St. Mary's, and placed him in his ancient glory in Bristol. Beneath his hands St. Mary's rose like a fairy fabric out of the earth, and was consecrated amid the most glorious hymns, and with the most gorgeous processions of priests and minstrels. Great and magnificent was Canynge in his wealth and his goodness once more in his native city; and in the brave lays of Rowley the valiant Ella fought, and the fierce Harold and William the Norman made the hill of Battell the eternal monument of the loss and gain of England.

"He was always," says Mr. Smyth, one of his intimate companions, "extremely fond of walking in the fields, particularly in Redcliffe meadows, and of talking about these manuscripts, and sometimes reading them there. 'Come,' he would say, 'you and I will take a walk in the meadow. I have got the cleverest thing for you imaginable;—it is worth half-a-crown merely to have a sight of it, and to hear me read it to you.' When we arrived at the place proposed he would produce his parchment, show it me, and read it to me. There was one spot in particular, full in view of the church, in which he would take a particular delight. He would frequently lay himself down, fix his eyes upon the church, and seem as if he were in a kind of trance. Then, on a sudden, abruptly he would tell me, 'That steeple was burnt down by lightning; that was the place where they formerly acted plays.'

"His Sundays were commonly spent in walking alone into the country about Bristol, as far as the duration of daylight would allow; and from those excursions he never failed to bring home with him drawings of churches, or some other objects which had impressed his romantic imagination.

This was one of those brief seasons in the poet's life when the heaven of his spirit has cast its glory on the nether world; when the light and splendour of his own beautiful creations invest the common earth, and he walks in the summer of his heart's joy. Every imagination seems to have become a reality; every hope to expand before him into fame and felicity; and the flowers beneath his tread, the sky above him, the air that breathes upon his cheek,—all Nature, in short, is full of the intoxication of poetic triumph. Bristol was become quite too narrow for him and Rowley; he shifted the field of his ambition to London, and the whole enchanted realm of his anticipations passed like a Fata Morgana, and was gone! There came instead, cruel contempt, soul-withering neglect, hunger, despair, and suicide!

Such was the history of the life of one of England's greatest poets, who perished by his own hand, stung to the soul by the utter neglect of his country, and too proud to receive that bread from compassion which the reading public of Great Britain refused to his poetic labours. Of this, of Walpole, and Gray, and Johnson, and the like, we will speak more anon. Here let us pause, and select a few specimens of that poetry which the people of England, at the latter end of the eighteenth century, would fain have suffered to perish with its author. That they may be better understood, we will modernise them.

The chief of his Rowley Poems are,—Ella, a Tragical Interlude, or Discoursing Tragedy; Godwin, the fragment of another Tragedy; the Battle of Hastings, the fragment of an Epic; and the Parliament of Sprytes, a most merry Interlude; with smaller ones.

ROUNDELAY, SUNG BY THE MINSTRELS IN ELLA.

' O! sing unto my roundelay,
O! drop the briny tear with me,
Dance no more at holiday;
Like a running river be.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow-tree.

" Black his hair as the winter night,
White his neck as the summer snow,
Red his face as the morning light;
Cold he lies in the grave below.
My love is dead, etc.

" Sweet his tongue as the throstle's note,
Quick in dance as thought can be,
Daft his tabour, cudgel stout;
O! he lies by the willow-tree.
My love is dead, etc.

" Hark! the raven flaps his wing
In the briared dell below;
Hark! the death-owl loud doth sing
To the nightmares, as they go.
My love is dead, etc.

" See! the white moon shines on high—
Whiter is my true love's shroud;
Whiter than the morning sky,
Whiter than the evening cloud.
My love is dead, etc.

" Here, upon my true love's grave,
Shall the barren flowers be laid;
Not one holy saint to save
All the coldness of a maid.
My love is dead, etc.

" With my hands I'll bend the briars
Round his holy corse to gre:*
Elfin fairies, light your fires;
Here my body still shall be.
My love is dead, etc.

" Come with acorn-cup and thorn,
Drain my heart's blood all away;
Life and all its good I scorn,
Dance by night, or feast by day.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow-tree.

" Water-witches, crowned with reytes,†
Bear me to your lethal tide.
I die! I come! my true love waits;—
Thus the damsel spoke, and died."

This roundelay has always, and most justly, been greatly admired for its true pathos, and that fine harmony which charms us so much in the fragments of similar songs preserved by Shakspeare. Not less beautiful is the Chorus in Godwin. There is something singularly great and majestic in its imagery.

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* Grow.

† Water-flags.

CHORUS IN GODWIN.

" When Freedom, dressed in blood-stained vest.
To every knight her war-song sung,
Upon her head wild weeds were spread;
A gory anlace by her hung:
She danced upon the heath;
She heard the voice of death;
Pale-eyed Affright, his heart of silver hue
In vain assailed her bosom to acale;*
She heard unmoved the shrieking voice of woe,
And Sadness in the owlet shake the dale.
She shook the pointed spear,
On high she reared her shield;
Her foemen all appear,
And fly along the field.
Power, with his head aloft unto the skies,
His spear a sunbeam, and his shield a star,
Like two fierce flaming meteors rolled his eyes,
Chafes with his iron feet and sounds to war.
She sits upon a rock,
She bends before his spear,
She rises with the shock,
Wielding her own in air.
Hard as the thunder doth she drive it on;
Wit, closely mantled, guides it to his crown,—
His long sharp spear, his spreading shield is gone;
He falls, and falling, rolleth thousands down.
War, gore-faced War, by Envy armed, arist,†
His fiery helmet nodding to the air.
Ten bloody arrows in his straining fist."

* * * * *

Next let us take a poem whose truest criticism is contained in its own title:—

AN EXCELLENT BALLAD OF CHARITY.

" From Virgo did the sun diffuse his sheen,
And hot upon the meads did cast his ray;
Red grew the apple from its paly green,
And the soft pear did bend the leafy spray;
The piéd goldfinch sung the livelong day:
'Twas now the pride, the manhood of the year,
And eke the ground was dight in its most deft aumere.‡

" The sun was gleaming in the midst of day,
Dead still the air, and eke the welkin blue,
When from the sea arose in drear array
A heap of clouds of sable sullen hue;
The which full fast unto the woodlands drew,
Hiding at once the sun's rejoicing face,
And the black tempest swelled and gathered up apace.

" Beneath an holm fast by a pathway side,
Which did unto St. Godwin's convent lead,
A hapless pilgrim moaning did abide;
In aspect poor, and wretched in his weed.
Long filléd with the miseries of need,
Where from the hailstone could the almer§ fly?
He had no house at hand, nor any convent nigh.

" Look in his gloomèd face, his sprite there scan;
How woe-begone, how withered, dry and dead!
Haste to thy church-glebe-house,‖ unhappy man!
Haste to thy coffin, thy sole sleeping bed.
Cold as the clay which will lie on thy head
Is charity and love amongst high elves;
Now knights and barons live for pleasure and themselves.

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* Freeze. † Arose. ‡ Robe. § Beggar. ‖ Grave.

"The gathered storm is rife; the big drops fall;
The sun-burnt meadows smoke and drink the rain;
The coming *ghastness*[*] doth the cattle 'pall,
And the full flocks are driving o'er the plain.
Dashed from the clouds, the waters fly again;
The welkin opes; the yellow levin flies,
And the hot fiery steam in the wide flashing dies.

"List! now the thunder's rattling, dinning sound
Moves slowly on, and then augmented clangs,
Shakes the high spire, and lost, dispended, drowned,
Still on the startled ear of terror hangs.
The winds are up; the lofty elm-tree swings!
Again the levin, and the thunder pours,
And the full clouds at once are burst in stony showers.

"Spurring his palfrey o'er the watery plain,
The Abbot of St. Godwin's convent came;
His chapournette[†] was drenchéd with the rain,
His painted girdle met with mickle shame;
He backward told his bead-roll at the same;
The storm grew stronger, and he drew aside
With the poor alms-craver near to the holm to bide.

"His cloak was all of Lincoln cloth so fine,
A golden button fastened near his chin;
His *autremete*[‡] was edged with golden twine,
And his peaked shoes a noble's might have been;
Full well it showed that he thought cost no sin;
The trammels of the palfrey pleased his sight,
For the horse-milliner[§] his head with roses dight.

"'An alms, sir priest!'—the dropping pilgrim said;
'O! let me wait within your convent door,
Till the sun shineth high above our head,
And the loud tempest of the air is o'er;
Helpless and old am I, alas! and poor;
No house, nor friend, nor money in my pouch;
All that I call my own is this my silver *crouche*.'

"'Varlet!' replied the Abbot, 'cease your din;
This is no season alms and prayers to give;
My porter never lets a stroller in;
None touch my ring who not in honour live.'
And now the sun with the black clouds did strive,
And shedding on the ground his glaring ray,
The Abbot spurred his steed, and eftsoons rode away.

"Again the sky was black, the thunder rolled;
Fast hieing o'er the plain a priest was seen;
Not dight full proud, nor buttoned up in gold;
His cloak and cape were grey, and eke were clean;
A limitor he was of order seen;[¶]
And from the pathway side then turnéd he,
Where the poor almer lay beneath the holmen tree.

"'An alms, sir priest,' the dropping pilgrim said,
'For sweet St. Mary and your order's sake.'
The limitor then loosed his pouch's thread,
And did thereout a groat of silver take;
The wretched pilgrim did for gladness shake.
'Here, take this silver, it may ease thy care;
We are God's stewards all; nought of our own we bear.

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[*] Ghastliness.

[†] A small round hat, not unlike the chapournette of heraldry, formerly worn by ecclesiastics and lawyers.—CHATTERTON.

[‡] Coif.

[§] The sign of a horse-milliner was till lately, if not still to be seen, in Bristol.

[‖] Crucifix

[¶] Begging friar.

"'But oh! unhappy pilgrim, learn of me,
Scarce any give a rent-roll to their Lord.
Here, take my semi-cape,* thou'rt bare I see;
'Tis thine; the saints will give me my reward.'
He left the pilgrim, and away he strode.
Virgin and Holy Saints who sit in gloure,†
Or give the mighty will, or give the good man power!"

The following presents a very living picture of the ceremony of church consecration formerly:—

ON THE DEDICATION OF OUR LADY'S CHURCH.

"Soon as bright sun along the skies had sent his ruddy light,
And fairies hid in oxlip cups till wished approach of night;
The matin bell with shrilly sound reechoed through the air;
A troop of holy friars did for Jesus' mass prepare.
Around the high unsainted church with holy relics went;
And every door and post about with godly things bespent.
Then Carpenter,‡ in scarlet dressed, and mitred holily,
From Master Canynge, his great house, with rosary did hie.
Before him went a throng of friars, who did the mass song sing;
Behind him Master Canynge came, tricked like a barbed king.
And then a row of holy friars who did the mass song sound;
The procurators and church reeves next pressed the holy ground.
And when unto the church they came, a holy mass they sang,
So loudly that their pleasant voice unto the heavens rang.
Then Carpenter did purify the church to God for aye,
With holy masses and good psalms which he therein did say.
Then was a sermon preached soon by Carpenter holily;
And after that another one preached was by me.
Then all did go to Canynge's house an interlude to play,
And drink his wines and ale so good, and pray for him for aye."

We will select just one short lyric more, because its stanza and rhythm seem to me to have communicated their peculiar music to one of the sweetest of our living poets:—

SONG OF SAINT WARBURGH.

"When king Kynghill in his hand
Held the sceptre of this land,
Shining star of Christ's own light,
The murky mists of pagan night
'Gan to scatter far and wide;
Then Saint Warburgh he arose,
Doffed his honours and fine clothes;
Preaching his Lord Jesus' name
To the land of West Sexx came,
Where yellow Severn rolls his tide.

"Strong in faithfulness he trode
Over the waters like a god,
Till he gained the distant hecke;§
In whose banks his staff did stick
Witness to the miracle.
Then he preachéd night and day,
And set many the right way.
This good staff great wonders wrought,
More than guessed by mortal thought,
Or than mortal tongue can tell.

"Then the folks a bridge did make
Over the stream unto the hecke,
All of wood eke long and wide,
Pride and glory of the tide,
Which in time did fall away.
Then Earl Leof he bespe^d
This great river from its bed,
Round his castle for to run;
'Twas in truth an ancient one;
But war and time will all decay.

"Now again with mighty force,
Severn in his ancient course,
Rolls his rapid stream along,
With a sand both swift and strong,
Whelming many an oaken wood.
We, the men of Bristol town,
Have rebuilt this bridge of stone,
Wishing each that it may last
Till the date of days be past,
Standing where the other stood."

Now, would it ever have been believed, had not the thing really taken place in its unmitigated strangeness, that such poetry as this—poetry, indeed, of which these are but mere fragments, which, while they display the power, poetic freedom, and intellectual riches of the writer, do not show the breadth and grandeur of his plans, to be seen only in the works themselves,—that they could have been presented to the public, and passed over with contempt, not a century ago? Would it have been credited, that the leading men of the literary world at that time, instead of flinging back such poems at the boy who presented them as a discovered antiquity, were not struck with the amazing fact, that if the boy were an impostor, as they avowed, if he indeed *had written them himself*, he must at the same time be a *glorious poet?* Yet Horace Walpole, Gray, Mason, Dr. Johnson, and the whole British throng of *literati* were guilty of this blindness!

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* Short under-cloak.
† Glory.
‡ Bishop Carpenter.
§ Height.

That was a dark time in which Chatterton had the misfortune to appear. Spite of the mighty intellects, the wit or learning of such men as Johnson, Gray, Goldsmith, Thomas and Joseph Warton, Burke, and Walpole, poetry, and the spirit of poetry, were, as a general fact, at a low ebb. It was the midnight succeeding the long declining day of the imitators of Pope. The great crowd of versifiers had wandered away from Nature, and her eternal fountain of inspiration, and the long array of Sprats, Blackmores, Yaldens, Garths, and the like, had wearied the ear and the heart to death with their polished commonplaces. The sweet muse of Goldsmith was almost the only genuine beam of radiant light, before the great dawn of a more glorious day which was about to break; and Goldsmith himself was hasting to his end. Beattie was but just appearing, publishing the first part of his Minstrel the very year that Chatterton perished by his own hand. The great novelists, Richardson, Fielding, and Sterne, had disappeared from the scene, and their fitting cotemporary, Smollett, was abroad on his travels, where he died the year after Chatterton's suicide. Akenside died the same year; Falconer was drowned at sea the year before; Sheridan's literary sun appeared only above the horizon five years later, with the publication of his Rivals. Who then were in the ascendant, and therefore the influential arbiters of public opinion; they who must put forth the saving hand, if ever put forth, and give the cheering "all hail," if it were given? They were Gray, who, however, himself died the following year, Armstrong, Anstey of the Bath Guide, Mason, Lord Lyttelton, Gibbon, the Scotch historians and philosophers, Hume, Robertson, Adam Smith, and the like. There were, too, such men about the stage as Foote, Macklin, Colman, and Cumberland; and there were the lady writers, or patrons of literature, Mrs. Carter, Mrs. Macauley, Mrs. Montagu. Macpherson was smarting under the flagellations received on account of his Ossian,—and that was about all. Spite of great names, is that a literary tribunal from which much good was to be hoped? No, we repeat it, so far as poetry, genuine poetry, was concerned, it was a dark and wintry time. The Wartons were of a more hopeful character, and Mrs. Montagu, the founder of the Blue-Stocking Club, had then recently published her Essay on the Genius and Writings of Shakspeare. She, a patron and an advocate of Shakspeare, might, one would have thought, have started from the herd, and done herself immortal honour by asserting the true rank of the new genius, and saving him from a fearful death. But it is one thing to assert the fame of a Shakspeare, established on the throne of the world's homage, and another to *discover*, much more to hymn, the advent of a new genius. The literary world, warned by the scarifying castigation which Macpherson had undergone for introducing Ossian, as if, instead of giving the world a fresh poet, he had robbed it of one, shrunk back from the touch of a second grand impostor—*another knave* come to forge for the public another *great poet!* It was a new kind of crime, this endowment of the republic of literature with enormous accessions of wealth; and, what was more extraordinary, the endowers were not only denounced as thieves, but as thieves from themselves! Macpherson and Chatterton did not assert that *they* had written new and great poems, which the acute critics proved to be stolen from the ancients, Ossian and Rowley; that and their virtuous indignation we might have comprehended; but, on the contrary, while the critics protested that Chatterton and Macpherson *themselves* were the actual poets, and had only put on *the masks* of ancients, they treated them, not as clever maskers, joining in the witty conceit, and laughing over it in good-natured triumph, but they denounced them in savage terms, as base thieves, false coiners, damnable impostors!

And of what were they impostors? Were not the poems *real?* Were they not genuine, and of the true Titanic stamp? Of what were they thieves? Were not the treasures which they came dragging into the literary bank of England genuine treasures? and if they were found not to have indeed dug them out of the rubbish of the ruined temple of antiquity, were they not *their own?* Did the critics not protest that they were *their own?* What, then, was their strange crime? That they would rob themselves of their own intellectual riches, and deposit them on the altar of their country's glory.* Wondrous crime! wondrous age! Let us rejoice that a better time has arrived. Not thus was execrated and chased out of the regions of popularity, and even into a self-dug grave, "The Great Unknown," "The Author of Waverley." He wore his mask in all peace and honour for thirteen years, and not a soul dreamed of denouncing Sir Walter Scott, when he was compelled to own himself as the real author, because he had endeavoured to palm off his productions as those of Peter Pattison, or Jedediah Cleishbotham.

The world *has* grown wiser, and that through a new and more generous, because a more gifted, generation which has arisen. The age which was in its wane when Chatterton appeared upon the stage, was lying beneath the incubus of scholastic formality. Dr. Johnson ruled it as a growling dictator, and the mediocre herd of copyists shrunk equally from the heavy blow of his critical cudgel, and the sharp puncture of Horace Walpole's wit. But the dawn was at hand. Bishop Percy had already, in 1765, published his Reliques, and they were beginning to operate. Men read them, went back again at once to nature, and, at her inspiration, up sprung the noble throng of poets, historians, essayists, and romance writers, which have clothed the nineteenth century with one wide splendour of the glory of genius.

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* This fact of two poets at the same period producing extraordinary compositions, which they protested were not their own, and who, rather than enjoy the glory of them, died steadfastly repudiating them, amid one universal yell of execration as impostors, is one of the most inexplicable phenomena in the history of literature. The Spiritualists would solve the whole by declaring them unconscious mediums. And, curiously enough, Macpherson belonged to the country of second-sight, and Chatterton exhibited all the symptoms of mediumship. His trance-like appearance in the Redcliffe meadows, in which he made sudden oracular declarations; his wonderful architecture; and the splendour of his poetry, so far above his years, all favour their supposition, and without pronouncing upon it, we may affirm that it is, at least, curious.

The real crime, however, which Chatterton committed was, not that he had attempted to palm off upon the world his own productions as Rowley's, but that he had succeeded in taking the knowing ones in. He had caught in his trap those to whom it was poison and death not to appear more sagacious than all the world besides. He had showed up the infallibility of the critics,—an unpardonable crime! These tricks of mere boys, by which the craft, and the owl-gravity of the greybeards of literary dictation, might any day be so lamentably disconcerted, and exposed to vulgar ridicule, was a dangerous practice, and therefore it was to be put down with a genuine Mohawk onslaught. Walpole, who had been bitten by Macpherson, and was writhing under the exposure so agonizing to his aristocratic pride, was most completely entrapped again by Chatterton. Spite of his cool denial of this, any one has only to read his letter to Chatterton, despatched instantly on the receipt of Chatterton's first packet, to be quite satisfied on this point. He "thinks himself singularly obliged," he "gives him a thousand thanks for his very curious and kind letter." "What you have sent," he declares, "is valuable, and full of information; *but instead of correcting you, sir, you are far more able to correct me.*" Think of the cruel chagrin of the proud dilettante, Walpole, when he discovered that he had been making this confession to a boy of sixteen! What was worse, he had offered, in this letter of March 28, 1769, to print the poems of Rowley, if they had never been printed! and added, "The Abbot John's verses which you have given me are wonderful for their harmony and spirit!"

Never was a sly old fox so perfectly entrapped by a mere lad. But hear with what excess of politeness he concludes:— .

"I will not trouble you with more questions now, sir; but flatter myself, from the urbanity and politeness you have already shown me, that you will give me leave to consult you. I hope, too, you will forgive the simplicity of my direction, as you have favoured me with no other. "I am, Sir,

"Your much obliged and obedient servant,

"HORACE WALPOLE."

This was before Gray and Mason, who had seen the MS. sent, declared it to be a forgery; and before Horace had discovered that he had been thus complimenting a poor lawyer's clerk, and his poems! He thought that he was addressing some gentleman of fortune, pursuing antiquarian lore in his own noble library, no doubt; but he was stung by two serpents at once—the writer was a poor lad, and the verses were his own!

There has been a great war of words regarding the conduct of Walpole to Chatterton. Some have declared him guilty of the fate of the poor youth; others have gone as far the other way, and exempted him from all blame. In my opinion, nothing can excuse the conduct of Walpole. If not to prevent the fate of Chatterton, was, in his case, to accelerate it, then Walpole must be pronounced guilty of the catastrophe which ensued; and what greatly aggravates the offence is, that he made that a crime in Chatterton of which he himself had set the example. Chatterton gave out that his poems were written by Rowley; Walpole had given out that his Castle of Otranto was the work of an old Italian, and that it had been found, not in Canynge's chest, but "in the library of an ancient catholic family in the north of England." Nothing is more certain, then, that, brought into close communication with this extraordinary youth and his brilliant productions, he either did not or would not see, that if Rowley were nobody, Chatterton was a great poet, and as a boy, and a poor boy, was an extraordinary phenomenon; and that both patriotism and humanity demanded that he should be at once brought under the notice of the good and wise, and everything possible done to develop his rare powers, and secure them to his country. Walpole coolly advised him to stick to his desk, and left him! Sir Walter Scott has said that Walpole is not alone to blame; the whole country partakes the censure with him, and that he gave the boy good advice. This is not quite true. The whole country did not know of Chatterton, of his wonderful talents, and his peculiar situation; but all these were thrust upon the attention of Walpole, and he gave him advice. True, the advice in itself was good; but, unluckily, it was given when Walpole by his conduct had destroyed all its value with Chatterton—when the proud boy, seeing the contemptible way in which the aristocrat, wounded in his vanity, turned round upon him, had torn his letters to atoms, and stamped them under his feet.

Had Walpole, when he discovered the real situation and genius of Chatterton, kindly taken him by the hand,—had he, instead of deserting him on account of his poverty, and of his having put on him the pardonable trick of representing his own splendid productions as those of a nonentity, Thomas Rowley, then and there advised him to adhere to his profession, as a certain source of fortune, and to cultivate his poetic powers in his leisure moments, promising to secure for him, as he so easily could, a full acknowledgment of his talents from the public,—it is certain that he might have made of Chatterton, who was full of affection, what he would. He might have represented to him what a fair and legitimate field of poetry he had chosen, thus celebrating the historic glory of his nation, and what an injustice he was doing to himself by giving the fame of his own genius to Rowley. Had he done this, he would have assuredly saved a great mind to his country, and would have deserved of it all honour and gratitude. But to have expected this from Walpole was to expect warmth from an icicle.

Spite, therefore, of the advice of Walpole, "given with as much kindness and tenderness as if he had been his guardian,' no argument or eloquence can shield him from the blame of posterity. There stands the fact—that he turned his back on a great poet, when he stood before him blazing like a star of the first magnitude, and suffered him to perish. He did more. When that poet *had* perished, and the great soul of his country had awoke to its error and its loss, and acknowledged that "a prince had fallen in Israel," then, on the publication of Chatterton's letters to him in 1786, did this mean-souled man, in a canting letter to Hannah More, absolutely deny that he had ever received these letters!—"*letters pretended to have been sent to me*, and which *never were sent*." *

After this, let those defend Walpole who like; would that we could clear that rough, dogmatic, but noble fellow, Samuel Johnson, from a criminal indifference to the claims and fate of Chatterton; but, with that unreflecting arbitrariness of will, which often led him into error, we learn from Boswell, who often urged him to read the poems of Rowley, that he long refused, saying, "Pho, child! don't talk to me of the powers of a vulgar, uneducated stripling! No man can coin guineas but in proportion as he has gold." When at length he *was* induced to read them, he confessed—"This is the most extraordinary young man that has encountered my knowledge. It is wonderful how the whelp has written such things." It had then been long too late to begin to admire; and the giant prejudices of Johnson had driven poor Chatterton as completely from him, as the *petit-maitre* vanity of Walpole repulsed him in that quarter.

Miss Seward, a woman who, with all her faults as a writer, had always the tact to discern true genius, would have dared to acknowledge the vast powers of Chatterton, had it been in her own day of popularity; but at the death of Chatterton, she was a country girl of twenty-three. What she says of Johnson's conduct is very just:—"Though Chatterton had long been dead when Johnson began his Lives of the Poets,—though Chatterton's poems had long been before the world,—though their contents had engaged the *literati* of the nation in controversy,—yet would not Johnson allow Chatterton a place in those volumes into which Pomfret and Yalden were admitted. So invincible were his grudging and surly prejudices, enduring long-deceased genius but ill, and contemporary genius not at all."

Thus we have traced the course of Thomas Chatterton to that eventful crisis of his fate, when he found himself rejected, as it were, by the literary senate of his nation, and thrust down the few steps of the temple of fame, which he had dared to ascend, as a forger and impostor. He was thrust away, in a manner, from the heart, and what was more, from the intellect of his country; yet his proud spirit spurned the ignominious treatment, and he dared to make one grand effort, one great and final appeal against the fiat, in the face of the whole world, and in the heart of the British metropolis. Alas! it was a desperate enterprise, and our hearts bleed as we follow him in his course. There is nothing, in my opinion, so utterly melancholy in all the history of the calamities of authors, as the four fatal months of Chatterton's sojourn in London. It was his great misfortune, from the hour of his birth till that moment, that he never had one suitable friend—one wise, generous, and sympathising friend, who saw at once his splendid endowments, and the faults of his character, and who could thus acquire a sound, and at the same time an inspiring influence over him. Born of poor people, who, however they might love him, did not and could not comprehend him,—living in a town devoted to trade, and nailed to the desk of a pettifogging attorney,—he went on his way alone, conscious of his own powers, and of the inferiority of those around him, till his pride and his passions kept pace with his genius, and he would have been a miracle had he not had great and many faults. If we, therefore, sigh over his religious scepticism, and regret the occasional symptoms of a sufficient want of truth and high principle in his literary hoaxes, especially in foisting fictitious matter into grave history, we are again compelled to acknowledge that it was because he had no adequate friend and counsellor. He was like a young giant wandering solitarily over a wilderness without guide or guide-post; and if he did not go wrong in proportion to his unusual ardour, strength, and speed, it were a wonder. But from the moment that he sets foot in London, what is there in all biography so heart-breaking to contemplate? With a few borrowed guineas he sets out. Arrived in this great ocean of human life, where one living wave rushes past another as unrecognizant as the waves of the ordinary sea, his heart overflowing with domestic affections, he expends the few borrowed guineas in presents to his mother and sister, and sends them with flaming accounts of his prospect of honours for himself, and of wealth for them. If any one would make himself acquainted with the true pathetic, let him only read the few letters written home by Chatterton, from Shoreditch and Holborn. He was to get four guineas a month by one magazine; was to write a History of England, and occasional essays for the daily papers. "What a glorious prospect!" He was acquainted with all the geniuses at the Chapter coffee-house. "No author can be poor who understands the arts of booksellers; this knowledge I have pretty well dipped into!" Ah! poor Chatterton, one frog more gone to put himself under the protection of King Stork! Mr. Wilkes knew him by his writings; and he was going to visit him, and use his interest to secure the Trinity House for a Mrs. Ballance. He wrote to all his young men acquaintances: they were to send him up compositions, and he would have them inserted in all sorts of periodicals. Songs he was to write for a Doctor in Music; and such was the good fortune pouring in, that he could not help exclaiming—"*Bravo, my boys, up we go!*" One person would give him a recommendation as travelling companion to the young Duke of Northumberland, only he spoke nothing but English; another to Sir George Colebrook, an East India Director, for a place of no despicable description, only he would not go to sea. He was about to wait on the Duke of Bedford; and had had a most polite interview with Beckford, the Lord Mayor. In short, all, according to his poetic fancy, was going on most mountingly. "If," wrote he to his sister, "money flowed as fast upon me as honours, I would give you a portion of 5,000*l*."

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* Horace Walpole's Letters, vol. ii. 1840.

But what was the stern reality? Amid all the flush of imaginary honours and success, or what he would have his family to think such, to tranquillise their minds, he was, in truth, almost from the first, in a state of starvation. His journey, and the presents so generously but so injudiciously purchased for his mother and sister,—the little fund of borrowed guineas, was gone. Of friends he does not appear to have had one in this huge human wilderness. Besides the booksellers for whom he did slave-work, not a single influential mortal seems to have put out a finger of fellowship towards him. So far as the men of literary fame were concerned, it was one wide, dead, and desert silence. From the wretched region of Shoreditch, he flitted to the good-natured dressmaker's of Brook-street, Holborn. But starvation pursued him, and stared him every day more fearfully in the face. He was, with all his glorious talents and his indomitable pride, utterly alone in the world. Walpole, who had given him advice "as kindly as if he had been his guardian," was in great bodily comfort, penning smart letters, and compiling a "Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors," at Strawberry-hill; while the noblest genius living was stalking on sternly through the streets of pitiless London, to famine and despair. Sam Johnson, all *his* struggles now over, and at the annual price of 300*l*. become, according to his own definition of Pensioner in his Dictionary,—"A slave of state, hired by a stipend to obey his master,"—was comfortably lolling on the soft sofas of Mrs. Thrale, or acting the lion in the Literary Club, or in the saloon of some wealthy noble. Goldsmith was hastening to his end at fifty-three, and Chatterton to his at seventeen!

Of all the fine flourishes about the booksellers, whose arts he flattered himself that he understood, the following extract from his pocket-book, found after his death, will show the wretched result:—

			£	s.	d.
"Received	to May 23,	for Middlesex	£1	11	6
,,	,,	of B.	1	2	3
,,	,,	of Fell, for the Consuliad . . .	0	10	6
,,	,,	of Mr. Hamilton, for Candidus and Foreign Journal	0	2	0
,,	,,	of Mr. Fell	0	10	6
,,	,,	of Middlesex Journal	0	8	6
,,	,,	of Mr. Hamilton, for 16 songs .	0	10	6
			£4	15	9

"In another part of this little book," says his biographer, "shortly before his death, he had inserted a memorandum, intimating that the sum of eleven pounds was due to him from the London publishers. It was a cruel fate to be compelled to turn literary drudge, with four-and-twenty shillings a month for wages,—and more cruel still, to be doomed to suffer all the pains of hunger because those wages were not paid!"

Such was the life of Chatterton. His fate is too well known; and so little sensation did the awful death of this

"Marvellous boy,
The sleepless soul, who perished in his pride,"

occasion, that it was long before his friends heard anything of him. He was buried without ceremony *amongst paupers in Shoe-lane;* his identity could with difficulty be established when the fact was known.

In all the annals of literature there is nothing resembling the history of this boy-poet; he stands alone. Never did any other youth of the same years, even under the most favourable circumstances, produce works of the same high order; and never was child of genius treated by his country with such unfeeling contempt, with such an iron and unrelenting harshness of neglect. The fate of Francis Hilary Gilbert, a French writer, has been compared to that of Chatterton; but, besides that Gilbert was a man of forty-three, and had no claims to the genius of Chatterton, being a writer on veterinary medicine and rural economy, he destroyed himself because the government, which had sent him to Spain, neglected to send him his remittances,—not from neglect of a whole nation. Except in the mere facts of destitution and suicide, there is little resemblance in the characters, claims, or fates of the two men. Chatterton's death has furnished a tragedy to the French stage from the pen of Alfred de Vigny.

The haunts of Chatterton lie within a narrow space. He was not one of those whom fate or fortune allows to traverse many lands; Bristol and London were his only places of residence. In London, little can now be known of his haunts: that he frequented Vauxhall and Marylebone gardens; resorted to the Chapter coffee-house; that he lived nine weeks at Mr. Walmsley's, a plasterer, in Shoreditch; and then removed to Mrs. Angel's, dressmaker, No. 4, Brook-street, Holborn, comprises nearly the totality of his homes and haunts in London. Where Mr. Walmsley's house was cannot now be ascertained; the Chapter coffee-house still retains its old situation, but has long ceased to be the resort "of all the literary characters" of London; Vauxhall is in its deserted old age, and Marylebone gardens are, like many other gardens of Chatterton's time, now overrun, not with weeds, but houses. No. 4, Brook-street, Holborn, would be an interesting number if it remained—but, as if everything connected with the history of this ill-fated youth, except his fame, should be condemned to the most singular fatality, there is no No. 4—it is swallowed up by an enormous furniture warehouse, Charles Meeking's, now fronting into Holborn, and occupying what used to be numbers one, two, three, and four of Brook-street. Thus, the whole of the interior of these houses has been cleared away, and they have been converted into one long show-shop below, and as long manufacturing shops above. In this form they have been for the last eight-and-twenty years; and previous to that time, I am told, were occupied by an equally extensive ironmongery concern. Thus, all memory of the particular spot which was the room of Chatterton, and where he committed the suicide, is rooted out. What is still more strange, the very same fate has attended his place of sepulture. He was buried amongst the paupers in Shoe-lane; so little was known or cared about him and his fate, that it was some time, as stated, before his friends learned the sad story; in the meantime, the exact site of his grave was well-nigh become unknown. It appears, however, from inquiries which I have made, that the spot was recognised; and when the public became at length aware of the genius that had been suffered to perish in despair, a headstone was erected by subscription amongst some admirers of his productions. With the rapid revolutions of property which now take place, especially in the metropolis and other large cities; with new plans and improvements, which in their progress seem to spare nothing of the past, however sacred, we have already seen, in the course of these volumes, how many traces of the resorts and dwellings of our poets have vanished from amongst us. The very resting-place of Chatterton could not escape the ungenial character of his fate. London, which seemed to refuse to know him when alive, refused a quiet repose to his ashes. To lie amongst the paupers of Shoe-lane was, one would have thought, a sufficiently abject lot for so proud and soaring a nature; but fortune had still another spite in reserve for his remains! The burial-ground in Shoe-lane, one of those enclosures of the dead which a dignitary of the Church has asserted to be guarded and guaranteed against all violence and change by the ceremony of consecration, was sold to form Farringdon-market; and tombs and memorials of the deceased disappeared to make way for the shambles and cabbage-stalls of the living. Was there no lover of literature, no venerator of genius, to take the alarm; to step in and see that the bones and the headstone of Chatterton were removed to the graveyard which still is attached to St. Andrew's church? It appears not. Neglected in death as in life, the headstone was pulled up, the bones of the poet were left to share the fate of those of his pauper comrades, and it is now most probable that they are scattered—Heaven knows where! for I am assured, on good authority, that houses are now built on the spot where this unfortunate youth lay. If houses are built, most likely cellars were dug to those houses; and then the bones of Chatterton—where are they? Echo may answer—where?

Mr. Pryce, in his "Memorials of the Canynges' Family," gives a letter, dated January, 1853, from Joseph Cottle to Sholto Vere Hare, in which he states that, forty years before, Mr. George Cumberland, a descendant of Bishop Cumberland, and a highly respectable man of literary tastes, informed him that Mrs. Edkins, so frequently mentioned in Chatterton's life, assured him, that so soon as Mrs. Chatterton heard of her son having destroyed himself, she wrote to Chatterton's uncle, a carpenter in London, "urging him to send down his body in a coffin or box. The box was, accordingly, sent down to Bristol; and when," said Mrs. Edkins, "I called on my friend Mrs. Chatterton to condole with her, she, as a great secret, took me upstairs and showed me the box; and, removing the lid, I saw the poor boy, while his mother sobbed in silence. She told me she should have him taken out in the middle of the night, and bury him in Redcliffe churchyard. Afterwards, when I saw her, she said she had managed it very well, so that none but the sexton and his assistant knew anything about it. This secrecy was necessary, or he could not have been buried in consecrated ground."—*Memorials of the Canynges' Family*, p. 293.

Mr. Cottle infers that the poet was buried in "the family grave," though it is not so asserted in this passage. Can this very circumstantial story be true, and yet have continued unknown so many years? Chatterton has been now dead eighty-six years. It is a question of curious interest to the public; and a "pick-axe and a spade" would decide, in a single hour, whether he really ever was buried in his father's grave.

Let us now quit the desecrated scene of the poet's interment, and, returning to Bristol, seek that of his birth—we shall seek it equally in vain! The house of his birth, and the last narrow house of his remains, are alike swept away from the earth! Chatterton was born on Redcliffe-hill, in a back-court behind the row of houses facing the north-west side of St. Mary's churchyard; the row of houses and its back-courts have all been pulled down and rebuilt. The house in which Chatterton was born was behind a shop nearly opposite the north-west corner of the church; and the monument to the young poet, erected by subscription in 1840, was placed in a line between this house and the north porch of the church in which he professed to have found the Rowley MSS.

This monument was a gothic erection, much resembling an ancient cross, and on the top stood Chatterton, in the dress of Colston's school, and with an unfolded roll of parchment in his hand. It was erected from the design of Mr. Fripp, which superseded the one planned by John Britton, the antiquary, who, so much to his honour, long zealously exerted himself to rescue Chatterton's memory from apparent neglect in his native city. The man who could gaze on this monument; could contemplate the boyish figure and face of the juvenile poet; could glance from the quarter where he was born in poverty, to that old porch, where he planned the scheme of his fame; and could call to mind what he was, and what he did, without the profoundest sensations of wonder and regret, might safely pass through life without fear of an astonishment. How much, then, would that feeling of sympathy and regret have been augmented, had the monument simply borne the very words written by the inspired boy himself for his supposed tomb, and inserted in his "will!"

> "To the Memory of
> THOMAS CHATTERTON.
> Reader, judge not: if thou art a Christian—believe that he shall be judged by a Superior Power;—to that Power alone is he now answerable."

The fate of Chatterton still seems to pursue his memory. This monument, soon after the publication of the first edition of this work, was pulled down, it is said, because it impeded, or was in danger from the operations of the restoration of the church. It was said at the time that it was to be re-erected in another part of the churchyard, but this has never yet been done. The stones of the monument lie in the crypt of the church, and the statue is carefully enclosed in a box, locked and nailed down.

From the inquiries of a friend on the spot, made at my request, and who saw both the architect for the restoration, the churchwardens, and the persons who have the keeping of the crypt, it appears that nothing whatever is determined on as to the re-erection. One party believed that it would be re-erected if there were funds, which he stated there were not; another thought the monument of a suicide would not be permitted to stand on consecrated ground. The only thing certain appeared that it was apparently as far from re-erection as on the day when it was pulled down.

What are the subscribers about? They who purchased this monument should see that it is erected somewhere. Is there no other public spot in Bristol where could stand the monument of the greatest man it ever produced? Why not the court of Colston's school? The statue of Lord Byron, repelled from the portal of Westminster Abbey, has found a fitting locale in his university at Cambridge,—why should not that of the Colston boy stand in front of Colston's school? If allowed to stand there till it produces another such boy, we may promise it a term of occupation probably without limit. At all events, Bristol owes a duty to the memory of Chatterton, and to itself, which it ought not to neglect.

One of the spots in Bristol which we should visit with the intensest interest connected with the history of Chatterton, would be the office of Lambert the attorney, where he wrote the finest of his poems attributed to Rowley. The first office of this person was on St. John's steps, but he left this during Chatterton's abode with him; and, ceasing to be an office, it does not now seem to be exactly known in which house it was. From this place he removed to the house occupied, at the time of my visit, by Mr. Short, silversmith, in Cornhill, opposite to the Exchange; and here Chatterton probably wrote the greater portion of Rowley's poems. Another favourite haunt of Chatterton's, Redcliffe meadow, is now no longer a meadow, but is built all over; so rapidly has about eighty years eradicated the footsteps of the poet in his native place. There are two objects, however, which from their public character remain, and are likely to remain, unchanged, and around which the recollections of Chatterton and his singular history will for ever vividly cling—these are, Colston's school and the church of St. Mary.

The school in Pyle-street, where he was sent at five years of age, and which his father had taught, I believe no longer exists. The school on St. Augustine's Back exists, and is likely to do so. It is one of those endowments founded by the great merchants of England, which, if they had been preserved from the harpy and perverting fingers of trustees, would now suffice to educate the whole nation. This school, founded at a comparatively recent date, and in the midst of an active city like Bristol, seems to be well administered. There you find an ample school-room, dining-hall, chapel, and spacious bed-rooms, all kept in most clean and healthy order; a hundred boys, in their long blue full-skirted coats, and scarlet stockings, exactly as they were in the days of Chatterton. You may look on them and realize to yourself precisely how Chatterton and his schoolfellows looked when he was busy there devouring books of history, poetry, and antiquities, and planning the Burgum pedigree, and the like. Take any fair boy, of a similar age, let him be one of the oldest and most attractive,—for, says his biographer, "there was a stateliness and a manly bearing in Chatterton beyond what might have been expected from his years." "He had a proud air," says Mrs. Edkins, and, according to the general evidence, he was as remarkable for the prematurity of his person, as he was for that of his intellect and imagination. His mien and manner were exceedingly prepossessing; his eyes were grey, but piercingly brilliant; and when he was animated in conversation, or excited by any passing event, the fire flashed and rolled in the lower part of the orbs in a wonderful and almost fearful way. Mr. Catcott characterised Chatterton's eye "as a kind of hawk's eye, and thought we could see his soul through it." As with Byron, "one eye was more remarkable than the other; and its lightning-like flashes had something about them supernaturally grand." Take some fine, clever-looking lad, then, from the crowd, and you will find such, and you will feel the strangest astonishment in imagining such a boy appearing before the grave citizen Burgum, with his pedigree, and within a few years afterwards, acting so daring and yet so glorious a part before the whole world.

To the admirers of genius, and the sympathizers with the strange fate of Chatterton, a visit to this school must always be a peculiar gratification. I found all so airy, fresh, and cheerful; there was such a spirit of order evinced even in the careful rolling up of their Sunday suits, with their broad silver-plated belt clasps, each arranged in its proper place, on shelves in the clothes-room, under every boy's own number, and yet without that order degenerating into severity, but the contrary,—that I could not help feeling the grand beneficence of those wealthy merchants who, like Edward Colston, make their riches do their generous will for ever; who become thereby the actual fathers of their native cities to all generations; who roll, in every year of the world's progress, some huge stone of anxiety from the hearts of poor widows; who clear the way before the unfriended but active and worthy lad; who put forth their invisible hands from the heaven of their rest, and become the genuine guardian angels of the orphan race for ever and ever; raising from those who would otherwise have been outcasts and ignorant labourers, aspiring and useful men, tradesmen of substance, merchants, the true enrichers of their country, and fathers of happy families. How glorious is such a lot! how noble is such an appropriation of wealth! how enviable is such a fame! And amongst such men there were few more truly admirable than Edward Colston. He was worthy to have been lifted by Chatterton to the side of the magnificent Canynge, and one cannot help wondering that he says so little about this great benefactor of his city.

Edward Colston was not merely the founder of this school for the clothing, maintaining, and apprenticing of one hundred boys, at a charge of about 40,000*l.*, but he also founded another school in Temple-street, to clothe and maintain forty boys, at a cost of 3,000*l.*; and he left 8,500*l.* for an almshouse for twelve men and twelve women, with 6*s.* per week to the chief brother, and 3*s.* per week to the rest, with coals, &c.; 600*l.* for the maintenance of six sailors in the Merchants' Almshouse; 1,500*l.* to clothe, maintain, instruct, and apprentice six boys; 200*l.* to the Mint Workhouse; 500*l.* to rebuild the Boys' Hospital; 200*l.* to put out poor children; 1,200*l.* to be given in 100*l.* a-year, for twelve years, to apprentice boys from his school, at the rate of 10*l.* each; 1,230*l.* to beautify different churches in the city; 2,500*l.* to St. Bartholomew's Hospital in London; and 2,000*l.* to Christchurch School in London; 500*l.* to St. Thomas's Hospital; 500*l.* to Bethlehem Hospital; 200*l.* to New Workhouse in Bishopsgate Without; 300*l.* to the Society for Propagating the Gospel; 900*l.* for educating and clothing twelve poor boys and twelve girls, at 45*l.* yearly, at Mortlake, in Surrey; to build and endow an almshouse at Sheen, in Surrey, sum not stated; 6,000*l.* to augment poor livings; besides various other sums for charitable purposes. All this property did this noble man thus bestow on the needs of his poorer brethren, without forgetting, as is often the case on great occasions, those of his own blood relatives, to whom he bequeathed the princely sum of 100,000*l.* But, like an able and wise merchant, he did not merely bequeathe these munificent funds,—he "performed all these charitable works in his lifetime; invested revenues for their support in trustees' hands; lived to see the trusts justly executed, as they are at this day; and saw with his own eyes the good effects of all his establishments." Great, too, as were these bequests, they were not the result of hoarding during a long penurious life, as is often the case, to leave a boastful name at his death; his whole life was like the latter end of it. True, he did not marry; and when urged to it, used to reply with a sort of pleasantness, "Every helpless widow is my wife, and her distressed orphans my children." "He was a most successful merchant," says Barrett, in his History of Bristol, "and never insured a ship, and never lost one. He lived first in Small-street, Bristol, but having so much business in London, and being chosen to represent the city, he removed thither; and afterwards lived, as he advanced in years, a very retired life, at Mortlake, in Surrey. His daily existence was one of the noblest acts of Christian benevolence; and his private donations were not less than his public. He sent at one time 3,000*l.* to relieve and free debtors in Ludgate, by a private hand; freed yearly those confined for small debts in Whitechapel prison and the Marshalsea; sent 1,000*l.* to relieve distress in Whitechapel; twice a-week distributed beef and broth to all the poor around him; and were any sailor suffering or cast away, in his employ, his family afterwards found a sure asylum in him."

Why did not Chatterton, who by the splendid provision of this man received his education and advance into life, resound the praises of Edward Colston as loudly as he did those of William Canynge? There is no doubt that it was because time had not sufficiently clothed with its poetic hues the latter merchant, as it had the former. Canynge, too, as the builder of Redcliffe church, was to him an object of profound admiration. This church is the most lively monument of the memory of Chatterton. His mother is said to have lived on Redcliffe-hill, nearly opposite to the upper gate of this church, at the corner of Colston's parade; this must have been when he was apprentice at Lambert's, and also probably before, while he was at Colston's school. The houses standing there now, however, are too large and good for a woman in her circumstances to have occupied; and it is, therefore, probable that *this* abode of his, too, must have been pulled down. We turn, then, to the church itself, as the sole building of his resort, next to Colston's school, which remains as he used to see it. A noble and spacious church it is, as we have stated, of the lightest and most beautiful architecture. The graceful lofty columns and pointed arches of its aisles; the richly groined roof; and the fine extent of the view from east to west, being no less than 197 feet, and the height of the middle cross aisle, 54 feet, with a proportionate breadth from north to south, fills you, on entering, with the highest admiration and pleasure. What does not a little surprise you, is to find in the church, where the great painted altar-piece used to hang, now as large a painting of the Ascension, with two side-pieces; one representing the stone being rolled away from the sepulchre of our Saviour, and the other, the three Marys come to visit the empty tomb; and those by no other artist than—Hogarth! The curiosity of such a fact makes these paintings a matter of intense interest; and if we cannot place them on a par with such things from the hands of the old masters, we must allow that they are full of talent, and wonderful for a man whose ordinary walk was extremely different.

Another object of interest is the tomb of Admiral Penn, the father of the founder of Pennsylvania, which is in the pavement of the south aisle, with this inscription:—"Here lieth the body of Sir William Penn, who departed this life the 16th of September, 1674. Dum clavum teneam." On a pillar near hang two or three decayed banners, a black cuirass and helmet, gauntlets and sword, with his escutcheon and motto. Not being aware that Admiral Penn lay buried here, I cannot describe the singular feeling which the sight of these remnants of aristocratic pageantry, suspended above the tomb of the father of the great quaker of Pennsylvania, gave me; suspended, too, in one of the proudest temples of that proud national church, the downfal of which this very man predicted on his death-bed:—"Son William," said he, "if you and your friends continue faithful to that which has been made known to you, you will make an end of priests and priestcraft to the end of the world."

In the south transept stand conspicuously the tomb and effigies of William Canynge. These are striking objects in connexion with the history of Chatterton. Here you behold the very forms which, from the early dawn of his life, filled the mind of the poet-child with the deepest sense of admiration. It was here, before these recumbent figures, that he used to be found sitting in profound thought; and when the reading of the wealth, the princely merchant state, and the munificent deeds of William Canynge, had arrayed the inanimate stone with the hues of long-past life and the halo of solemn and beautiful deeds,—the raising of this fair church the most beautiful of all,—then was it these which became the germ of the great Rowley fable. Canynge, the ancient and magnificent, now the merchant and now the shaven priest and dean, arose once more at the touch of the inspired boy, and played his part, not as a citizen of Bristol, but as a citizen of the world. These effigies are singular in themselves. First, you have William Canynge and Joan his wife, lying on an altar-tomb, in full proportion, under a canopy handsomely carved in freestone; then, not far off, you have Canynge again carved in alabaster, lying along in his priest's robes as dean of Westbury, with hands lifted up as in devotion, and a large book under his head. It is rare, and almost unique, to have two monuments of the same person side by side, and that in two different characters; yet still, little would these have attracted notice, more than a thousand other goodly tombs in our churches, had they not chanced to attract the attention of this little charity-boy, the descendant of the sextons of the church.

Last, but far most striking of all the haunts of Chatterton, is that muniment-room over the north porch. When you ascend the dark and winding stair, and enter this dim and stony hexagon apartment, and see still standing on its floor the seven very chests of the Rowley story, old and mouldering, their lids, some of them circular as if hewn out of solid trees, broken off, and all dirty and worm-eaten, the reality of the strange facts connected with them comes thrillingly upon you. You seem then and there only first and fully to feel how actual and how sad is the story of Thomas Chatterton; that here, indeed, began his wondrous scheme of fame: hence it spread and stood forth as a brilliant mystery for a moment; hence the proud boy gloried in its sudden blaze, as in that of a recognising glory from heaven; and then

> "Black despair,
> The shadow of a starless night, was thrown
> Over the earth, in which he moved alone."—*Shelley.*

GRAY, AT STOKE-POGIS. (1716

THE life of Thomas Gray, the author of the Elegy in a Country Churchyard, was passed in London, in Cambridge, and at Stoke-Pogis, in Buckinghamshire, except what he spent in travelling, which was considerable. Gray was born in Cornhill, November 26, 1716. His parents were reputable citizens of London. His grandfather was a considerable merchant, but his father, Mr. Philip Gray, Mason says, though he also followed business, was of an indolent and reserved temper; and therefore rather diminished than increased his paternal fortune. He had many children, of whom Thomas was the fifth; all except him died in their infancy. The business of Gray's father was, like that of Milton's, a money-scrivener. But, unlike Milton's father Philip Gray was, according to Mason, not only reserved and indolent, but of a morose, unsocial, and obstinate temper. His indolence led him to neglect the business of his profession; his obstinacy, to build a country house at Wanstead, without acquainting his wife or son of the design, to which he knew they would be very averse, till it was executed. This turned out a loss of two thousand pounds to the family; and the character of the father, which is supposed to have been stamped by bodily ailments, was the occasion of Gray, though an only child, being left with a very narrow patrimony. His mother, to provide for her family, entered into business independent of her husband, with her sister, Miss Antrobus. The two ladies kept a kind of India warehouse in Cornhill. As clever ladies in business generally do, they succeeded so well, that, on Mr. Gray's death, which happened about the time of the young poet's return from his first trip to the Continent, they retired, and went to join housekeeping with their third sister, Mrs. Rogers, the widow of a gentleman of that name, who had formerly been in the law, and had retired to Burnham, in Buckinghamshire; where we find Gray, on one occasion, describing, in a letter to Walpole, the uncle and the place thus. "The description of a road that your coachwheels have so often honoured, it is needless to give to you; suffice it that I arrived safe at my uncle's, who is a great hunter in imagination. His dogs take up every chair in the house, so I am forced to stand up at this present writing; and though the gout forbids him galloping after them in the field, yet he continues still to regale his ears and nose with their comfortable noise and stink. He holds me mighty cheap, I perceive, for walking when I should ride, and reading when I should hunt. My comfort amid all this is, that I have at the distance of half-a-mile, through a green lane, a forest—the vulgar call it a common—all my own, at least as good as so, for I spy no human thing in it but myself. It is a little chaos of mountains and precipices; mountains, it is true, that do not ascend much above the clouds, nor are the declivities quite so amazing as Dover cliff; but just such hills as people who love their necks as well as I do may venture to climb, and crags that give the eye as much pleasure as if they were more dangerous. Both vale and hill are covered with most venerable beeches, and other very reverend vegetables, that, like most other ancient people, are always dreaming out their old stories to the winds:—

> 'And as they bow, their hoary tops relate,
> In murmuring sounds, the dark decrees of Fate;
> While visions, as poetic eyes avow,
> Cling to each leaf and swarm on every bough.'

At the foot of one of these squats me I, *il penseroso*, and there grow to the trunk for a whole morning. The timorous hare and sportive squirrel gambol around me like Adam in Paradise, before he had Eve; but I think he did not use to read Virgil, as I commonly do there. In this situation I often converse with my Horace, aloud too, that is, talk to you, but I do not remember that I ever heard you answer me. I beg pardon for taking all the conversation to myself, but it is entirely your own fault. We have old Mr. Southern at a gentleman's house a little way off, who comes often to see us. He is now seventy-seven years old, and has almost wholly lost his memory; but is as agreeable as an old man can be, at least I persuade myself so when I look at him, and think of Isabella and Oronoko."

By this agreeable extract, however, we have outstepped the progress of Gray's life. He was educated at Eton, under the care of Mr. Antrobus, his mother's brother, then assistant to Dr. George; and, when he left school, in 1734, entered a pensioner at Peterhouse in Cambridge. It was intended that he should follow the profession of the law, for which his uncle's practice and connexions seemed to open a brilliant way. He therefore lived on at college so long as his attendance on the lectures was required, but took no degree. His uncle's death put an end to his prospects of that kind, and he abandoned the idea of the legal profession. When he had been at Cambridge about five years, he agreed to make a tour on the Continent with Horace Walpole; and they proceeded together through France to Italy, where they quarrelled and parted, taking different ways. On his return, he again went to Cambridge, took the degree of Bachelor of Civil Law, and continued there, without liking the place or its inhabitants, as we are informed by both Johnson and Mason, or professing to like them. His pleasure lay in wading through huge libraries, out of which, on a vast number of subjects, he extracted a vast amount of information. Such were Gray's assiduous study and research, that the following character of him by a contemporary, the

Rev. Mr. Temple, rector of St. Gluvias, in Cornwall, written a few months after his death, can scarcely be termed overdrawn:—"Perhaps he was the most learned man in Europe. He was equally acquainted with the elegant and profound parts of science, and that not superficially, but thoroughly. He knew every branch of history, both natural and civil; had read all the original histories of England, France, and Italy; and was a great antiquarian. Criticism, metaphysics, morals, politics, made a principal part of his plan of study. Voyages and travels of all sorts were his favourite amusement; and he had a fine taste in painting, prints, architecture, and gardening."

He was, in fact, one of the first to open up the Scandinavian mythology, antiquities, and legendary literature, still so little understood in this country, and on which our best literary historians display so marvellous an ignorance; Hallam, amongst others, describing the "Niebelungen Lied" as an original German poem, not aware that the magnificent original of that poem exists in the Icelandic. Gray was also one of the very first, if not the very first person, who began to trace out and distinguish the different orders of Anglo-Gothic architecture, by attention to the date of its creation. These were the studies, enough to occupy a life, which kept him close at Cambridge in his rooms for years, and once induced him to take lodgings for about three years near the British Museum, where he diligently copied from the Harleian and other manuscripts. The death of his most intimate friend, Mr. West, the son of the Chancellor of Ireland, soon after his return from the Continent, tended only the more to fix this habit of retirement and study. He lived on at Peterhouse till 1756, when a curious incident drove him forth. Two or three young men of fortune, who lived in the same staircase, had for some time intentionally disturbed him with their riots, and carried their ill-behaviour so far as frequently to awaken him at midnight. After having borne their insults longer than might reasonably have been expected, even from a man of less warmth of temper, Mr. Gray complained to the governing part of the society; and not thinking his remonstrance sufficiently attended to, quitted the college. He took up his residence at Pembroke-hall, where he continued to reside till the day of his death, which occurred here in the fifty-fifth year of his age, July 30, 1771, being seized with gout in the stomach while at dinner in the college-hall.

He had for the last three years been appointed Professor of History in this college; but such was his indolence, fastidiousness, or aversion to so public a duty, that, to use the words of Johnson, "he was always designing lectures, but never reading them; uneasy at his neglect of duty, and appeasing his uneasiness with designs of reformation, and with a resolution which he believed himself to have made, of resigning the office if he found himself unable to discharge it." He continued thus to vacillate, and held on till his death. A circumstance which attached him more to Pembroke college was, that Mason was elected a Fellow of it in 1747; they grew warm friends, and Mason afterwards became his biographer.

Such was the general outline of Gray's life. In reading it we find the most interesting features those which he describes so well in his letters, his travels, and his occasional retreats at Stoke-Pogis. He made a tour into the north of England, to the lakes, and into Scotland; at another time through Worcester, Hereford, Monmouth, and parts of the neighbouring counties; and all his details of such rambles, as they are given with an evident zest, are full of life and interest. In his prose, Gray gets out of the stiff and stilted formality of much of his poetry. He forgets his learning and his classical notions, and is at once easy, amiable, witty, and jocose. There was a degree of effeminacy about him, which you see in his portraits, and which you do not the less detect in his poetry; but his prose gives you a far more attractive idea of him, such as he must have been in the familiar circle of his friends. On turning to Gray's account of those places which I have visited in various parts of the kingdom, I have always found him seizing on their real features, and impressed with their true spirit.

It is at Stoke-Pogis that we seek the most attractive vestiges of Gray. Here he used to spend his vacations, not only when a youth at Eton, but during the whole of his future life, while his mother and his aunts lived. Here it was that his Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College, his celebrated Elegy written in a Country Churchyard, and his Long Story, were not only written, but were mingled with the circumstances and all the tenderest feelings of his own life.

His mother and aunts lived at an old-fashioned house in a very retired spot at Stoke, called West End. This house stood in a hollow, much screened by trees. A small stream ran through the garden, and it is said that Gray, when here, used to employ himself much in this garden, and that many of the trees still remaining are of his planting. On one side of the house extended an upland field, which was planted round so as to give a charming, retired walk; and at the summit of the field was raised an artificial mound, upon which was built a sort of arcade or summer-house, which gave full prospect of Windsor and Eton. Here Gray delighted to sit. Here he was accustomed to read and write much; and it is just the place to inspire the Ode on Eton College, which lay in the midst of its fine landscape, beautifully in view. The old house inhabited by Gray and his mother, at the time of my visit, had just been pulled down, and replaced by an Elizabethan mansion by the present proprietor, Mr. Penn, of Stoke Park, just by. The garden, of course, had shared in the change, and now stood gay with its fountain and its modern greenhouse, and, excepting for some fine trees, no longer reminded you of Gray. The woodland walk still remained round the adjoining field, and the summer-house on its summit, though much cracked by time, and only held together by iron cramps. The trees were so lofty as completely to obstruct the view, and shut out both Eton and Windsor.

It was at this house, now destroyed, that the two ladies from the Park made their memorable visit, which gave occasion to the Long Story. The facts were these. Gray had finished his Elegy, and had sent it in manuscript to Horace Walpole, by whom it was shown about with great applause. Amongst the rest of the fashionable world to whom it was thus communicated, Lady Cobham, who lived at the Mansion-house at Stoke-Pogis, had read and admired it Wishing to make the acquaintance of the author, and hearing that he was so near her, her relatives, Miss Speed and Lady Schaub, then at her house, undertook to bring this about by making him the first visit. He happened to be from home when the ladies arrived at his aunts' solitary mansion; and when he returned, was surprised to find, written on one of his papers in the parlour where he usually read, the following note:—"Lady Schaub's compliments to Mr. Gray. She is sorry not to have found him at home, to tell him that Lady Brown is very well." This necessarily obliged him to return the visit, and soon after induced him to compose a ludicrous account of this little adventure for the amusement of the ladies in question. This was a mere *jeu d'esprit*, and, extravagant as some parts of it are, is certainly clever. Gray regarded it but as a thing for the occasion, and never included it in his published poems. But Mason tells us that when it appeared, though only in manuscript, it was handed about, and the most various opinions pronounced on it. By some it was thought a masterpiece of original humour, by others a wild and fantastic farrago. It in truth much more resembles his prose, and proves that, if he had not always had the fear of the critics before his eyes, he would have written with far more freedom and life than he often did. We may take a few stanzas, as connected with our further subject.

"In Britain's isle, no matter where,
An ancient pile of building stands:
The Huntingdons and Hattons there
Employed the power of fairy hands
To raise the ceiling's fretted height,
Each panel in achievements clothing,
Rich windows that exclude the light,
And passages that lead to nothing.
Full oft within the spacious walls,
When he had fifty winters o'er him,
My grave Lord Keeper led the brawls;
The seal and maces danced before him.
His bushy beard, and shoe-strings green,
His high-crowned hat, and satin doublet,
Moved the stout heart of England's Queen,
Though Pope and Spaniard could not trouble it.

* * * *

A house there is, and that's enough,
From whence one fatal morning issues
A brace of warriors, not in buff,
But rustling in their silks and tissues.
The first came *cap-à-pie* from France,
Her conquering destiny fulfilling,
Whom meaner beauties eye askance,
And vainly ape her art of killing.
The other Amazon, kind Heaven
Had armed with spirit, wit, and satire;
But Cobham had the polish given,
And tipped her arrows with good-nature.
To celebrate her eyes, her air—
Coarse panegyrics would but tease her;
Melissa is her *nom de guerre*;
Alas! who would not wish to please her!

With bonnet blue, and *capuchine*,
  And aprons long, they hid their armour,
And veiled their weapons bright and keen,
  In pity to the country farmer.
Fame, in the shape of Mr. P—t—
  By this time all the parish know it—
Had told that thereabouts there lurked
  A wicked imp they call a poet;
Who prowled the country, far and near,
  Bewitched the children of the peasants,
Dried up the cows, and lamed the deer,
  And sucked the eggs, and killed the pheasants.
My lady heard their joint petition,
  Swore, by her coronet and ermine,
She'd issue out her high commission,
  To rid the manor of such vermin.
The heroines undertook the task,
  Through lanes unknown, o'er stiles they ventured,
Rapped at the door, nor stayed to ask,
  But bounce into the parlour entered.
The trembling family they daunt,
  They flirt, they sing, they laugh, they tattle,
Rummage his mother, pinch his aunt,
  And upstairs in a whirlwind rattle," etc.

The ancient pile here mentioned was the Manor-house, Stoke Park, which was then in the possession of Viscountess Cobham. This place and the manor had been in some remarkable hands. The manor was so called from the Pogies, the ancient lords of that name. The heiress of this family, in the reign of Edward the Third, married Lord Molines, who shortly afterwards procured a licence from the king to convert the Manor-house into a castle. From him it descended to the Lords Hungerford, and from them to the Hastings, Earls of Huntingdon, and was afterwards the residence of Lord Chancellor Hatton. Sir Christopher Hatton had won his promotion with Queen Elizabeth through his graceful person and fine dancing, and is very picturesquely described by Gray, with "his shoe-strings green, high-crowned hat, and satin doublet," leading off the brawls, a sort of figure-dance then in vogue, before the queen. Sir Edward Coke, having married an heiress of the Huntingdon family, became the next possessor; and here, in the year 1601, he was honoured with a visit from Elizabeth, whom he entertained in a very sumptuous style. After the death of the Viscountess Cobham, the estate was purchased by Mr. William Penn, chief proprietor of Pennsylvania, a descendant of the celebrated William Penn, the founder of that State.

This old manor-house has since been swept away, as Gray's residence is also, and a large modern mansion now occupies its place. This was built from a design by Wyatt, in 1789, and has since been altered and enlarged. It is built chiefly of brick, and covered with stucco, and consists of a large square centre, with two wings. The north, or entrance front, is ornamented with a colonnade, consisting of ten Doric columns, and approached by a flight of steps leading to the Marble Hall. The south front, 196 feet long, is also adorned with a colonnade, consisting of twelve fluted columns of the old Doric order. This is surrounded by a projecting portico of four

Ionic columns, sustaining an ornamental pediment; and again on the top of the house by a dome.

Stoke Park, thus interesting both on account of these older associations, and of Penn and Gray, is about a couple of miles from Slough. The country is flat, but its monotony is broken up by the noble character and disposition of its woods. Near the house is a fine expanse of water, across which the eye falls on fine views, particularly to the south, of Windsor Castle, Cooper's Hill, and the Forest Woods. About three hundred yards from the north front of the house stands a column, sixty-eight feet high, bearing on the top a colossal statue of Sir Edward Coke, by Rosa. The woods of the park shut out the view of West End House, Gray's occasional residence, but the space is open from the mansion across the park, so as to take in the view both of the church and of a monument erected by the late Mr. Penn to Gray. Alighting from the carriage at a lodge, I entered the park just at the monument. This is composed of fine freestone, and consists of a large sarcophagus, supported on a square pedestal, with inscriptions on each side. Three of them are selected from the Ode to Eton College and the Elegy. They are—

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove;
Now drooping, woeful, wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

One morn I missed him on the accustomed hill,
Along the heath, and near his favourite tree;
Another came: nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he."

The second is from the Ode:—

"Ye distant spires! ye antique towers!
That crown the watery glade,
Where grateful science still adores
Her Henry's holy shade;
And ye, that from the stately brow
Of Windsor's heights the expanse below
Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,
Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among
Wanders the hoary Thames along
His silver winding way.

Ah, happy hills! ah, pleasing shade!
Ah, fields beloved in vain!
Where once my careless childhood strayed,
A stranger yet to pain!
I feel the gales that from ye blow
A momentry bliss bestow."

The third is again from the Elegy:—

"Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed

The fourth bears this inscription:—

"This Monument, in honour of
Thomas Gray,
Was erected A. D. 1799,
Among the scenery
Celebrated by that great Lyric and Elegiac Poet.
He died in 1771,
And lies unnoted in the adjoining Church-yard,
Under the Tomb-stone on which he piously
And pathetically recorded the interment
Of his Aunt and lamented Mother."

This monument is enclosed in a neatly kept garden-like enclosure, with a winding walk approaching from the shade of the neighbouring trees. To the right, across the park at some little distance, backed by fine trees, stands the rural little church and churchyard, where Gray wrote his Elegy, and where he lies. As you walk on to this, the mansion closes the distant view between the woods with fine effect. The church has often been engraved, and is therefore tolerably familiar to the general reader. It consists of two barn-like structures, with tall roofs, set side by side, and the tower and finely tapered spire rising above them at the north-west corner. The church is thickly hung with ivy, where

"The moping owl may to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient, solitary reign."

The structure is as simple and old-fashioned, both without and within, as any village church can well be. No village, however, is to be seen. Stoke consists chiefly of scattered houses, and this is now in the midst of the park. In the churchyard,

"Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep."

All this is quite literal; and the tomb of the poet himself, near the south-east window, completes the impression of the scene. It is a plain brick altar tomb, covered with a blue slate slab, and, besides his own ashes, contains those of his mother and aunt. On the slab are inscribed the following lines by Gray himself:—"In the vault beneath are deposited, in hope of a joyful resurrection, the remains of *Mary Antrobus*. She died unmarried, Nov: 5, 1749, aged sixty-six. In the same pious confidence, beside her friend and sister, here sleep the remains of *Dorothy Gray*, widow; the tender, careful mother of many children, one of whom alone had the misfortune to survive her. She died March 11, 1753, aged sixty-seven."

No testimony of the interment of Gray in the same tomb was inscribed anywhere till Mr. Penn, in 1799, erected the monument already mentioned, and placed a small slab in the wall, under the window, opposite to the tomb itself, recording the fact of Gray's burial there. The whole scene is well worthy of a summer day's stroll, especially for such as, pent in the metropolis, know how to enjoy the quiet freshness of the country, and the associations of poetry and the past. The Great Western Railway now will set such down in about one hour at Slough, a pleasant walk from Stoke.

The late Mr. Penn, a gentleman of refined taste, and a great reverencer of the memory of Gray, possessed his autographs, which have been sold at great prices. It is to be regretted that his house, too, is now gone; but the church and the tomb will remain to future ages.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

Of all our poets, there is none who more completely verified the words of Crabbe than Oliver Goldsmith :—

> "And never mortal left this world of sin
> More like the infant that he entered in."

He was a genuine Irishman, all heart and impulse. Imposed upon, ill-treated, often made the butt of witlings, and compelled to labour and live on with that cancer of the heart, constant anxiety to procure the ordinary means of existence—none of these things could convert the milk of human kindness within him into gall, could teach him one lesson of malevolence, or dim the godlike sense of truth and humanity in his soul. Through a long experience of men and things, living by shifts, and writing for mere bread, he still remained the same simple, warm-hearted, generous, and unsophisticated creature that he was at the beginning. Improvident he was, out of the overflowing goodness of his nature ; ready, at the first cry of distress, to give away that which he had bitterly toiled for, and which had been grudgingly paid ; but he never made others the victims of his improvidence. He remained single, and made all that were in suffering his family, and helped them even when he needed help himself. I know not whether more to admire the exquisite beauty of his poetry, the life and virtues of the Vicar of Wakefield, or the gloriously unworldly texture of his heart. Thousands of brilliant spirits have risen, glittered, and died in the field of our literature, having astonished and wounded their neighbours, as they have gone along in their pride, dreaming of an everlasting reputation, who are now justly forgotten, or are remembered without respect or emotion. They had intellect unallied to heart, and the cold meteor dazzled in its descent to earth, and left no blessing behind it. But the genial spirit of Goldsmith, all love and pity in itself, is and will be for ever remembered with love and reverence,—the last the very quality that he received least of in his lifetime. One of the most amiable and attractive points of view in which we contemplate Dr. Johnson, is that of his attachment to Goldsmith and of his acknowledgment of his genius.

The life of Oliver Goldsmith has been well written by Mr. Prior. It is almost the only one that I have found, during the researches necessary for this work, which might have rendered unnecessary a visit to the actual "homes and haunts" of the poet under notice. It is a most rare circumstance that a biographer possesses the faculty of landscape-painting, and besides detailing the facts of a person's life, can make you see the places where that life was passed. Mr. Prior possesses this faculty in a high degree. He was at the pains to visit Ireland, and see, with his own eyes, the scenes where Goldsmith was born, and where he lived; and the different sojourns of Goldsmith in that country are so accurately sketched, that they might have been transferred literally to these pages with advantage, had not I myself also gone over the same ground.

Goldsmith was of a very respectable family in Ireland, many of whom had been clergymen, residing principally in the counties of Roscommon, Westmeath, and Longford. Two of them were deans of Elphin, another dean of Cloyne. Goldsmith used to boast that, by the female side, he was remotely descended from Oliver Cromwell, from whom his Christian name was derived. It seems, however, more likely, that he owed his name to his mother's father, the Rev. Oliver Jones, master of the diocesan school at Elphin. The poet's own father, Charles Goldsmith, was a poor curate at the time of the poet's birth. He had married Ann Jones at a time when he was without occupation, and therefore to the great dissatisfaction of her friends. Mrs. Goldsmith's uncle, however, was rector of Kilkenny West, near Lissoy, afterwards to become the residence of Goldsmith himself, and to receive from him the immortal name and celebrity of Auburn. This uncle provided the young couple with a house, about six miles from Kilkenny West, at a small hamlet called Pallasmore, and with a salary for officiating at the church of the parish in which Pallas or Pallasmore was situated, and also in that of his own, Kilkenny West. It seems Goldsmith's parents continued to reside twelve years at Pallas; and here the poet was born, on the 10th of

November, 1728. He was one of eight children, five boys and three girls. He was the second son, his elder brother being Henry, who afterwards became curate of Kilkenny West, and lived at Lissoy, where Oliver addressed to him his poem, "The Traveller." That Goldsmith was come of a good stock, we may infer by the character of simple piety which both his poetry and local tradition give to his father, the good parish priest,—"passing rich with forty pounds a year;" and not the less from the spirit and decision which his grandmother, Mrs. Jones, displayed, in order to improve the scanty income of Oliver's parents. The husband of this lady, the Rev. Oliver Jones, was now dead; she was a widow, her daughter and son-in-law were living at Pallas, on the poor stipend derived from his curacy. Her husband had rented a considerable tract of land on very advantageous terms, which now fell out of lease. She determined, if possible, to secure this for her son-in-law and daughter. She was refused: but, nothing daunted, she mounted behind her own son on a pillion, and set out on the long and arduous journey to Dublin, to try her personal influence with the landlord. Here the same refusal met her; but, as a last argument, she took out a hundred guineas, which she had provided herself with, and held them open in her hand while she pleaded. This had the effect that she procured *half* the land on the same easy terms as before; and she used jocularly to regret that she had not taken two hundred guineas, and thus got the whole. This noble act of maternal heroism is the more to be admired, as it cost her the life of her son, who received an injury of some kind on the journey.

Pallasmore, where Oliver Goldsmith was born, is a mere cluster of two or three cottages, called in Ireland farm-houses, but which, to an English eye, would present only the appearance of huts. The place lies quite out of the track of high-roads, about a mile and a half from Ballymahon in a direct line, but perhaps three, taking in all the windings of the ways to it. It is now the property of the Edgeworths. There is nothing remarkable in the aspect of the country. It is rather flat, naked of trees, and cultured by small tenants. It was with some difficulty that I reached it. My car-driver from Edgeworthstown knew nothing more of it than its name; and we had proceeded somewhat beyond the proper turning, as it lay quite off the highway, and were obliged to obtain permission to pass through the park of Newcastle, in order to reach it without making a great circuit. Having approached to within half-a-mile, a peasant pointed it out, as a group of white cottages standing in a clump of trees. The lanes were now become so narrow and stony that I was obliged to quit my car, as Mr. Prior describes himself to have done, and proceed across the fields on foot. I passed along the deep, stony, and narrow lanes; here and there a regular Irish cabin sticking in the bank, the smoke coming out of the door, or issuing from the thatched roof about on a level with the fields above. A boy who was teaching school in one of these came out with his book in his hand, and directed me into a footpath across the fields. I advanced through the standing corn, and at length reached this out-of-the-world spot, dignified with the sounding title of Pallasmore. Here about three whitewashed cottages, of a superior description to the cabins I had passed in the narrow lanes, stood amid a number of ash-trees looking out over an ordinary sort of country. A man, the inhabitant of one of them, advanced to show me the spot where the poet was born. He plunged into a potato-field, and at a few hundred yards from the cottages, in the bank of the next field, showed me a few stones, like the foundation of a wall, which have the reputation of being the sole remains of the house where the poet was born. Poets are, certainly, often born in odd places, but it nevertheless struck me strangely, that the man who was destined to spend the greater portion of his life in the dense crowd of London should have sprung out of this obscure and almost inaccessible location. There is nothing in the view around to suggest to the mind the most faint dream of poetry. Oliver Goldsmith, however, was a mere infant when first removed from this place. His father, two years after his birth, succeeded, on the death of his wife's uncle, to the rectory of Kilkenny West, and removed to Lissoy; but Oliver was accustomed to come hither, and make considerable sojourns with his brother Henry, who lived here when Oliver was grown up. The house is said to have been a good country house, looking towards Forney church, at which Oliver's father and brother used to preach, and which still rises to view between it and some distant woods, one of the most pleasing objects of the scene.

Popular tradition ascribes the utter destruction of the house to the fairies, who, on its becoming untenanted, used to take up their quarters there, and pursue their nocturnal sports in great content. But a tenant being found, and repairs of the house being commenced, a huge man in huge jackboots came every night, and making a horse of it by bestriding the roof, pushed his legs through the tiles, and, imitating galloping, shook the roof to pieces. It was therefore obliged to remain empty, till, falling into ruin, it was at length cleared away, with the exception of these few stones.

The very ordinary character of this scene, and of the country round, almost extinguished my desire for proceeding onwards five miles further to Lissoy, the reputed Auburn, especially as the Edgeworths had told me it was not worth my while. I inquired, however, of a farmer that I met on my return to the car that waited for me on the road, what sort of a place Lissoy was. "Oh, a very beautiful place!" said he, "a very beautiful place. You must see it—that was where Oliver Goldsmith lived and died." "Lived, but not died," I replied: "he died in London." "Oh no! your honour," replied the man; "I assure you he died there, and lies buried at Kilkenny West."

The accuracy of the man's account was about equal in all its parts. Lissoy was just as truly beautiful as Goldsmith was buried there. But this is always the way with the Irish peasantry. Unlike the Scotch, whose local knowledge is generally very correct, they seem to look upon all remarkable men as they do on their saints, and insist on their remains being preserved amongst them. At Kilcolman castle I was assured, with equal positiveness, that Spenser was buried just below the castle, and the spot pointed out to me. There was, however, sufficient charm in the farmer's assurance that Lissoy was a very beautiful place to turn the scale for going on. In such cases one is willing to be deceived, and follow the slightest word, though with an inward consciousness that we shall not find what we are promised. We drove on, therefore, six or seven miles further, over a very monotonous, naked country, only marked by a few banks for fences, and a few little smoky cabins with a poor population. It is a country that to Goldsmith's boyish fancy might be charming, but is certainly to an English eye by no means romantic. A part of an old round tower, however, stands near Auburn. There are the ruins of an old castle not far off, and old parks that *are* charming. One I passed, old, grey, craggy, and full of fern, but having not a single tree in it except old thorn-trees, large and of venerable age. There was a desolate antiquity about it that was attractive to the imagination. From the higher part of the road too, approaching Lissoy, you see the Shannon hastening on towards the west. Presently, at a turn of the road, we passed the public-house said to be that alluded to in the Deserted Village, and were in that "very beautiful place," Lissoy. It consists, in fact, of a few common cottages by the road-side, on a flat and by no means particularly interesting scene. A few hundred yards beyond these cottages stand, at some distance from the road, the ruins of the house where Goldsmith's father lived, and which continued in the family till 1802, when it was sold by Henry, the son of Henry, Oliver Goldsmith's brother, the nephew of the poet, who had gone to America. This house was described in 1790 by the Rev. Mr. Hancock, of Athlone, who was intimately acquainted with the Goldsmith family, and indeed managed their property for them, as "a snug farm-house, in view of the high road, to which a straight avenue leads, with double rows of ash-trees, six miles north-east of this town—Athlone. The farm is still held under the Napier family, by a nephew of Goldsmith at present in America. In the front view of the house is the 'decent church' of Kilkenny West, that literally 'tops the neighbouring hill;' and in a circuit of not more than half-a-mile diameter around the house, are 'the never-failing brook,' 'the busy mill,' 'the hawthorn bush with seats beneath the shade,' 'the brook with mantling cresses spread,' 'the straggling fence that skirts the way, with blossomed furze unprofitably gay,' 'the thorn that lifts its head on high, where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,' 'the house where nut-brown draughts inspired;' in short, every striking object of the picture. There are, besides, many ruined houses in the neighbourhood, bespeaking a better state of population than at present."

Such it was. Prior's description of it, at his visit a few years ago, would very nearly do for it now. "The house once occupied by the rector of Kilkenny West, pleasantly situated and of good dimensions, is now a ruin, verifying the truth of the pathetic lines of his son—

'Vain, transitory splendours! could not all
Reprieve the tottering mansion from its fall!'

The front, including a wing, extends, as nearly as could be judged by pacing it, sixty-eight feet by a depth of twenty-four; it consisted of two stories, with five windows in each. The roof has been off for a period of twenty years: the gable-ends remain, but the front and back walls of the upper story have crumbled away, and, if the hand of the destroyer be not stayed, will soon wholly disappear. Two or three wretched cottages for labourers, surrounded by mud, adjoin it on the left. Behind the house is an orchard of some extent, and the remains of a garden, both utterly neglected. In fact, the pretty avenue of double rows of ash-trees, which formed the approach from the high-road, about sixty yards distant, and at one time presented an object of interest to travellers, has, like every other trace of care or superintendence, disappeared—cut down by the ruthless hand of some destroyer. No picture of desolation can be more complete. As if an image of the impending ruin had been present, the poet has painted with fearful accuracy what his father's house was to be:—

'Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild;
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.'"

Little can be added to that account. There still stands the long white ruin of the house which sheltered Goldsmith as a boy, at the right-hand end one tall gable and chimney remaining aloft, the other having since Mr. Prior's visit fallen in. At the left hand, near the house, still remains *one* of the wretched cottages he mentions. I went into it. The floor of mud was worn into hollows, in which geese were sitting in little pools. There was a dresser on one side, with a few plates laid on it; a few chairs, of a rudeness of construction such as no Englishman who has not visited an Irish cabin has any conception of; and the interior of the roof, for ceiling it had none, was varnished into a jetty brilliancy by the smoke.

Behind the ruins of the house there are still the orchard and wild remains of a garden, enclosed with a high old stone wall. One could imagine this retreat a play place for the embryo poet, whose charm would long linger in his memory: and in truth, when the house was complete, with its avenue of ash-trees, along which you looked to the highway, and thence across a valley to the church of Kilkenny West, on a hill at about a mile distant, the abode of Goldsmith's boyhood must have been a very pleasant one. It is now seen as stripped of all its former attractions,—its life, its completeness as a house, its trees,—and stands a white, bare, and solitary ruin.

Many people think, that as Goldsmith's father was the clergyman, this was the parsonage. It was not so. The parsonage was at Kilkenny West, where the present rector resides. This house was attached to the farm which the pastor had here, and was probably a much better and more commodious dwelling than the parsonage.

Returning to the village,—if three or four poor cottages by the roadside can deserve that name,—the public-house is the object which attracts your attention. This is said to be the very house of which Goldsmith speaks in the Deserted Village. Goldsmith, however, tells you himself, in the Deserted Village, that the public-house, amongst others, was destroyed :—

> "Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts inspired,
> Where greybeard mirth, and smiling toil retired," etc.

In fact, it was rebuilt by Mr. Hogan, a gentleman living near, who, being an ardent admirer of Goldsmith's poetry, did all that he could to restore to Lissoy the characteristics of Auburn. He rebuilt the public-house, on the spot where tradition placed the old one, with the traditionary thorn in front. He gave it the sign of "The Jolly Pigeons;" he supplied it with new copies of "The Twelve Good Rules," and "The Royal Game of Goose;" he went even to the length of the ludicrous in his zeal for an accurate *fac-simile* of the genuine house—and

> "Broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show,
> Ranged o'er the chimney, glistened in a row."

These, to perpetuate them, were fast embedded in the mortar, but in vain; relic-hunters knocked them out, fictitious as they were, and carried them off as genuine. The very sign did not escape this relic mania,—it is no longer to be seen; nor, I suppose, were a new one to be set up, would it long remain. The new "twelve good rules," and new "royal game of goose," have gone the same way; and there is no question that a brave trade in such things might be carried on with what Goldsmith calls "the large family of fools," if a supply were kept here. The very thorn before the door has been cut down piecemeal, and carried off to all quarters of the world. In 1830, Mr. Prior, when visiting the place, making inquiries for Goldsmith's biography, observed that "a tender shoot had again forced its way to the surface, which he, in emulation of so many other inconsiderate idlers, felt disposed to seize upon as a memorial of his visit; but which, if permitted to remain, though this is unlikely, may renew the honours of its predecessor." Vain hope! there is not an atom of it left! He himself tells us, that "every traveller thither for forty years had carried away a portion of the tree, as a relic either of the poem or of his pilgrimage; when the branches had been destroyed, the trunk was attacked; and when this disappeared, even the roots were dug up: so that in 1820 scarcely a vestige remained, either above or below ground, notwithstanding a resident gentleman had built a wall round it, to endeavour to prevent its extermination." There is now neither vestige of tree, root, nor wall. I suppose the rage of relicism has carried off the very stones that had stood on so hallowed a spot. There is still a slight mound left, or rather made, to mark the spot where the thorn stood.

The public-house presents not a resemblance to Goldsmith's picture in his poem. The road from Ballymahon runs right towards this house. On arriving at it, the house stands on the further side of the road, facing you and the Ballymahon highway. Another road runs at right angles, that is, parallel with the house, so that it stands at what is usually called, "where three roads meet." The road on your right hand runs down to the village; and some space is left in front of the house, the stone wall on your right, which fences in the field, being carried in a circular sweeping, instead of coming up to an abrupt corner. On the space left by this arrangement, on the side of the road, and directly opposite to the house, stood the tree. But how different is the house itself, to that whose delightful picture your imagination has carried away from the page of the poet!—

> "Near yonder thorn that lifts its head on high,
> Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,
> Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts inspired,
> Where greybeard mirth and smiling toil retired.
> Where village statesmen talked with looks profound,
> And news much older than their ale went round.
> Imagination fondly stoops to trace
> The parlour splendours of that festive place;
> The whitewashed wall, the nicely sanded floor,
> The varnished clock that clicked behind the door:
> The chest contrived a double debt to pay,
> A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day:
> The pictures, placed for ornament and use,
> The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose:
> The hearth, except when winter chilled the day,
> With aspen boughs, and flowers, and fennel gay,
> While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show,
> Ranged o'er the chimney, glistened in a row.
> Vain, transitory splendour! could not all
> Reprieve the tottering mansion from its fall?
> Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart
> An hour's importance to the poor man's heart;
> Thither no more the peasant shall repair
> To sweet oblivion of his daily care;
> No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
> No more the woodman's ballad shall prevail;
> No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,
> Relax his ponderous strength, and lean to hear;
> The host himself no longer shall be found,
> Careful to see the mantling bliss go round;
> Nor the coy maid, half-willing to be prest,
> Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest."

These are all the attractive characteristics of a nice old village public-house in England. Clean, quiet, sweet, and breathing of the olden time. They are characteristics professedly gathered by the poet in his rural rambles in England, where he had lived at least twenty years when he wrote the poem. In his preface he talks of those "country excursions for four or five years past," in which he had "taken all possible pains" to be correct in his details. An Irish village alehouse! What is it? A poor and filthy cabin, the walls of rough stones, the roof often with nothing between it and the floor. The floor nicely sanded?—a bed of mud, full of holes, in which geese, and ducks, and pigs, are dabbling and wallowing! If floored at all, paved with pebbles, which stand up in heaps by places, and by places are gone, leaving the aforesaid duck-pools and pig-troughs. A parcel of ragged people sprawling on the hearth around the peat fire; the coy maid, a bare-legged, shock-headed body, hard at work in tending the potato kettle, or contending with the ass, the cow, the pigs, that make part of the family. The parlour splendours? Half the house separated by a counter, behind which the landlord stands, amid a stock of candles and bread for sale, and dealing out, not the generous nut-brown ale, but the deadly liquid fire called whisky. Such are the almost universal attributes of a village alehouse in Ireland. Goldsmith knew better than to draw on his memory for them; he turned to the more poetical scene of the English village alehouse, which, clean as hands could make it, sweet, and all that he describes, had charmed him in his numerous rural excursions in this country.

The Three Jolly Pigeons is a regular Irish alehouse, or rather whisky-shop. On going in, you look in vain for the picture Goldsmith has so beautifully drawn. The mud floor, the dirty walls, the smell of whisky, these are what meet you. You look for "the parlour splendours," and on your left hand there is, for a wonder, a separate room, but it is, as usual, filled with the candles, the herrings, the bread, of the Irish alehouse; and the whisky is doled out over the suspicious counter, instead of the nut-brown ale being brought in the generous foaming cup, to the bright, clean fireside, by the neat and blooming maid.

In all Goldsmith's description of his Auburn, he has clearly blended the Doric charm of the English village and English scenery with the fond boyish memories of his actual native place. He has evidently intended to represent the scene as in England, or at all events to make his poem of general application, though he has drawn on his memory for features connected with his native place, and imparted soul and sentiment to it by indulging the feelings of old affectionate regret. Thus the alehouse, the parsonage, the mill, the brook, the village green, the schoolmaster, the pious clergyman, were all portions of his native place, and actual inhabitants of it, yet mixed with touches from the later observations of his English life. The very circumstance of depopulation, which no doubt had occurred at Lissoy, and had sunk deep into his indignant heart, he tells us, in his dedication to Sir Joshua Reynolds, was going on in England, and that his description meant to apply to England. "But I know you will object,—and indeed several of our best and wisest friends concur in the opinion,—that the depopulation it deplores is nowhere to be seen, and the disorders it laments are only to be found in the poet's own imagination. To this I can scarcely make any other answer, than that I sincerely believe what I have written; that I have taken all possible pains in my country excursions, for these four or five years past, to be certain of what I allege, and that all my views and inquiries have led me to believe those miseries real which I here attempt to display."

The fact is only too much a fact. From Goldsmith's time to our own the process of rural depopulation has been going on, by the absorption of smaller properties into larger ones.

But what is more strange than the doubt of the progress of rural depopulation in England is that Mr. Prior, the biographer of Goldsmith, doubts even the justice of his strictures as applied to Ireland. He admits that there appeared to have been some such circumstance at Lissoy in Goldsmith's youth, as he has described in the Deserted Village; but he is inclined to palliate it till it becomes a mere trifle. "In November, 1738, a part of the town lands of Lissoy, and the adjoining lands of Cannorstown, to the number of 600 acres, were sold by Jeffery Frend, Esq., of the Middle Temple, to the Honourable

Robert Naper, Lieutenant-general of his Majesty's forces in Ireland. for the sum of 3,300*l.*, but the General died before the purchase was completed. Upon this property, named Ballybegg, lying behind the house of Mr. Goldsmith, about half-a-mile distant, Mr. William Naper son of the General, several years afterwards built the family residence named Littleton. In the preliminary arrangements, some circumstances, probably neither harsh nor unjust in themselves, connected with the removal of part of the tenantry, gave rise in the mind of Goldsmith, morbidly acute in his benevolent feelings, and particularly towards the poorer classes of society, to the idea of the Deserted Village."—Vol. I. p. 18. This, however, does not agree with Mr. Prior's own account of the appearance of the place on his own visit, given at page 257 of Vol. II. "There are, besides, many ruined houses in the neighbourhood, bespeaking a better state of population than at present." It as little agrees with Goldsmith's assertion, that the very alehouse of the village was pulled down. Nay, at this very part of Mr. Prior's account (Vol. II. p. 259), he gives a more extended history of Mr. Naper or Napier's transactions; and while he endeavours to persuade us that the tradition of the neighbourhood was not to be trusted, he shows that Mr. Naper had 1,200 acres of land, a great part of which had been converted into demesne. The story of the neighbourhood, as given by himself, is that Lieutenant-general Robert Naper, returning from Vigo in Spain with a large fortune, purchased, as has been stated, the adjoining lands. In erecting a residence and forming a demesne around it, the habitations of some, as is alleged, respectable tenants and several of the peasantry stood in the way, and being unwilling to remove for his convenience, were at length, after much resistance, all, except the Goldsmith family, ejected for non-payment of rent. Their houses were pulled down, and the park enlarged to a circumference of nine miles; but so great was the indignation of the people at the proceeding, that on the General's death, which occurred soon afterward, they assembled in a tumultuous manner, destroyed most of the property in and around it, and, among other things, plantations to the value of 5,000*l.*

The fact, however, is, that the tragedy of The Deserted Village has been often enacted in Ireland. The scene which Goldsmith so pathetically describes, of the poor villagers whose homes had been destroyed, whose native haunts had been made to cast them forth, going on towards the shore seeking for an asylum beyond the ocean, is not a solitary scene. It has been repeated from that hour to this; and every year, and almost every day, sees sad thousands bidding adieu to their birthplaces.

> "Even now, methinks, as pondering here I stand,
> I see the rural virtues leave the land.
> Down where yon anchoring vessel spreads the sail
> That idly waiting, flaps with every gale,
> Downward they move, a melancholy band,
> Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand.
> Contented toil, and hospitable care,
> And kind connubial tenderness are there;
> And piety, with wishes placed above,
> And steady loyalty, and faithful love."

Under all these circumstances, Auburn or Lissoy, which you will, will always be visited with enthusiasm by the genuine lovers of purest poetry and of kindly humanity. The visitor will not find all there that he naturally looks for. He will not find the country very beautiful, or the mill, the brook, the alehouse, as rural and picturesque as he could wish; but he will find the very ground on which Oliver Goldsmith ran in the happy days of his boyhood, the ruins of the house in which that model of a village preacher,—simple, pious, and warm-hearted, justly, indeed, dear to all the country,—lived, the father of the poet; the ruins of the house in which the poet himself spent a happy childhood, cherishing under such a parent one of the noblest spirits which ever glowed for truth and humanity; fearing no ridicule, contracting no worldliness, never abating, spite of harsh experience and repeated imposition, one throb of pity or of generous sympathy for the wretched. The ground where such a man was reared is, indeed, holy. Goldsmith himself, not less than his father and brother, was one of the most genuine Christian preachers that ever lived. The sermons of the father and the brother perished with their hearers, but those of the poet live for ever in his writings. And how many of the personal characteristics of "the village preacher," which in his father he celebrates, lived in himself!

> "Unpractised he to fawn or seek for power,
> By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour;
> Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,
> More skilled to raise the wretched than to rise."

How often did he present this trait in his own life! How zealous he was to help any one that he could; how careless to help himself! Thus, when requested by the minister of state to say if he could be of any service to him, he said, "Yes, he had a brother, a worthy clergyman, whom he would gladly see promoted." At this time he was in great distress himself. At another time Lord North sent to him a Dr. Scott, a base ministerial hack, with a *carte blanche* to induce him to write for the ministry; but Goldsmith was not to be bought. "I found him," said the Doctor, "in a miserable set of chambers in the Temple; I told him my authority; I told him that I was empowered to pay most liberally for his exertions; and, would you believe it? he was so absurd as to say, '*I can earn as much as will supply my wants without writing for any party; the assistance therefore you offer is unnecessary to me;*' and so I left him," added Dr. Scott, "in his garret."

How completely was this Dr. Primrose! How thoroughly was he the same man in everything. How could a clerical vampyre like this Scott, himself crammed with two fat livings, the price of subservience understand such high principle? When his aid was needed by his fellow-man—

> "Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
> His pity gave ere charity began."

It is because he embodied himself in all he wrote, that his writings command such undecaying interest; for in impressing his own heart on his page, he impressed there nature itself in its most unselfish and generous character. Every circumstance, therefore, connected with "The Deserted Village" of such a man will always be deeply interesting to the visitor of the spot, and we must for that reason notice one or two facts of the kind before quitting Lissoy. Mr. Best, an Irish clergyman, met by Mr. Davis in his travels in the United States, said—"The name of the schoolmaster was Paddy Burns. I remember him well. He was indeed a man severe to view. A woman, called Walsey Cruse, kept the alehouse. I have often been in the house. The hawthorn bush was remarkably large, and stood opposite the house. I was once riding with Brady, titular Bishop of Ardagh, when he observed to me—'Ma foy, Best, this huge, overgrown bush is mightily in the way; I will order it to be cut down!' 'What, sir,' said I, 'cut down Goldsmith's hawthorn bush, that supplies so beautiful an image in the Deserted Village!' 'Ma foy!' exclaimed the bishop, 'is that the hawthorn bush? Then ever let it be sacred from the edge of the axe, and evil to him that would cut from it a branch!'"

In other places, the Schoolmaster is called, not Paddy Burns, but Thomas Byrne, evidently the same person. He had been educated for school-teaching, but had gone into the army; and, serving in Spain during the reign of Queen Anne, became quarter-master of the regiment. On the return of peace he took up his original calling. He is represented to be well qualified to teach; little more than writing, reading, and arithmetic were wanted, but he could translate extemporaneously Virgil's Eclogues into Irish verse, in considerable elegance. But his grand accomplishment was the narration of his adventures, which was commonly exercised in the alehouse; at the same time that, when not in a particular humour for teaching, he would edify his boys in the school with one of his stories. Amongst his most eager listeners was Oliver, who was so much excited by what he heard, that his friends used to ascribe his own love of rambling to this cause. The schoolmaster was, in fact, the very man to excite the imagination of the young poet. He was eccentric in his habits, of a romantic turn, wrote poetry, was well versed in the fairy superstitions of the country, and what is not less common in Ireland, believed implicitly in their truth.

A poor woman, named Catherine Geraghty, was supposed to be—

> "Yon widowed, solitary thing,
> That feebly bends beside the plashy spring:
> She, wretched matron, pressed in age for bread,
> To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread.'

The brook and ditches, near where her cabin stood, still furnish cresses, and several of her descendants reside in the neighbourhood. The school-house is still pointed out, but it is unfortunate for its identity that no school-house was built then, school being taught in the master's cottage. There is more evidence in nature of the poet's recalling the place of his boyhood as he wrote his poem. The waters and marshy lands, in more than one direction, gave him acquaintance with the singular bird which he has introduced with such effect, as an image of desolation.

> "Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
> The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest."

Little charm as Lissoy has at the present moment, independent of association with Oliver Goldsmith, with him and genius it possesses one that grows upon you the more you trace the scenes made prominent in his poem, and we leave it with regret.

There are various other places in the same part of Ireland which are connected with the early history of Goldsmith. At the school of Paddy Byrne he made little progress, as was to be expected, except in a growing attachment to the marvellous. He devoured not only the romantic stories of the schoolmaster, but those of the peasantry. He listened enthusiastically to their ballads, their fairy tales and superstitions, of which they have in Ireland a plentiful stock. He got hold of, and read with equal avidity, what have been called the cottage classics of Ireland,—those books which may be found in their cabins everywhere: History of Witches and Ghosts; the Devil and Dr. Faustus; Parismus and Parismenus; Montelea, Knight of the Oracle; Seven Champions of Christendom; Mendoza's Art of Boxing; Ovid's Art of Love; Lives of celebrated Pirates; History of the Irish Rogues and Rapparees; of Moll Flanders; of Jack the Bachelor, a notorious smuggler; of Fair Rosamond and Jane Shore; of Donna Rosena; the Life and Adventures of James Freny, a famous Irish robber, etc. A precious literature for a lad, it must be confessed! Luckily, if it excited his imagination, it failed in corrupting his heart; and, thanks to the spread of knowledge, a better class of books has now found its way even into Irish cabins. To put Oliver under more suituable tuition, he was sent to the Rev. Mr. Griffin of Elphin, master of the school once taught by his grandfather. Here he became an inmate of his uncle, Mr. John Goldsmith, of Ballyoughter, in the vicinity. Displaying now much talent, which was at once seen and cordially acknowledged by his uncle, he was destined for the university; and preparatory to that he was sent to a school of repute at Athlone. At this school he continued two years; when he was removed to Edgeworthstown, under the care of the Rev. Patrick Hughes, where he continued till he went to the university.

That we may take a connected view of his homes and haunts in this part of the country, we must include at once his life hereabout before he went to the university, and his visits hither during an interval of two years, between his quitting the university and his quitting Ireland, to study physic in Edinburgh, and, in fact, never again to return to Ireland.

There are several facts connected with his school days at Edgeworthstown that are very interesting. He is said to have become acquainted, either here or at Ballyoughton, with Turlogh O'Carolan, the last of the ancient Irish bards. This popular musician and poet, whose songs have been translated into English and published, maintained the style and life of the minstrel. He disdained to play for money, but went as an admired and honoured guest from house to house amongst the most ancient and opulent families of Connaught.

To complete his character as a harper, he was blind; and had been so from the age of eighteen. His songs, which are sung by the peasantry with enthusiasm, are numerous, and celebrate the persons and families of his patrons. If they do not in the mind of an Englishman appear to possess an originality equal to their fame in Ireland, it is to be remembered that they have there all the charm of association; their very titles being the names of lords and ladies of old families: O'Connor Faby; Dennis O'Connor; Planxty Stafford; Nelly Plunket; Mrs. French; Anna M'Dermott Roe, etc.

The influence which the other local poet, Laurence Whyte, had on the mind and genius of Goldsmith is very striking. Whyte wrote, as part of a larger poem, The Parting Cup, or the Humours of Deoch an Doruis, in four cantos. It is a lively picture of a Westmeath farmer's life, about the year 1710, and shows not only how its themes had sunk into the mind of Goldsmith as a boy when they reappeared in the Deserted Village, but also how old and how fixed a portion of Irish history are the miseries and outrages of eviction; the stream of consequent emigration; and the curse of absenteeism. Whyte's poem is very clever, and deserves to be better known. Speaking of the better condition of farmers in the seventeenth century, he proceeds:—

"Thus farmers lived like gentlemen,
Ere lands were raised from five to ten:
Again from ten to three times five,
Then very few could hope to thrive;
But tugged against the rapid stream,
Which drove them back from whence they came:
At length 'twas canted to a pound,
What tenant then could keep his ground?
Not knowing which, to stand or fly,
When rent-rolls mounted zenith high,
They had their choice to run away,
Or labour for a groat a day.
Now beggared and of all bereft,
Are doomed to starve or live by theft.
Take to the mountain or the roads,
When banished from their old abodes.
Their native soil were forced to quit,
So Irish landlords thought it fit;
Who without ceremony or rout,
For their improvements turned them out.

* * * * *

How many villages they razed,
How many parishes laid waste,
To fatten bullocks, sheep and cows,
When scarce one parish has two ploughs.
Their flocks do range on every plain,
That once produced all kind of grain.
Depopulating every village,
Where we had husbandry and tillage;
Fat bacon, poultry, and good bread,
By which the poor were daily fed.

* * * * *

Instead of living well and thriving,
There's nothing now but leading, *driving*,—
The lands are all monopolized,
The tenants racked and sacrificed;
Whole colonies, to shun the fate
Of being oppressed at such a rate,
By tyrants who still raise their rent,
Sail to the Western Continent.
Rather than live at home like slaves,
They trust themselves to winds and waves"

If a poet at the present hour were describing the acts and deeds of the Irish exterminators, could he have done it more literally?

To turn to a more agreeable subject. The chief incident in "She Stoops to Conquer" is said to have originated in an amusing adventure of Goldsmith's, on his last going from home to the school at Edgeworthstown; and is thus related by Prior:—"Having set off on horseback, there being then, and indeed now, no regular wheeled conveyance from Ballymahon, he loitered on the road, amusing himself by viewing the neighbouring gentlemen's seats. A friend had presented him with a guinea; and the desire, perhaps, of spending it—to a schoolboy—in a most independent manner at an inn, tended to slacken his diligence on the road. Night overtook him in the small town of Ardagh, about half-way on his journey. Inquiring for the best house in the place, meaning the best inn, he chanced to address, as is said, a person named Cornelius Kelly, who boasted of having taught fencing to the Marquis of Granby, and was then domesticated in the house of Mr. Featherstone, a gentleman of fortune in the town: he was known as a notorious wag; and, willing to play off a trick upon one whom he had no doubt discovered to be a swaggering schoolboy, directed him to the house of his patron.

"Suspecting no deception, Oliver proceeded as directed; gave authoritative orders about the care of his horse; and, being thence conceived by the servants to be an expected guest, was ushered into the presence of their master, who immediately discovered the mistake. Being, however, a man of humour, and willing to enjoy an evening's amusement with a boy under the influence of so unusual a blunder, he encouraged it, particularly when, by the communicative disposition of the guest, it was found he was the son of an old acquaintance on his way to school. Nothing occurred to undeceive the self-importance of the youth, fortified by the possession of a sum he did not often possess; wine was therefore ordered, in addition to a good supper, and the supposed landlord, his wife and daughters, were invited to partake of it. On retiring for the night, a hot cake was ordered for breakfast the following morning; nor was it until preparing to quit the house next day that he discovered he had been entertained in a private family."

Ballymahon, the little foreign-looking town near his native place, figures conspicuously in Goldsmith's early life. After his father's death, which took place while he was at college, his mother removed thither; and thither during vacations Oliver betook himself. Again, when he quitted college, he spent two years amongst his relations, with no fixed aim; sometimes he was with his uncle Contarine in Roscommon; sometimes at Lissoy, where now his brother-in-law, Mr. Hodson, lived in the old house; at other times he was with his brother Henry, who, officiating as curate, lived at Pallasmore in the house where Oliver was born, and, to eke out his small salary, kept a school, in which Oliver assisted him. No place was so dear to him, however, as Lissoy, where he entered into all the rural sports and occupations of his brother-in-law with fullest enjoyment. There is no doubt that, had he had sufficient means, he would have continued to live here a country life, and the world would most probably have lost a poet. As it is, he has made the life and characters of Lissoy familiar to all the world, in both the Deserted Village and the Vicar of Wakefield. No man drew more from real, and especially from his own past life, than Goldsmith. The last years he spent in the country he was a tutor in the family of a gentleman in the county of Roscommon, of the name of Flinn; and the nature of his impressions regarding such a situation he is supposed to have recorded in the history of The Man in Black.

His mother's house at Ballymahon, where she lived as a widow about twenty years, is still pointed out to the curious; it forms one corner of the road to Edgeworthstown. Some shop accounts have been preserved, in which Oliver, under the familiar title of Master Noll, is found figuring as his mother's messenger for tea and sugar; it was only to the next door. Opposite to his mother's house stood George Conway's inn, where he used to spend many a gay and jovial evening, in the company of those who resorted thither; often amused them with a story or a song, and was naturally a great authority in matters of learning. From scenes and characters occurring here, it is believed he drew the first idea of Tony Lumpkin; at all events, in such a circle he saw traits of human life and action that would be found as old gold at the necessary time. At Ballymulvey House in the neighbourhood, he spent many happy hours with his friend and quondam college and school companion, Mr. Robert Bryanton; and also with him made excursions into the surrounding country, sometimes shooting, sometimes fishing in the Inny, which runs through the town. In these rambles he made himself as familiar with nature and her wild children as he did with man in towns; he traced the haunts of the wild fowl, and hunted the otter in the waters, that there communicate with the Shannon. There are many objects in the neighbourhood of Ballymahon still proudly pointed out as belonging to the haunts of Goldsmith: the islets in the river; the ruins of a mill, in his time in full activity; the places on the river side where he used to sit and play on his flute; as well as the house of a Mr. Gannon, where, as he himself tells us in his Animated Nature, he first saw a seal, this gentleman having two for ten years in his house.

In this portion of his life there are many rich incidents, which it is to be regretted we cannot here introduce; particularly that most amusing account of his visit to an old college friend, who had often pressed him to come and "command his stable and his purse," but who turned out as such friends often do. But we have overstepped his sojourn at college, and must turn back to it.

Trinity College, Dublin, is a noble structure; and, with its spacious courts and extensive gardens, more fittingly deserving the name of parks, one would think a place where the years of studentship might—especially in the heart of such a city—be very agreeably spent. But Goldsmith entered there under circumstances that were irksome to him, and, to add to the matter, he met with a brute in his tutor. The family income did not allow him to occupy a higher rank than that of a sizer, or poor scholar, and this was mortifying to his sensitive mind. The sizer wears a black gown of coarse stuff without sleeves, a plain black cloth cap without a tassel, and dines at the fellows' table after they have retired. It was at that period far worse; they wore red caps to distinguish them, and were compelled to perform derogatory offices: to sweep the courts in the morning, carry up the dishes from the kitchen to the fellows' table, and wait in the hall till they had dined. No wonder that a mind like that of Goldsmith's writhed under the degradation! He has recorded his own feelings and opinions on this custom: "Sure pride itself has dictated to the fellows of our colleges the absurd fashion of being attended at meals, and on other public occasions, by those poor men who, willing to be scholars, come in upon some charitable foundation. It implies a contradiction, for men to be at once learning the liberal arts and at the same time treated as slaves ; at once studying freedom and practising servitude." A spirited fellow at length caused the abolition of the practice of the sizers acting as waiters, and that, too, on grand occasions before the public, by flinging the dish he was carrying, on Trinity Sunday, at the head of a citizen in the crowd assembled to witness the scene, who made some jeering remarks on the office he had to perform.

His tutor, a great brute—let his name be known ; it was the Rev. Theaker Wilder—proceeded sometimes to actual corporal castigation ; and with Oliver's natural tendency to poetry, rather than to dry classical and mathematical studies, like many other poets, including Scott and Byron, he cut no great figure at college ; and, like the latter, detested it. Amongst his cotemporaries at the college was Edmund Burke, but they appear to have known little of each other. To add to Goldsmith's uncomfortable position, there occurred a riot of the students, who, hearing that one of their body had been arrested in Fleet-street, rushed to the rescue, seized the bailiffs, dragged them to the college, and pumped them soundly in the old cistern. They next attempted to break open Newgate, and make a general jail delivery, but failed for want of cannon. In the subsequent inquiry, Goldsmith came in, not for any severe punishment, but for a college censure. Feeling his self-respect deeply wounded by his brutal tutor entering his chambers, on one occasion when he had a party of merry comrades there, and in their presence inflicting personal chastisement upon him, he quitted college, selling his books, and set off to Cork to embark for some foreign country. But his money failed ; he was compelled to sell his clothes from his back ; and, brought to the utmost condition of misery and starvation, he thus reached his brother's house, who again clothed him, and brought him back to college, endeavouring to propitiate the brutal tutor. His father dying, he was reduced to the deepest distress. His generous uncle, Contarine, helped to the utmost of his power, but, with Oliver's careless habits, he was still often reduced to the utmost straits. He was sometimes compelled to pawn his books, and borrow others to study from. His condition became that of squalid poverty, and, at length, he was driven to the extremity of writing street ballads, which he found a ready sale for at five shillings a copy, at a shop known as the sign of the Reindeer, in Mountrath-street. Eventually obtaining the degree of B. A. he quitted the university, and, as we have seen, retreated to his own native neighbourhood and friends.

During this interval of his life Goldsmith gave great concern to his friends. He appeared before the Bishop of Elphin in a pair of scarlet breeches to be examined for orders, and was, of course, rejected. He then spent what money he had in buying a horse, on which he disappeared no one knew whither, and after a time reappeared on a sorry hack which he called "Fiddleback."

All chance of succeeding as a clergyman, to which office he moreover had an aversion, appearing out of the question, and having either no inclination or not sufficient spirit of plodding for the pursuit of law, which had been recommended to him, by assistance of his friends he crossed over to Edinburgh, and commenced, in that university, the study of physic. We have no clue to the exact lodgings of Goldsmith during his stay in Edinburgh, which was two winters. Men in the poverty of Goldsmith, as a student, seldom record very traceably their whereabouts. The tradition is, however, that the lodgings he chiefly occupied were in the College Wynd; and this is very likely, both because the situation is convenient for the college, and because the character of the place agrees pretty much with the sort of entertainment he describes himself to have found in them. The College Wynd is a narrow alley of wretched houses, now inhabited only by the lowest grade of population. It is probable, however, that in it was the better class of lodgings which Goldsmith occupied in this city. The house in which he located himself at first was also a boarding-house, but of such a description that he used, in after days, to amuse his friends in London with an account of the economy of the table. A leg of mutton, as he told the story, dished up in various ways by the ingenuity of his hostess, served for the better part of dinner during a week; a dish of broth being made on the seventh day from the bone. He soon fled from this luxurious abode, and joined several other students, his friends and countrymen, who were better accommodated, most likely in this College Wynd. He had the advantage of studying under the elder Monro; he became a member of the Medical Society; but was soon more noted for his convivial talents and habits than for his industrious study. He made a trip into the Highlands on a pony, he says, of the size of a ram, and wrote a humorous account of Scotland and the people, to his friend Robert Bryanton, of Ballymahon. Through some Irish connexion he was invited to the Duke of Hamilton's, whose duchess at that time was one of the celebrated Gunnings: but he said he soon found himself liked rather as a *jester* than as a companion, and he at once disdained the company of dukes on any such terms. Amongst his college friends was that Lauchlan Macleane whom some writers have endeavoured to prove to be the real Junius, though his claims were long ago sifted, and rejected by public opinion.

Having, with his usual incaution in such matters, become security for a fellow-student, Goldsmith would not have been able to quit Edinburgh, had it not been for Macleane and Dr. Joseph Fenn Sleigh, a Quaker, and afterwards a popular physician at Cork. Saved from arrest by their kindness, he embarked for Bordeaux, but was driven into Newcastle-on-Tyne; where the ship proving to be engaged in enlisting soldiers for the French army, he was seized and cast into prison for a fortnight, before he could prove his innocence. In the meantime the ship had escaped out of the harbour. He had lost his passage, and his passage-money and luggage; but saved his life, for the ship was wrecked, and every soul perished. He then went over to Rotterdam, studied at Leyden for a year, but, so far as appears, took no degree; and thence set off, on foot, on that tour of which so much has always been said in connexion with his name. With his usual good-natured thoughtlessness, when about to set forward from Leyden, provided with a small fund by his uncle Contarine, being struck, in the garden of a florist, with some beautiful bulbous flowers, and recollecting in his gratitude his uncle Contarine's admiration of those flowers, he spent most of the money in purchasing a quantity of them to ship to Ireland for him, as the most welcome present he could think of; and then set out, almost penniless, on his journey. His tour extended through Flanders and France, at Paris attending the chemical lectures of Rouelle, and being introduced to Voltaire; a small portion of Germany; thence through Switzerland, visiting some of its most celebrated scenes, and climbing some of its highest mountains, as the Jura; and thence into Italy, where he extended his journey to most of the northern cities, Mantua, Milan, Padua, Florence, Verona, Venice, and the wilds of Carinthia; but never reached Rome or Naples. His necessities became too great to permit him to go further. In France his flute was, amongst the peasantry, as represented in his Traveller, a never-failing resource—not so in Italy. There the higher taste for music made his rude skill useless; but he found many of his countrymen residents in the monasteries, and these were always ready to relieve his wants. He found also another resource, which he relates in his Philosophic Vagabond:—"My skill in music could avail me nothing in Italy where every peasant was a better musician than I; but by this time I had acquired another talent, which answered my purpose as well; and this was a skill in disputation. In all the foreign universities and convents there are, upon certain days, philosophical theses maintained against every adventitious disputant; for which, if the champion opposes with any dexterity, he can claim a gratuity in money, a dinner, and a bed for one night. In this manner, then, I fought my way towards England; walked along from city to city, examined mankind more closely, and, if I may so express it, saw both sides of the picture."

There is no question that this hardy enterprise of making the tour of Europe on foot, and pushing his way as he could, by his powers of argument, or his flute, though, as he observed, it made him a debtor in almost every kingdom in Europe, yet immensely extended his knowledge of human nature. He was the first man, through his close observation of the French people, to predict their breaking up the despotism of the old monarchy. "As the Swedes are making concealed approaches to despotism, the French, on the other hand, are imperceptibly vindicating themselves into freedom. When I consider that these parliaments, the members of which are all created by the court, the presidents of which can only act by immediate direction, presume even to mention privileges and freedom, who, till of late, received directions from the throne with implicit humility; when this is considered, I cannot help fancying that the genius of freedom has entered that kingdom in disguise. If they have but three weak monarchs successively on the throne, the mask will be laid aside, and the country will certainly once more be free."

This was a remarkable prophecy; the sagacity of Goldsmith penetrated the eventful future twelve years before the mind of Burke, by treading the same ground, arrived at the same conclusion.

In 1756 Oliver Goldsmith reached England, destined now to the end of his life to become the scene of his varied struggles, his poverty, and his fame. It were a long story to follow him minutely through all his numerous pursuits of an existence, his various changes of residence, for a long time without much advance towards profit or reputation. The early part of his career is lost in obscurity and conjecture. He stepped upon the shore of England a nameless adventurer, destitute of cash, and uncertain as to what means of livelihood he should embrace. The struggle which now and for some time went on was for life itself. He was reduced to the most desperate circumstances. He applied for assistance to his relations in Ireland; but whether they could no longer help him, or whether they now regarded his continual wanderings, and continual drain upon them, as the confirmed signs of a thriftless vagabond, none came. It is said that in this situation he tried the stage in a country town; and his intimate acquaintanceship with the interior of the wretched country playhouse, as displayed in The Adventures of a Strolling Player, and the conclusion of the story of George Primrose, renders it very probable. He was driven by utter need, according to the byeword of the Irishman, to be almost "anybody's customer." The next resource was, trusting to his scholastic acquirements to procure an engagement as an usher in a country school. But his appearance must have been against him; reference he had none in this country to give; and though he applied to his old kind tutor in Dublin, Dr. Radcliffe, not the brute Wilder, he requested his recommendation to be given to him under a feigned name, being ashamed of hereafter having his present condition associated with his own. Dr. Radcliffe was obliged to be silent. Goldsmith held this situation, it may be supposed, under these circumstances, for no long period; but the very location of the school is unknown; it has been said to be in Yorkshire, and also in Kent, near Ashford or Tenterden. What sort of a life he had of it in this "Do-the-boys Hall," wherever it was, we may learn from the curious catechism he puts into the mouth of the cousin of one of his heroes. "Ay, this is indeed a very pretty career that has been chalked out for you. I have been an usher at a boarding-school myself; and may I die by an anodyne necklace, but I had rather be under-turnkey in Newgate. I was up early and late. I was browbeat by the master; hated for my ugly face by the mistress; worried by the boys within, and never permitted to stir out to receive civility abroad. But are you sure you are fit for a school? Let me examine you a little. Have you been bred apprentice to the business?" "No." "Then you won't do for a school. Have you had the small-pox?" "No." "Then you won't do for a school. Can you lie three in a bed?" "No." "Then you won't do for a school. Have you got a good stomach?" "Yes." "Then you will by no means do for a school!"

Driven from such a purgatory even for want of a character, Goldsmith, with the Deserted Village and the Vicar of Wakefield in his head, was once more wandering the streets of London amid a thousand other equally destitute wretches. He applied to apothecary after apothecary, trusting to his medical education for employment with them ; but with all the traces of vagabond indigence upon him, and without any recommendation to show, his repulses were certain. A chemist of the name of Jacob, residing at the corner of Monument or Bell-yard, on Fish-street-hill, taking compassion on his destitute condition, at length gave him employment. It may be supposed to be about this time that his lodgings were of that magnificent description with which he once in after life startled a circle of good company, —breaking out suddenly in some fit of forgetful enthusiasm with— "When I lived amongst the beggars in Axe-lane." His first gleam of better fortune was finding his old Edinburgh college friend, Dr. Sleigh, in London, who received him in all his squalor with the warmth of true friendship, and enabled him to commence as physician in Bankside, Southwark. It did not answer, and the next glimpse of him is, acting as a corrector of the press in the printing office of Richardson the Novelist. The next fortunate circumstance was meeting with Mr. Milner, one of his old Edinburgh fellow-students, whose father, Dr. Milner, a dissenting minister, kept a classical school at Peckham, in Surrey. By him he was recommended to his father, to assist him in his school duties. Dr. Milner was suffering under severe illness, and Goldsmith's services were accepted. Here he continued for some time—it has been said by part of the family, three years ; and this connexion led to the one which brought him into the direct field of authorship. Mr., afterwards Dr. Griffiths, a bookseller of Paternoster-row, had started the Monthly Review, and was beating up for contributors. Goldsmith, whom he had become acquainted with at Dr. Milner's, was one invited. The engagement is calculated to make both proprietors and authors of the present day smile. Goldsmith was regularly boarded and lodged in the bibliopole's house—the hired servant of literature. How satisfactory this odd arrangement of keeping a tame author turned out, may be guessed by the fact that the engagement for a year ended in five months. The great fact at which Goldsmith kicked was, that not only Griffiths, but *his wife*, was in the regular habit of acting as the censor, and altering the articles written for the Review.

From this time to the day of his death Goldsmith was regularly launched into the drudgery of literature ; the most wearing, feverish, uncertain, and worst remunerating life under the sun. To live in one long anxiety, and to die poor, was his lot, as it has been that of thousands of others. There are innocent minds, who are filled with gladness at the sight of a goodly library ; who feast on a well-bound row of books, as the lover of nature does on a poetical landscape or on a bank of violets. For my part, I never see such a collection of books without an inward pang. They remind me of a catacomb ; every volume is in my eyes but a bone in the great gathering of the remains of literary martyrs. When I call to mind the pleasure with which many of these books were written, followed by the agonies of disappointment they brought; the repulses and contempt of booksellers, to whom the authors had carried them in all the flush of their inexperience and of high hope; the cruel malice of the critics which assailed them,—

> "Those cut-throat bandits in the paths of fame;
> Bloody dissectors, worse than ten Monros:—
> He hacks to teach, they mangle to expose."—Burns.

When I think of the glorious hopes which accompanied their composition, and the terrible undeceiving which attended their publication; when I reflect how many of these fair tomes were written in bitterest poverty, with the most aching hearts, in the most cheerless homes, and how many others ruined the writers who were tolerably well off before they put pen to paper; when I remember, on passing my eye along them, how many of them never were raised to their present rank till the unhappy authors were beyond the knowledge of it; when I see others which *had* their fame during the author's life-time, but enriched only the lucky bibliopole, and left the conscious producer of wealth only doubly poor by seeing it in the enjoyment of another; when I see those works which, while the author lived, were assailed as blasphemous and devilish, now the text-books of liberty and progress; and when I call to mind all the tears which have bedewed them, the sadness of soul, often leading to suicide, which has weighed down the immortal spirits which created them,—I own that there is to me no such melancholy spectacle as a fine collection of books.

Goldsmith had his full share of this baptism of literary wretchedness. I cannot follow him minutely through the years of book-drudgery and all its attendant adventures. Suffice it, that he wrote an immense mass of articles for the periodicals; hosts of histories; plays, tales, essays and the like, anonymously; and which, therefore, brought him precarious bread, but little fame. He commenced writing in the Monthly Review, in 1757, and it was not till 1764 that his name was first affixed to his first poem—The Traveller. Thus he served a seven years' apprenticeship to anonymous authorship before he began to take that rank in English literature which was his destined portion; exactly in ten years more he was in his grave, having in the mean time given to posterity his exquisite Deserted Village; his inimitable Vicar of Wakefield; his Good-natured Man, and She Stoops to Conquer; besides hosts of histories, written to make the pot boil,—Histories of Animated Nature; of England, Greece, Rome, and what not. During the whole of his career the pecuniary condition of Goldsmith was one of uneasiness. It is true that his generous, improvident disposition might have left the result the same had he won ten times the sum he did; but one cannot help regarding the sums received by him for his writings as something most humiliating, when their real value to the booksellers of all ages is considered. We find his life abounding with his borrowing two and three guineas of his bookseller; and receiving such sums for articles. The Traveller brought him *twenty guineas!* The Vicar of Wakefield, *sixty;* and for the Deserted Village, one *hundred;*

—not two hundred pounds altogether, for three of the most popular works in any language. It would be a curious fact to ascertain, were it possible, what these three works alone have made for the booksellers.

But if Goldsmith was not well remunerated for the works with which he enriched the English language, he was rich in friends. Johnson, Burke, Sir Joshua Reynolds, all the great men of the age, were his intimate associates, and knew how to value both his genius and his unselfish nature. The friendship of Johnson for him was beautiful. All the world knows the story of Johnson selling "the manuscript of the Vicar of Wakefield" to save the author from an arrest of his landlady for arrears of rent. It has been made the subject of more than one excellent painting; but it is not so generally known, that so uncertain were both Johnson and the publisher of its merits, that it remained nearly two years in the publisher's desk before he ventured to publish it. It was the fame of The Traveller which emboldened the bibliopole to bring it out, and the public at once received it with one instant and general cheer.

But it was the public which welcomed it thus warmly, not the critics. Some of these never even noticed it, others gave a bare account of its story, but not one of them dared to praise it heartily, if he ever perceived its merit. It requires genius to discover genius, or, what is better, heart. And it was the unsophisticated heart in the reading public at large which was at once touched by the pathos, the humour, and the genuine pictures of life in this incomparable story. Before the year was out it had passed through three editions; and then the directors of the literary world began to find that there was something in it. Goldsmith lived to see its sixth edition; and since his time it has passed through some hundreds; has been translated into almost every language, including the Chinese, and has received the highest applause from the greatest geniuses of all nations. Goethe, in his "Wahrheit und Dichtung," says that, being introduced to his notice by Herder, it opened up a new world to him; and every one feels how much he has endeavoured to give to one of the most interesting episodes of his student life, that of the daughters of the Pfarrer of Sesenheim the colouring of Goldsmith.

We must now confine ourselves to a brief indication of successive residences and haunts of Goldsmith during his literary life in London; first observing only, that so unpromising for a long time was the field of authorship, that he sought several times to quit it. In 1758, he procured the post of physician and surgeon to one of the factories on the coast of Coromandel, but was refused his certificate at Surgeons' Hall, as not duly qualified. He tried, in 1760, to procure the situation of secretary to the Society of Arts, as a means of permanent support; and failing, he recurred to a wild project, which he had entertained years before, of going out to the East to decypher the inscriptions on the Written Mountains, though he was totally ignorant of Arabic or the language in which the inscriptions might be supposed to be written. His inducement was the salary of 300*l.* a-year, which had been left for that purpose. He proposed in this expedition also to acquire a knowledge of the arts peculiar to the East, and introduce them into Britain. When Johnson heard of this he said,—"Why, Sir, he would bring home a grinding-barrow, which you see in every street of London, and think he had furnished a wonderful improvement." The scheme appeared as visionary in other quarters, and so fell through. These various plans, however, all show what a thorny path was that of authorship to him.

We find Goldsmith first residing, after he had quitted Griffiths's roof, about 1757, in the vicinity of Salisbury-square, Fleet-street; where exactly, is not known. At this time he was in the habit of frequenting the Temple Exchange coffee-house, near Temple-bar; where he had his letters addressed, and where he even saw, according to the fashion of the times, his patients, when he had any. There does not appear to be any such coffee-house now. Green-arbour-court, between the Old Bailey and what was lately Fleet Market, was his next abode, where he located himself towards the end of 1758. "Here," says his biographer, "he became well-known to his literary brethren, was visited by them, and his lodgings well remembered. This house, a few years ago, formed the abode, as it appears to have done in his own time, of laborious indigence. The adjoining houses likewise presented every appearance of squalid poverty, every floor being occupied by the poorest class. Two of the number fell down from age and dilapidation; and the remainder, on the same side of the court, including that in which the poet resided, standing on the right-hand corner on entering from Farringdon-street by what is called, from their steepness and number, Breakneck-steps,—were taken down some time afterwards to avoid a similar catastrophe. They were four stories in height, the attics had casement windows, and at one time they were probably inhabited by a superior class of tenants. The site is now occupied by a large building, enclosed by a wall running through the court or square, intended for the stabling and lofts of a waggon office."

In the beginning of March, 1759, he was seen here by the Rev. Mr. Percy, afterwards Bishop Percy, the collector of the Reliques, and author of the Hermit of Warkworth, one of his earliest literary friends. "The doctor," observed the prelate, "was employed in writing his Enquiry into Polite Learning, in a wretchedly dirty room, in which there was but one chair; and when, from civility, this was offered to his visitant, he himself was obliged to sit in the window. While they were conversing, some one gently rapped at the door, and on being desired to come in, a poor ragged little girl of very decent behaviour entered, who, dropping a curtsy, said—'My mamma sends her compliments, and begs the favour of your lending her a potful of coals.'"

Mr. Prior, in 1820, going into a small shop in the Clapham-road to purchase the first edition of Goldsmith's Essays, lying in the window, found the woman in the shop an old neighbour of the poet's. She said she was a near relative of the woman who kept the house in Green-arbour-court, and at the age of seven or eight went frequently thither; one of the inducements to which was the cakes and sweet meats given to her and other children of the family by the gentleman who lodged there. These they duly valued at the moment; but when afterwards considered as the gift of one so eminent, the recollection became the source of pride and boast. Another of his amusements consisted in assembling these children in his room, and inducing them to dance to the music of his flute. Of this instrument, as a relaxation from study, he was fond. He was usually shut up in the room during the day, went out in the evenings, and preserved regular hours. His habits otherwise were sociable, and he had several visitors. One of the companions whose society gave him particular pleasure was a respectable watchmaker, residing in the same court, celebrated for the possession of much wit and humour; qualities which, as they distinguish his own writings, he professes to have sought and cultivated wherever they were to be found..

Here the woman related that Goldsmith's landlord, having fallen into difficulties, was at length arrested; and Goldsmith, who owed a small sum of money for rent, being applied to by his wife to assist in the release of her husband, found that, although without money, he did not want resources. A new suit of clothes was consigned to the pawnbroker, and the amount raised proving much more than sufficient to discharge his own debt, was handed over for the release of the prisoner. What is most singular is, that this effort of active benevolence to rescue a debtor from gaol, gave, in all probability, rise to a charge against him of dishonesty. As we have said, Goldsmith proposing to go out to India, took his examination at Surgeons' Hall. To make a creditable appearance there, he had borrowed money of Griffiths, the bookseller, for a new suit of clothes. These clothes Griffiths soon afterwards discovered hanging at a pawnbroker's door. As Goldsmith had lost the situation he had boasted of when he borrowed this money, and kept his own not very flattering secret of the cause of the loss—his rejection at Surgeons' Hall,—Griffiths, a man of coarse mind, at once jumped to the conclusion that it was all a piece of trickery. He demanded an explanation of Goldsmith; Goldsmith refused to give it. He demanded the return of his money; Goldsmith, of course, had it not. They came to a fierce and violent, and, as it proved, irreconcilable quarrel; and Goldsmith, disdaining to explain the real circumstances, long bore the disgrace of duplicity as the result of his generous act.

There is one more anecdote connected with his residence here, and it is characteristic. A gentleman inquiring whether he was within, was shown up to his room without farther ceremony, when, soon after having entered it, a noise of voices, as if in altercation, was heard by the people below, the key of the door at the same moment being turned within the room. Doubtful of the nature of the interview, the attention of the landlady was excited, but both voices being distinguished at intervals, her suspicions of personal violence were lulled, and no further notice taken. Late in the evening the door was unlocked, a good supper ordered by the visitor from the neighbouring tavern, and the gentlemen who met so ungraciously at first, spent the remainder of the evening in great good humour.

The explanation given of this scene was, that the poet being behindhand with certain writings for the press, and the stated period of publication arrived, the intruder, who was a printer or publisher, probably Hamilton or Wilkie, for both of whom he wrote at that time, would not quit the room till they were finished ; and for this species of durance inflicted on the author, the supper formed the apology.

In those apartments, little indebted as we may believe to the labours of the housemaid, he is said to have observed the predatory habits of the spider, and drawn up that paper on the subject which appeared in the fourth number of the Bee, reprinted in the Essays, and given in substance in the History of Animated Nature. In these lodgings he wrote a Memoir of the Life of Voltaire, and a Translation of the Henriade ; an Enquiry into the State of Polite Learning in Europe ; besides a multitude of reviews and other articles in the Bee, the Busybody, and other magazines of the day. He wrote also his Chinese Letters, and newspaper articles at least two a-week, at the rate of a guinea per article. In 1760 he quitted Green-arbour-court, and took respectable lodgings in Wine-office-court, Fleet-street, where he continued about two years in the house of an acquaintance, a relative of the friendly bookseller, Newbery, predecessor of Hunter, corner of St. Paul's Churchyard, since of Harris, and now Grant and Griffiths. Here he had a large literary acquaintance amongst men of all grades of reputation and talent. Amongst them Dr. Percy was a frequent visitor, and here it was that Dr. Johnson was introduced to him by Dr. Percy, at a large party which Goldsmith gave to persons chiefly literary. Johnson went dressed in his highest style, and on Percy remarking it as they went along, "Why, Sir," said Johnson, "I hear that Goldsmith, who is a very great sloven, justifies his disregard of cleanliness and decency by quoting my practice ; and I am desirous this night to show him a better example." From the first moment of meeting, these two great men took vastly to each other, and continued firm friends till Goldsmith's death.

During Goldsmith's residence in Wine-office-court, he was busily employed on a pamphlet on the Cock-lane Ghost ; a History of Mecklenburg ; the Art of Poetry on a New Plan ; an Abridgement of Plutarch ; Additions to English History ; a Life of Beau Nash ; and contributions to the Christian Magazine : most of these being written for Newbery. To relieve the tedium of his drudgery, he was in the habit of frequenting the Monday evening meetings of the Robin Hood Debating Society, held at a house of that name in Butcher-row, whither it had been removed from the Essex Head, in Essex-street, in the Strand. The payment of sixpence formed the only requisite for admission ; three half-pence of which were said to be put by for the purposes of charity. The annual number of visitors averaged about 5,000. A gilt chair indicated the presiding authority, and all questions, not excepting religion and politics, were open to discussion. In these discussions Goldsmith used even to take part, but his great delight was to listen to the harangues of an eloquent baker, at the conclusion of one of which Goldsmith exclaimed to his companion, Derrick, "That man was meant by nature for a lord chancellor;" to which Derrick replied, "No, no, not so high; he was only intended for *master* of *the rolls*." The man actually became a magistrate in Middlesex, and, as was said, a first-rate one.

In 1762 Goldsmith quitted Wine-office-court, and took lodgings in the house of a Mrs. Elizabeth Fleming, in Islington. This was to be near his friend and publisher, Mr. Newbery, who resided at Canonbury-house, near to Mrs. Fleming's. Here he continued till 1764, chiefly employed upon job-work for his friend Newbery; amongst the most important, the Letters of a Nobleman to his Son, and the History of England. He used to relieve the monotony of his life by weekly visits to the Literary Club, of which Johnson, Burke, and Sir Joshua Reynolds, were principal members, and which was held at the Turk's Head, Gerrard-street, Soho.

Here, there is every reason to believe, occurred the event already alluded to, the threat of his arrest, and the sale of the manuscript of the Vicar of Wakefield, by Johnson, to liberate him. Of this story there have been various versions; Mrs. Piozzi, Sir John Hawkins, Cumberland, and Boswell, all relate it, all profess to have heard it from Johnson, and yet each tells it very differently. In all these stories, however, there is a landlady demanding arrears of rent, and bailiffs waiting to arrest if the money were not forthcoming. All agree that Goldsmith was drinking, most of them say Madeira, to drown his vexation; and Cumberland adds, that the landlady proposed the alternative of payment or marriage. Whether the latter point were really included in the demand is not likely ever to be known: but that Mrs. Fleming, who went by the name of Goldsmith's hostess, and is thus painted by Hogarth, was the woman in question, I think there can be little doubt; though Prior, the biographer, would fain exempt her from the charge, and suppose the scene to occur in some temporary lodging. There does not appear the smallest ground for such a supposition. All facts point to this place and person. Goldsmith had been here for at least a year and a half; for Prior himself gives the particulars of this landlady's bill reaching to June 22d. As it occurred in this year, and about this time,—for it is expressly stated that the Vicar of Wakefield was kept about two years by the bookseller unpublished, and it was not published till the end of March, 1766,—it could not possibly happen anywhere else. He could not have left Mrs. Fleming, or if he had, he could not have been away long enough to accumulate any alarming score. Here, on the contrary, everything indicates that he was in debt and difficulty. He had been at least a year and a half here, and might, and probably had, run a good way into his landlady's books. The biographer states expressly that Goldsmith *was* in great difficulties, and for some months was invisible,—said to have made a trip into Yorkshire. The biographer also shows that Newbery, the bookseller, generally paid the landlady for Goldsmith; but it comes out that Goldsmith was now also very far behind with Newbery, owing him no less than 111*l.*; and next comes an obvious dislocation with Newbery himself. It is a fact which does not seem to have struck the biographer, that when Johnson sold the manuscript of the Vicar of Wakefield, he did not sell it to Newbery, though Newbery was not only Goldsmith's publisher, but his own. He went and sold it to a nephew of Newbery's, Mr. Francis Newbery, of Paternoster-row. Now there must have been a reason for this; and what so likely as that Goldsmith having run too deeply into debt had alarmed Newbery—publishers are careful men—that he had not only refused to advance more, but had withdrawn his guarantee to the landlady. This being the case, Goldsmith would be at his wit's end. With long arrears of rent and board, for Mrs. Fleming found that too, the security withdrawn by Newbery, she would be alarmed, and insist on Goldsmith's paying. To Newbery he could not fly, and in his despair he sent for Johnson. Johnson sold the novel, but not to John Newbery. With him it would only have gone to reduce the standing claim, with another it could bring what was wanted, instant cash. What confirms this view of the case, is, moreover, the fact that immediately after this Goldsmith did quit his old landlady, and return to London.

Canonbury-tower, or Canonbury-house, as it is indifferently called, is often said to have been a residence of Goldsmith; and the room is shown which he used to occupy, and where it is said he wrote the Deserted Village. The reason given for Goldsmith's going to live at Islington is, that it was a pleasant, rural situation, and that there he would be near Newbery, his publisher, who engaged with Goldsmith's landlady to pay the rent. Newbery had apartments in Canonbury-house, and here Goldsmith visited him. Anon, as his difficulties increased, he used to hide from his creditors in the tower, where he lay concealed for days and weeks. Very probably he was there all the time he was said to be gone into Yorkshire.

As to his having written the Deserted Village there, that is quite likely. It is equally probable that he might write there The Traveller, which was published at the end of the very year he left Islington. The Deserted Village was not published for five years afterwards, or in 1769; and was, if written at Canonbury, the fruit of a subsequent residence there in 1767. His fixed abode was then in the Temple: but he had apartments for part of the summer in Canonbury-house, and was visited there by most of his literary friends. On many of these occasions they adjourned to a social dinner at the Crown tavern in the Lower-road, where tradition states them to have been very jovial. It is not improbable that he wrote part of the Vicar of Wakefield at Islington too, having, as we see, completed it at the time of his threatened arrest, that is, at the close of his residence at Islington.

Canonbury-tower, at the time Goldsmith used to frequent it, was a fine airy place, in a sweet rural neighbourhood. Geoffrey Crayon says: "It is an ancient brick tower, hard by 'merry Islington,' the remains of a hunting-seat of Queen Elizabeth, where she took the pleasure of the country when the neighbourhood was all woodland.

What gave it particular interest in my eyes was the circumstance that it had been the residence of a poet. It was here Goldsmith resided when he wrote his Deserted Village. I was shown the very apartment. It was a relic of the original style of the castle, with panelled wainscot and Gothic windows. I was pleased with its air of antiquity, and its having been the residence of poor Goldy." Irving located his "Poor Devil Author" in this room of Goldsmith's, but represents him as soon driven away by the troops of Londoners. "Sunday came, and with it the whole city world, swarming about Canonbury-castle. I could not open my window but I was stunned with shouts and noises from the cricket-ground; the late quiet road beneath my windows was alive with the tread of feet and the clack of tongues; and, to complete my misery, I found that my quiet retreat was absolutely a 'show-house,' being shown to strangers at sixpence a head. There was a perpetual tramping up stairs of citizens and their families, to look about the country from the top of the tower, and to take a peep at the city through the telescope, to try if they could discern their own chimneys."

The reason why Irving located his "Poor Devil Author" in Canonbury-tower, no doubt, was because it had been the resort of several such, as well as men of greater note,—Smart; Chambers, author of the Cyclopædia; Humphries, author of Canons, a poem, Ulysses, an opera, &c.

> "Here Humphries breathed his last, the Muses' friend,
> And Chambers found his mighty labours end."
>
> See on the distant slope, majestic shows
> Old Canonbury's tower, an ancient pile
> To various fates assigned; and where by turns
> Meanness and grandeur have alternate reigned.
> Thither in latter days hath genius fled
> From yonder city to repine and die.
> There the sweet Bard of Auburn sate, and tuned
> The plaintive moanings of his village dirge.
> There learned Chambers treasured lore for *man*,
> And Newbery there his A B C for *babes*."

One of these citizens who took a particular pleasure in a visit to Canonbury-tower was William Hone. The view of the tower in his Every-Day Book is very correct, except that there is now an iron balustrade round the top, for greater security of those who ascend it for the prospect. His account of it is as follows:—

'Canonbury-tower is sixty feet high, and seventy feet square. It is part of an old mansion which appears to have been erected, or, if erected before, much altered, about the reign of Elizabeth. The more ancient edifice was erected by the priors of the Canons of St. Bartholomew, Smithfield, and hence was called Canonbury, to whom it appertained until it was surrendered with the priory to Henry VIII.; and when the religious houses were dissolved, Henry gave the mansion to Thomas Lord Cromwell. It afterwards passed through other hands, till it was possessed by Sir John Spencer, an Alderman and Lord Mayor of London, known by the name of 'rich Spencer.' While he resided at Canonbury, a Dunkirk pirate came over in a shallop to Barking creek, and hid himself with some armed men in Islington-fields, near the path Sir John usually took from his house in Crosby-place to this mansion, with the hope of making him prisoner; but as he remained in town that night, they were glad to make off, for fear of detection, and returned to France disappointed of their prey, and of the large ransom they calculated on for the release of his person. His sole daughter and heiress, Elizabeth,* was carried off in a baker's basket from Canonbury-house, by William, the second Lord Compton, lord president of Wales. He inherited Canonbury, with the rest of Sir John Spencer's wealth, at his death, and was afterwards created Earl of Northampton; in this family the manor still remains."

In Hone's time a Mr. Symes, the bailiff of the manor under Lord Northampton, was residing in the tower. He had lived there for thirty-nine years. His mother-in-law, Mrs. Evans, wife to the former bailiff, told Mr. Symes that her aunt, Mrs. Tapps, a seventy year inhabitant of the tower, was accustomed to talk much about Goldsmith and his apartment. It was an old oak room on the first floor. Mrs. Tapps affirmed that he there wrote his Deserted Village, and slept in a large press bedstead placed in the eastern corner. Since Goldsmith's time the room has been much altered and subdivided. The house is still the residence of the bailiff of the manor.

Poor Hone lamented sorely over the changes going on in this once sweet neighbourhood. "I ranged the old rooms, and took perhaps a last look from the roof. The eye shrunk from the wide havoc below. Where new buildings had not covered the sward, it was embowelling for bricks, and kilns emitted flickering fire and sulphurous stench. Surely the dominion of the brick-and-mortar king will have no end; and cages for commercial spirits will be there, instead of every green thing."

"So, Canonbury, thou dost stand awhile;
Yet fall at last thou must! for thy rich warden
Is fast 'improving;' all thy pleasant fields
Have fled, and brick-kilns, bricks, and houses rise
At his command: the air no longer yields
A fragrance—scarcely health; the very skies
Grow dim and town-like; a cold creeping gloom
Steals into thee, and saddens every room;
And so realities come unto me,
Clouding the chambers of my mind, and making me—like thee."

One-and-twenty years have passed since Hone took this melancholy view of the changes going on round Canonbury-tower. There has been no pause in the process of housification since then. The whole neighbourhood is fast engulfing in one overflowing London. What a change since Queen Elizabeth used to come to this solitary tower, to hunt in the far-spreading woodlands around; or to take a view from its summit of her distant capital, and of the far-off winding Thames! What a change even since Goldsmith paced this old tower, and looked over green fields, and thick woods, and over the whole airy scene, full of solitude and beauty! There are still old gardens with their stately cedars, and lanes that show that they were once in a rural district, and that Canonbury was a right pleasant place. But the goodly house of Sir Walter Raleigh, who grew enamoured of the spot from attending his royal mistress thither, is degraded to the Pied Bull, and long terraces of new houses extinguish one green field rapidly after another. Everything seems in a state of spreading and active advance, except the great tavern near the tower, whose cricketers and revellers used to din Washington Irving so much, and that now stands empty and ruinous; the very Sunday roisterers from the city have sought some more greenly suburban resort.

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* For an account of this extraordinary woman, see "The Visits to Remarkable Places," vol. i. p. 318.

The last residences of Goldsmith in London were within the precincts of the Temple. He first took apartments on the library staircase, No. 2, Garden-court. This is now pulled down, and I suppose on the site stands the new library, for on going into the court you now find no No. 2, but only Nos. 3 and 4, looking odd and puzzling enough to the inquirer. Hence he removed to the King's-bench-walk; but the particular house does not appear to be known. Lastly, he removed to No. 2, Brick-court. His lodgings were on the second floor, on the right hand ascending the staircase; and are said to consist of three rooms, sufficiently airy and pleasant. With an imprudence which brought upon him deep anxiety, and probably hastened his end, he borrowed of the booksellers and of the occupier of the opposite rooms, Mr. Edmund Bott—a literary barrister, who was much esteemed by him, and became his principal creditor at his death, and the possessor of his papers—four hundred pounds, with which he furnished these apartments in an expensive manner. Here, also, he occasionally gave expensive suppers to his literary friends. Below Goldsmith, on the first floor, lived Sir William Blackstone, and is said there to have written his Commentaries. There were other barristers living in the Temple, especially a Mr. William Cooke, author of a work on Dramatic Genius, and called Conversation Cooke, with whom Goldsmith was on terms of intimacy. In this portion of his life, the accounts of him abound with the *naïvetés* of his talk and character, for which he is more famous with some people than for his genius. His bloom-coloured coat, with sky-blue linings, is still commented on by writers, who will never be able to comprehend the grand nobility of his nature. He was now visited by almost every man of note of the time; Johnson with his Boswell, Burke, Reynolds, Garrick, Percy, Sir Philip Francis, &c. Almost twenty years after his death these rooms became the scene of a tragical adventure, by a Miss Broderick shooting in them a Mr. Eddington, with whom she had formerly lived, and who took this desperate means of punishing his desertion.

These rooms are at the lower end of Brick-court, at the corner of the range of building on your right hand as you descend the court from Fleet-street. There seems to be a considerable mistake in Prior's account of them. Nearly all that he says appears to apply much more naturally to his rooms in Garden than in Brick court. In Garden-court, they most likely would be airy and pleasant, and there the anecdote of his watching the rooks might take place. It is thus given: "The view towards the gardens supplied him with an observation given in Animated Nature, respecting the natural history of the rooks. 'I have often amused myself with observing their plan of policy from my window in the Temple, that looks upon a grove where they have made a colony in the midst of the city,'" &c.

This could not be in Brick-court, where there is no view towards the garden. The court is built all round with buildings as old as Goldsmith's time, and older. In his rooms in Garden-court he could have full view of the elms in the garden, the probable scene of the rookery in question.

During Goldsmith's life here, he was in the habit of meeting his literary friends often in the evening at the Mitre tavern, Fleet-street; at a card club at the Devil tavern, near Temple-bar, not now existing; at the Globe tavern, also near there, now gone too; and at Jack's coffee-house, now Walker's hotel, Dean-street, corner of Queen-street, Soho. This was at that time a resort of Garrick and his friends, being kept by Jack Roberts, formerly a singer of Garrick's theatre. It was here that Goldsmith confounded the gravity of Johnson with one of his off-hand and simple jokes. They were supping tête-à-tête on rumps and kidneys. Johnson observed,—"Sir, these rumps are pretty little things, but they require a good many to satisfy a man." "Aye, but," said Goldsmith, "how many of these would reach to the moon?" "To the moon! aye, Sir, I fear that exceeds your calculation." "Not at all, Sir," said Goldsmith, "I think I could tell." "Pray then let us hear." "Why *one*, if it were long enough." Johnson growled at this reply for some time, but at last, recollecting himself, "Well, Sir, I have deserved it; I should not have provoked so foolish an answer by so foolish a question."

This house, in 1770, was the oldest tavern in London but three, and is now probably the oldest. Mr. Walker, the landlord at the time I visited it, who had lived in it fifty years, and had then reached the venerable age of ninety, was proud of the ancient honours of the house. On his card he duly informed his friends, that it was here that "Johnson, Garrick, Goldsmith, and other literary characters of eminence," used to resort. The house is old, spacious, and quiet, and well adapted for the sojourn of families from the country, who are glad to escape the noise of more frequented parts of the city. By permission of Mr. Walker, I present at the head of this article a view of the room once honoured by Johnson and Goldsmith.

It is pleasant to find the author of The Traveller and Deserted Village, amid all his labours, ever and anon escaping to the country, which no man more profoundly enjoyed. It is delightful to imagine with what intense pleasure he must have traversed the groves of Ilam, and the lovely scenes of Dove-Dale. He made many similar rambles into Hampshire, Sussex, Suffolk, Yorkshire, Leicestershire, and Lincolnshire. When he wanted at once to enjoy country retirement and hard work, he would "abscond" from his town associates without a word—dive into some queer obscure retreat, often on the Harrow or Edgeware roads, and not be visible for two or three months together. One of these retreats is said to be a small wooden cottage, on the north side of the Edgeware-road, about a mile from Paddington, near what is called Kilburn Priory. At such places it was his great luxury, when tired of writing, to stroll along the shady hedge-sides, seating himself in the most agreeable spots, and occasionally setting down thoughts which arose for future use. When he was in a more sociable mood, he got up parties for excursions into the neighbourhood of London, in which he and his companions had a good long ramble amongst the villages, dined at the village inn, and so home again in the evening. These he called "tradesmen's holidays," and thus were Blackheath, Wandsworth, Fulham, Chelsea, Hampstead, Highgate, Highbury, &c., explored and enjoyed.

"There was a very good ordinary," says Conversation Cooke, who was occasionally of the party, "at Highbury Barn about this time, at ten-pence per head, including a penny to the waiter; and the company generally consisted of literary characters, a few Templars, and citizens who had left off trade. The whole expenses of this day's fête never exceeded a crown, and were oftener from three and sixpence to four shillings."

On those occasions Goldsmith gave himself up to all his love of good fellowship and of generously seeing others happy. He made it a rule that the party should meet and take a splendid breakfast at his rooms. The party generally consisted of four or five persons; and was almost sure to include some humble person, to whom such a treat would never come from any other quarter. One of the most constant of these was his poor amanuensis, Peter Barlow. Peter had his oddities; but with them a spirit of high independence. He always wore the same dress, and never would pay more than a certain sum, and that a trifle, for his dinner, but that he would insist on paying. The dinner always costing a great deal more, Goldsmith paid the difference, and considered himself well reimbursed by the fund of amusement Peter furnished to the party. One of their frequent retreats was the well known Chelsea Bun-house. Another of these companions was a Dr. Glover, a medical man and author of no great note, who once took Goldsmith into a cottage in one of their rambles at West End, Hampstead, and took tea with the family as an old acquaintance, when he actually knew no more of the people than Goldsmith did, to his vast chagrin on discovering the fact.

A temporary retreat of Goldsmith's was a cottage near Edgeware, in the vicinity of Canons. There he lived, in conjunction with his friend Bott, and there he worked hard at his Roman History. It had been the retreat of a wealthy shoemaker of Piccadilly; and, having a pleasant garden, they christened the place "The Shoemaker's Paradise." The last country lodging which he had was at Hyde, on the Edgeware-road. It is described by Prior as "of the superior order of farm-houses, and stands upon a gentle eminence in what is called Hyde-lane, leading to Kenton, about three hundred yards from the village of Hyde, on the Edgeware-road, and commands a view of an undulating country directly opposite, diversified with wood, in the direction of Hendon." From Mr. Selby, the occupier of the property, Mr. Prior obtained this information. He was himself a lad of sixteen at the time Goldsmith lodged there, and remembered him perfectly. He had only one room there, up one pair of stairs, to the right of the landing. There he wrote She Stoops to Conquer. He boarded with the family, but commonly had his meals sent up to his own apartment. When he had visitors to tea,—for his friends used to come out from London, take tea, and then drive home,—he had the use of the parlour immediately under his own room. Occasionally he would wander into the kitchen, and stand with his back towards the fire, apparently absorbed in thought. Sometimes he strolled about the fields, or was seen loitering and musing under the hedges, or perusing a book. In the house he usually wore his shirt-collar open, in the manner represented in the portrait by Sir Joshua. Occasionally he read much in bed, and his mode of extinguishing his candle, when out of immediate reach, was to fling his slipper at it, which in the morning was found near the overturned candlestick, bedaubed with grease.

There, then, Goldsmith spent the last days of his life, except what he spent on his sick-bed, in the full enjoyment of those two great charms of his existence, nature and books. There he forgot all his bitter struggles, his ill-paid, endless work for the publishers, and even the empty honours of his latter years, which he expressively styled "giving him ruffles, when he wanted a shirt." There he could forget that great disease of hunger, which he said killed so many who were said to die of broken hearts, some of whom he declared that he had known. He was still poor, but famous, and in these moments happy. Occasionally he would indulge in a festive diversion—have a dance got up amongst his visitors; and on one occasion took the young people of the house in a carriage to Windsor, to see a company of strolling players, and made himself and his juvenile party very merry by his remarks on the performance. From these quiet enjoyments and field musings, death called him away. He returned to town, and died in his lodgings in the Temple, on the 4th of April, 1774, only five months more than forty-five years of age. His constitution is said to have been exhausted by his labours and his consuming anxieties. He died two thousand pounds in debt, and Dr. Johnson, on hearing this fact, exclaimed, "Was ever poet so trusted before?" He was privately interred in the Temple burial-ground, and a tabular monument to his honour placed on the walls of Westminster Abbey. That great and noble building does not hold the remains of a nobler or better heart. Oliver Goldsmith was a true Irishman, generous, impulsive, and improvident; but he was more, he was a true man and true poet. Whether we laugh with him or weep with him, we are still the better for it.

ROBERT BURNS.

We come now to the man who is the great representative of a class which is the peculiar glory of Great Britain; that is, to Robert Burns. It is a brilliant feature of English literature, that the people, the mass, the multitude,—call them what you will,—have contributed to it their share, and that share a glorious one. We may look in vain into the literature of every other nation for the like fact. It is true that there may be found in all countries men who, born in the lowest walks of life—orphans, outcasts, slaves even—men labouring under not only all the weight of social prejudices, but under the curse of personal deformity, have, through some fortunate circumstance, generally the favour of some generous and superior person, risen out of their original position, and through the advantages of academical or artistic education have taken their place amongst the learned and illustrious of their race. We need not turn back to the Æsops and Terences of antiquity for such characters; they are easy to select from the annals of the middle ages, and modern art and learning; but there is a class, and this class is found in Great Britain alone, which, belonging to the body of the people, has caught, as it were passingly, just the quantum of education which had come within the people's reach, and who, on this slender participation of the general intellectual property, have raised for themselves a renown, great, glorious, and enduring as that of the most learned or most socially exalted of mankind. These extraordinary individuals, who are found in the literature of all civilized nations,—these men who, admitted from the ranks of the people to the college or the studio, have distinguished themselves in almost every walk of science or letters,—these have vindicated the general intellect of the human race from every possible charge of inequality in its endowments. They have shown triumphantly that "God is no respecter of persons." They have thus vindicated not only man's universal capacity for greatness, but the Creator's justice. They have demonstrated that "God has made of one blood all the nations of the earth;" and still more, that he has endowed them all with one intellect. Over the whole bosom of the globe its divine Architect has spread fertility; he has diffused beauty adapted to the diversity of climes, and made that beauty present itself in such a variety of forms, that the freshness of its first perception is kept alive by ever occurring novelties of construction, hue, or odour. It is the same in the intellectual as in the physical world. In the universal spirit of man he has implanted the universal gifts of his divine goodness. Genius, sentiment, feeling, the vast capacity of knowledge and of creative art, are made the common heritage of mankind. But climate and circumstance assert a great and equal influence on the outer and the inner life of the earth. Some nations, under the influences of certain causes, have advanced beyond others; some individuals, under the like causes, have advanced beyond the generality of their cotemporaries. But these facts have not proved that those nations, or those individuals, were more highly endowed than the rest; they have rather proved that the soil of human nature is rich beyond all conception,—the extent of that wealth, however, becoming only palpable through the operation of peculiar agencies. The causes which developed in Greece, in Rome, in India, in Egypt, such manifestations of grace, spirit, and power at certain periods, as never were developed even there at any other periods, before or since, present a subject of curious inquiry, but they leave the grand fact the same; and this fact is, that the soul of universal man is endowed with every gift and faculty which any possible circumstances can call upon him to exert for his benefit and the adornment of his life. He is furnished for every good word and work. He is a divine creature that when challenged can prove amply his divinity, though under ordinary circumstances he may be content to walk through this existence in an ordinary guise. Every great social revolution, every great popular excitement of every age, has amply demonstrated this. There never was a national demand for intellect and energy, from the emancipation of the Israelites from the Egyptian yoke, or the destruction of the Thirty Tyrants of Athens, down to the English or the French Revolution, which was not met, to the astonishment of the whole world, with such a supply of orators, poets, warriors, and statesmen, speakers and actors, inventors and constructors, in every shape of art, wisdom, and ability, as most completely to certify that the powers which slumber in the human bosom, are far beyond those which are called into activity. The fertility of the soil of the earth is there in winter, but it lies unnoticed. The sun breaks out, and, like a giant alarmist thundering at the doors of the world, he awakens a thousand hidden powers. Life, universal as the earth itself, starts forth in its thousand shapes, and all is movement, beauty, sweetness, hurrying on through a charmed being into an exuberant fruit.

Those men, then, who have risen through the medium of a finished education to literary, artistic, or scientific eminence, have, I repeat, vindicated the universality of intellectual endowment; but there is still another class, and that, as I have said, peculiar to these islands, who have shown that a finished or academical education is not absolutely necessary to the display of the highest order of genius. Circumstances, again, have been at work here. The circumstances of this country are different to those of any other. We have preserved our liberties more entire. The British people have disdained from age to age to suffer the curb and the bit that have been put upon the neck, and into the mouth, of the more pliant nations of the Continent. Whether these circumstances are to be looked for in the peculiar mixture of races, or in this particular mixture coexisting with peculiarities of climate and insular position, might afford scope to much argument; enough, these circumstances have existed, and their results do exist in a race, proud, active, free, and indomitable.

> "Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
> I see the lords of human kind pass by;
> Intent on high designs, a thoughtful band,
> By forms unfashion'd, fresh from nature's hand,
> Fierce in their native hardiness of soul;
> True to imagined right, above control;
> While e'en the peasant boasts these rights to scan,
> And learns to venerate himself as man."
>
> GOLDSMITH, *The Traveller.*

Thus it is that this free constitution of the British empire; this spirit of general independence; this habit of the peasant and the artizan of venerating themselves as men, has led to an universal awakening of mind in the people. In other countries few think; it is a few who are regularly educated, and arrogate the right to think, and write, and govern. If the poor man become an acknowledged genius, it is only through the passage of the high school. The mass is an inert mass; it is a labouring, or at best a singing and dancing multitude. But in Great Britain, there is not a man who does not feel that he is a member of the great thinking, acting, and governing whole. Without books he has often caught the spark of inspiration from his neighbour. In the field, the workshop, the alehouse, the chartist gathering, he has come to the discussion of his rights, and in that discussion all the powers of his spirit have felt the arousing influence of the sea of mind around, that has boiled and heaved from its lowest depths in billows of fire. Under the operation of this oral and, as it were, forensic education, which has been going on for generations in the British empire, the whole man with all his powers has become wide awake; and it required only the simple powers of writing and reading to enable the peasant or artizan to gather all the knowledge that he needed, and to stand forth a poet, an orator, a scientific inventor, a teacher himself of the nation.

To these circumstances we owe our Burns, Hogg, Bloomfield, Clare, Elliott, Allan Cunningham, Bamford, Nicoll, Thom, Massey; our Thomas Miller, and Thomas Cooper. To these circumstances we owe, however, not merely poets, but philosophers, artists, and men of practical science. Such were Drew, Opie, Smeaton, Brindley, Arkwright, Strutt, Crompton, Watt, Hugh Miller; such men are William Fairbairn, one of the greatest civil engineers in the world, Sir Joseph Paxton, the architect of the Crystal Palace, Joseph Barker, the religious reformer of the people, and Carlton, the vigorous delineator of Irish actual life. For such men we look in vain abroad; and at home they constitute themselves a constellation of genius, such as more than one country of continental Europe cannot muster from all the gathered lights of all its ages.

It is with pride, and more than pride, that I call the attention of my countrymen to this great and unique section of their country's glorious literature. I look to the future, and see in these men but the forerunners of a numerous race springing from the same soil. They are evidences of the awakened mind of the common people of England. They are pledges that out of that awakened mind there will, as general education advances, spring whole hosts of writers, thinkers, and actors, who shall not merely represent the working classes of our society, but shall point out the people as the grand future source of the enrichment of our literature. They are luminous proofs, and the forerunners of multitudinous proofs of the same kind, that genius is not entirely dependent upon art; but can, having once the simple machinery of reading and writing, seize on sufficient art to enable it to exhibit all the nobler forms of intellectual life, and to speak from heart to heart the living language of those passions and emotions, which are the elements of all human exertion after the good and the great, which console in distress, harden to necessary endurance, or fire to the generous rage of conquest over difficulties, and over the enemies of their just rights. These men are the starry lights that glitter on the verge of that dawn in which mankind shall emerge to its true position,—the many being the enlightened spirits, and the few the weak exceptions, shrinking like shadows from the noonday of human progress.

At the head of this great class stands, first in stature as in era, Robert Burns. True, before him there had been a Stephen Duck, and a Robert Dodsley,—glow-worms preceding the morning star; wonders, because the day of genuine minds had not yet come; respectable men, but not geniuses of that Titanic stamp which, by its very appearance, puts an end to every question as to its rank or nature in the utter astonishment at its colossal presence. There have been many small geniuses paraded before the public as curiosities, because they were uneducated; but when Burns came forth from the crowd of his fellow-men, it was as the poet of the people; issuing like Moses from the cloud of God's presence, with a face so radiant with divine light, that the greatest prophets of the schools were dazzled at the apparition. He needed no apologies of want of academic discipline; he was a man with all the gifts and powers of a man, fresh and instinctive in their strength, as if direct from the Creator's hand. Burns was the representative of the common man in representative perfection. He was a combination of all the powers and the failings, the strength and the weakness, of human nature. He had the great intellect of such a specimen man, awakened to its full consciousness, but not polished to the loss of any of its prominences. He was manly, blunt, daring, independent; full of passion and the thirst of pleasure; yet still, tender as a woman, sensitive as a child, and capable of sinking to the humblest penitent at the suggestions of his conscience, or rising to the dignity of a prophet or the sanctity of an apostle, as the oppressions of man or the sublimity of God aroused or exalted his spirit. He had the thrilling nerves and the changing moods of the poet; quick, versatile, melancholy or humorous, he reflected all the changes of the social sky. His sensations were too acute to obey the sole dictates of mere reason,—they carried him to every extreme. He was now bursting with merriment in the midst of his convivial comrades, singing like the lark or the nightingale in the joy of his heart; now thundering against the outrages of the strong and arbitrary, or weeping in convulsive grief over his follies or his wounded affections. But if his sensations were too acute to obey reason at all times, his moral nature was too noble not to obey the clear voice of a conscience, which he often outraged, but never strove systematically to destroy. There are numbers who have wondered that David should be called "a man after God's own heart;" but to me there is nothing wonderful in such an appellation. God knows that we are weak and imperfect, that in proportion to the strength of our passions are we liable to go wrong, and he does not expect miracles from us. What he expects is, that errors committed in the hurricane of passion shall be abhorred and repented of, as soon as they are fully displayed to our consciences. To endeavour to do right, yet, if overtaken with error, to abhor our crime, and to repent in the dust and ashes of prostrate remorse, marks a heart frail, yet noble,—and such is human nature at best. The evidence of a corrupt spirit, of a truly criminal nature, is that leaven of malignity, which goes doggedly wrong, substituting the base purposes of its selfishness for the broad commands of God, and finding a satanic pleasure in working evil against its fellow-men. Such was not Robert Burns. He was no faultless monster, nor yet a monster with all his faults. His vivid sensibilities,—those sensibilities which gave him the capacity for poetry, those qualities which were the necessary requisites for his vocation, —often led him astray, often stained the purity of his mind; but they never succeeded in debasing his moral nature. That was too generous, too noble, too true to the godlike gift of a great human heart, which was to feel for all mankind, and to become the inspirer of the general mass with truer and higher ideas of themselves, and of their rank in creation. Woefully fell David of old,—the poet taken from the sheepfold and the solitude of the wilderness to sit on the throne of a great people,—and bitterly in the sight of that people did he lie in the dust and deplore his errors. Greatly went Robert Burns astray,—the poet taken from the plough to sit on the throne of the realm of poetry,—and bitterly did he, too, bow down and weep in the ashes of repentance. God gave, in both instances, impressive proofs to the world, that glorious talents given to men leave them but men still; and that they who envy the gift should not forget that they too, with the gift, would be exposed to the imminent danger of the fall. There is a comfort and a warning, there is a great moral lesson for mankind in the lives of such men—a lesson of humility and charity. Who shall say that with a nature equally igneous and combustible, his delinquencies would not be far greater? Where is the man in ten millions, that with such errors on one side of the account, can place the same talents and virtues on the other? In the words of Burns himself:—

> "Who made the heart, 'tis He alone
> Decidedly can try us;
> He knows each chord—its various tone,
> Each spring—its various bias:
> Then at the balance let's be mute,
> We never can adjust it;
> What's *done* we partly may compute,
> But know not what's *resisted*."

The errors of Burns were visited upon him severely in his day; they stand recorded against him; no man can plead his example, for he condemned himself, and the consequences of his aberrations stand warningly side by side with the deeds themselves: but who is he that, with all the perfections of a monotonous propriety, shall confer the same benefits on his country and on his fellow-men? There was in the nature of Burns a manliness, a contempt of everything selfish and mean, a contempt of all distinctions not based on nature, a hatred of tyranny, a withering scorn of hypocrisy, which, had he not possessed the brilliant genius that he did, would, amongst his cotemporaries, have diffused that tone of honest uprightness and justness of thinking which are the truest safeguards of a country's liberties and honour, and would have stamped him as a remarkable man. But all these qualities were but the accompaniments of a genius the most brilliant, the wonders and delights of which stand written, as it were, in lightning for ever. Besides the irresistible contagion of his merriment, the flashes of his wit, the tenderness of his sentiment, the wild laughter of his satiric scorn of cant and priestcraft and self-righteousness, the ardour of his patriotism, the gaiety of his social songs, there is a tone in his graver writing which breathes over the hearts of his countrymen, and of all the world, that high and dignifying feeling which ever hallows the heart of man.

With Burns, to be a man is the grand distinction. All other distinctions are but the clothes which wrap the figure—the figure itself is the real thing. To be a man, in his eye, was to be the most glorious thing that we have any conception of on this side of heaven;—to be an honest man, was to be "the noblest work of God!" That was the great sentiment which animated him, and made him come forth from between the stilts of his plough, from his barn or his byre, into the presence of wealth and title, with a calm dignity and a proud bearing which astonished the artificial creatures of society. Titles, carriages, gay garments, great houses, what were they but the things which *the man* had gathered about him for his pride or his comfort? It was for *the man* that they were created and gathered together. Without *the man* they were nothing, had no value, could have no existence. Without that solid and central and sentient monarch, titles are but air, gay clothes but the furniture of a Jew's shop, great houses but empty useless shells, carriages no better than wheelbarrows. From *the man* they derived all they were or counted for; and Burns felt that he and his poorest brother of the spade, and poorest sister of the spindle, were as entirely and essentially that as the king upon his throne. The king upon his throne! He was set there and arrayed in all his pageantry, and armed with all his power, solely for *the man* and by *the man*. In *the man* and his inner life, the heart, the soul, and the sentiment,—that wondrous mystery which, prisoned in flesh and chained by matter to one corner of the limitless universe, yet is endowed with power to range through eternity—to plunge down amidst innumerable worlds and their swarming life—to soar up and worship at the footstool of the Framer and Upholder of suns and systems, the Father of all being. In him the poet recognised the only Monarch of this nether world. For *him*, not for lords, or millionaires, or mitred priests, but for him was this august world created. For him were its lands and waters spread abroad; for him the seasons set forward in the harmony of their progress; for him were empires and cities framed, and all the comforts of life, and the precious flowers of love and intellect breathed into the common air, and shed into the common heart. That was the feeling of Robert Burns, which made him tread down all other distinctions as he did the thistles of his own fields. That was the doctrine which he was created and sent forth to preach. Robert Burns was the apostle of the dignity of man,—man, in his own proper nature, standing calmly and invincibly above every artful distinction which sought to thrust him from his place in God's heritage, and set over him the selfish and the base. When contemplating such delusive distinctions, the winged words

"A man's a man for a' that!"

burst like a lightning flash from the poet's bosom, and became the eternal watchword of self-respecting humanity.

"The king can make a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, an a' that;
The rank is but the guinea stamp,
A man's a man for a' that!"

Brave words! glorious truth! The soul of poetry and the whole science of social philosophy compressed into a single stanza, to serve as the stay and comfort of millions of hearts in every moment when most needed.

The preeminent merit of Burns, independent of his beauties as a fine poet, is the vigorous inculcation of these sentiments of a just self-estimation into the people. To teach them to regard themselves as objects of worth from their own human nature and destiny, irrespective of the mere mode by which they live, is to confer on the million the noblest benefaction. It is to give them at once a shield against "the proud man's contumely," and the degradations of vice. It is to set their feet on the firm rock of an eternal truth, and to render them alike invulnerable to envy and despair. The man who breathes the soul of a rational dignity into the multitude is the greatest of possible patriots. He who respects virtue and purity in himself will respect those qualities in others; and a nation permeated with the philosophy of Burns would be the noblest nation that the sun ever yet shone upon.

But it is not merely that Robert Burns teaches his fellow-peasants and citizens to fling out of their bosoms the fiends of envy and self-depreciation; taught by those errors for which he has been so severely blamed, he has become, without question, the most efficient, wise, and tender counsellor that they ever had. He knows all their troubles and temptations, for he has experienced them; and he gives them the soundest advice under all circumstances. He weeps with them, he rejoices with them, he worships with them, in such a brotherly, and occasionally such a fatherly sympathy, that his poems have become to the poor of Scotland, as they have told me, a sort of second Bible. How beautifully are blended in these stanzas the indignant sense of those oppressions which never crushed more directly the labouring poor than they do at this day in wealthy England, and the consoling truth of a divine retribution:—

"Many and sharp the numerous ills
Inwoven with our frame:
More pointed still we make ourselves
Regret, remorse, and shame!
And man, whose heaven-erected face
The smiles of love adorn,
Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn.

"See yonder poor o'erlaboured wight,
So abject, mean and vile,
Who begs a brother of the earth
To give him leave to toil;
And see his lordly fellow-worm
The poor petition spurn,
Unmindful, though a weeping wife
And helpless offspring mourn.

"If I'm designed yon lordling's slave,
By nature's law designed,
Why was an independent wish
E'er planted in my mind?
If not, why am I subject to
His cruelty and scorn?
Or why has man the will and power
To make his fellow mourn?

"Yet let not this too much, my son,
Disturb thy youthful breast;
This partial view of human kind
Is surely not the last!
The poor, oppressed, honest man,
Had never, sure, been born;
Had there not been some recompence
To comfort those that mourn!"

Robert Burns ran off the railroad line of morality; but listen to the advice, warned by his own folly, which he gives to a young friend:—

"The sacred lowe o' weel-placed love,
Luxuriantly indulge it;
But never tempt the illicit rove,
Tho' naething should divulge it:
I waive the quantum o' the sin,
The hazard of concealing;
But, och! it hardens a' within,
And petrifies the feeling!

"To catch dame Fortune's golden smile,
Assiduous wait upon her;
And gather gear by every wile
That's justified by honour:
Not for to hide it in a hedge,
Nor for a train attendant;
But for the glorious privilege
Of being independent.

"The fear o' hell's a hangman's whip
To haud the wretch in order;
But where ye feel your honour grip,
Let that aye be your border:
Its slightest touches, instant pause—
Debar a' side pretences;
And resolutely keep its laws,
Uncaring consequences.

"The great Creator to revere
Must sure become the creature;
But still the preaching cant forbear,
And ev'n the rigid feature;
Yet ne'er with wits profane to range,
Be complaisance extended;
An Atheist laugh's a poor exchange
For Deity offended!

"When ranting round in pleasure's ring,
Religion may be blinded;
Or if she gie a random sting,
It may be little minded.
But when on life we're tempest-driven,
A conscience but a canker—
A correspondence fixed wi' Heaven
Is sure a noble anchor!"

These are golden words, worthy to be committed to memory by every young person; they are full of the deepest wisdom. But such wisdom, such golden lines, we might quote from almost every page of Burns. In his Epistle to Davie, how cordially does he enter into all the miseries of the poor, yet how eloquently does he also dwell on those blessings which God has given to all, and which no circumstances can take away!

"To lie in kilns and barns at e'en,
When banes are crazed and bluid is thin,
Is doubtless great distress!"

Yet there are other seasons when Nature, even to the most abject tramp, pours out royal pleasures.

"What though, like commoners of air,
We wander out we know not where,
But either house or hall?
Yet nature's charms, the hills and woods,
The sweeping vales, and foaming floods,
Are free alike to all.
In days when daisies deck the ground,
And blackbirds whistle clear,
With honest joy our hearts will bound
To see the coming year.
On braes when we please, then,
We'll sit and sowth a tune:
Syne rhyme till 't, we 'll time till 't,
And sing 't when we hae done.

"It's no in titles nor in rank;
It's no in wealth like Lon'on bank,
To purchase peace and rest:
It's no in makin muckle mair;
It's no in books; it's no in lear;
To make us truly blest;
If happiness hae not her seat
And centre in the breast,
We may be wise, or rich, or great,
But never can be blest.

Nae treasures, nor pleasures,
  Could make us happy lang:
The heart ay's the part ay,
  That makes us right or wrang."

So speaks the humble ploughman of Ayrshire, the still humbler exciseman of Dumfries, but the greatest poet of his country, and one of the noblest and wisest men of any country or age, spite of all his practical errors. We must now make our pilgrimage to the spots which were his homes on earth.

The old town of Ayr, so intimately connected with the memory of Burns, by his birth near it, by his poem of the Twa Brigs, by the scene of Tam o' Shanter, by the place of his monument and the festival in his honour, and by other particulars, is a quiet and pleasant old town of some twenty thousand population. It lies on a level, sandy coast, on land which, in fact, appears to have been won from the sea. Though lying close on the sea, it has no good harbour, and therefore little commerce, and no manufacture of any account. These circumstances leave much of the town as it was in Burns's time, though there are also evidences of modern extension and improvement, in new streets and public buildings, especially of a county jail lying between the town and the shore. The moment you step out of the station of the Glasgow railway, which terminates here, you come upon the mouth of the river Ayr, and behold the Twa Brigs. That which was the New Brig in Burns's days, is the one over which you pass into the town. This bridge, whose guardian sprite is made to swagger over the Auld Brig, if it has not fulfilled the prophecy of the Auld Brig, and been swept away by a flood, has been in danger of demolition, having grown too narrow for the increase of traffic. It has been saved, however, no doubt, by the preserving power of Burns's poetry, which has made it sacred, and it was undergoing the process of widening at the time I was there, in July, 1845. The Auld Brig is some hundred yards or so higher up the stream, and seems retained really for little more than its antiquity and poetic classicality. It is now used only as a footpath, and not being considered safe for carriages, has posts set up at the end to prevent every attempt with any carriage to pass it. One is irresistibly reminded, on going upon it, of the haughty query of the New Brig,—

"Will your poor narrow footpath of a street,
Where two wheelbarrows tremble when they meet,
Your ruined formless bulk o' stane an' lime,
Compare wi' bonnie brigs o' modern time?"

Mr. Chambers says that the Auld Brig is reported to have been built in the reign of Alexander III. by two maiden sisters, whose effigies are still shown in a faded condition on a stone in the eastern parapet, near the south end of the bridge. There certainly is such a stone, and you may rather fancy than distinctly trace two outlines of heads. The whole bridge is, as described by Burns, very old and time-worn.

"Auld Brig appeared o' ancient Pictish race
The very wrinkles Gothic in his face;
He seemed as he wi' Time had warstled lang,
Yet, teughly doure, he baide an unco bang."

There is a peculiar pleasure in standing on this old Brig, so exactly has Burns enabled you to place yourself in the very scene that he contemplated at the moment of conceiving his poem.

> "A simple bard,
> Unknown and poor, simplicity's reward,
> Ae night, within the ancient burgh of Ayr,
> By whim inspired, or haply pressed wi' care,
> He left his bed, and took his wayward route,
> And down by Simpson's wheeled the left about;
> The drowsy Dungeon clock had numbered two,
> And Wallace tower had sworn the fact was true;
> The tide-swollen Firth, wi' sullen sounding roar,
> Through the still night dashed hoarse along the shore.
> All else was hushed as Nature's closed e'e;
> The silent moon shone high o'er tower and tree;
> The chilly frost, beneath the silver beam,
> Crept, gently crusting, o'er the glittering stream."

From this scene "the drowsy Dungeon clock" is removed, the old jail having been pulled down; but "Simpson's" is still to be seen,—a public-house at the end of the bridge on the side most distant from the town; and Wallace tower,—I believe, however, almost wholly rebuilt since then, and presenting now a very modernized aspect,—rears itself in a distant part of the town. Along the river side the "ancient burgh of Ayr" presents its antiquated houses, roofs, and gables, much as they did to the eye of Burns.

Ayr, though it stands on a flat, has still great charm of location; and this you perceive as you set out to visit the birthplace and monument of Burns, which lie about three miles south of Ayr. You may, if you please, take the way along the shore; and here you have the sea, with its living billows, displaying at a distance opposite the craggy mountain heights of Arran, and the Mull of Cantire. Northward, Troon, with its new houses, may be seen standing on its naked promontory; and southward, the tower of Dunbere is a bold but sombre object on an elevated knoll on the margin of the ocean, and far out south-west, Ailsacraig is descried, towering amid the waters. It is a fine and animated scene. It was Sunday forenoon as I advanced over the very level ground near the shore, towards Alloway. People were walking on the beach enjoying the sunshine, breeze, and glittering world of waters; lovers were seated amongst the broomy hillocks, children were gathering flowers amid the crimson glare of the heather; all had an air of beauty and gladness. To my left lay a richly-wooded country, and before me, beyond Alloway and the Doon, stretched the airy range of the Carrick hills. It was the direction which I was pursuing that Tam o' Shanter took from the town to Alloway, for the old road ran that way; but there is a new and more direct one now from Ayr, and into that, having been shown the cottage where Mrs. Begg, Burns's sister, still lived, I struck. This agreeable road I soon saw diverge into two, and asked a poor man which of the two led to Burns's monument. At the name of Burns his face kindled with an instant animation. "I am going part of the way, Sir," he said, "and will be proud to show it you." I begged him not to put himself at all out of his way. "Oh," said he, "I am going to look at my potato plot, which lies out here." We fell into conversation about Burns: the way again showed a fresh branch; that was the way to his potato field—but the poor fellow gave a hesitating look, he could not find in his heart to give up talking about Burns, and begged that I would do him the honour to allow him to walk on with me. "But your potatoes, my friend?" "Oh! they'll tak no harm, Sir. The weather's very growing weather—one feels a natural curiosity to see how they thrive, but that will do next Sunday, if you *would* allow me to go on with you?"

I assured him that nothing would give me greater pleasure. I only feared that I might keep him out too long, for I must see Burns's birth-place, Kirk Alloway, the Brig of Doon, the monument, and everything of the kind. It was now about noon, and must be his dinner-hour. He said, "No; he never had dinner on a Sunday; for years he had accustomed himself to only two meals on that day, because he earned nothing on it, and had ten children! But he generally took a walk out into the country, and got a good mouthful of fresh air, and that did him a deal of good."

I looked more closely at my new companion. He was, apparently, sixty, and looked like a man accustomed to dine on air. He was of a slight and grasshopper build; his face was thin and pale; his hair grizzled; yet there was an intelligence in his large grey eyes, but it was a sad intelligence, one which had long kept fellowship with patience and suffering. His grey coat, and hat well worn, and his clean but coarse shirt collar turned down over a narrow band of a blue cotton neckerchief, with its long ends dangling over his waistcoat, all denoted a poor but a careful and superior man. I cannot tell what a feeling of sympathy came over me: how my heart warmed towards the poor fellow. We went on; gay groups of people met us, and seemed to cast looks of wonder at the stranger and his poor associate; but I asked myself whether, if we could know, as God knows, the hearts and merits of every individual of those well-dressed and laughing walkers, we should find amongst them one so heroic as to renounce his Sunday dinner, as a perpetual practice, because he "earned nothing on that day, and had ten children." Was there a man or a woman amongst them who, if they knew this heroic man, as I now knew him, would not desire to give him, for that one day at least, a good dinner, and as much pleasure as they could?

"My friend," said I, "I fear you have had more than your share of hardship in this life?"

"Nay," he replied, he could not say that. He had had to work hard, but what poor man had not? But he had had many comforts; and the greatest comfort in life had been, that all his children had taken good ways; "if I don't except," and the old man sighed, "one lad, who has gone for a soldier; and I think it a little ungrateful that he has never written to us since he went, three years ago. Yet I hear that he is alive and well, in Jamaica. I cannot but think that rather ungrateful," he added; "but of a' Robin Burns's poems, there's none, to my thinking, that comes up to that one—Man was made to mourn."

I could not help again glancing at the thin, pale figure, which went as softly at my side as if it were a ghost, and could not wonder that Burns was the idol of the poor throughout Scotland, and that the Sunday wanderer of his native place had clung so fondly to the southern visitor of the same sacred spot.

"Can you explain to me," I asked, "what it is that makes Burns such a favourite with you all in Scotland? Other poets you have, and great ones; out of the same class, too, you had Hogg, but I do not perceive the same instant flash, as it were, of an electric feeling, when any name is named but that of Burns."

"I can tell," said he, "why it is. It is because he had the heart of a man in him. He was all heart, and all man; and there's nothing, at least in a poor man's experience, either bitter or sweet, which can happen to him, but a line of Burns springs into his mouth, and gives him courage and comfort if he needs it. It is like a second Bible."

I was struck with the admirable criticism of the poor artizan. What acuteness of genius is like the acuteness of a sharp experience, after all? I found that, had I picked the whole county of Ayr, I could not have hit on a man more clearly aware of the real genius of Burns, nor a more excellent guide to all that related to him hereabouts. He now stopped me. We were on the very track of Tam o' Shanter.

"Kirk Alloway was drawing nigh,
Where ghaists and houlets nightly cry,—
By this time he was cross the ford,
Where in the snaw the chapman smoored;
And past the birks and meikle stane
Where drunken Charley brak 's neck-bane.
And through the whins, and by the cairn
Where hunters found the murdered bairn;
And near the thorn aboon the well
Where Mungo's mither hanged hersel."

The whins, the birks were gone: all was now one scene of richest cultivation; but in the midst of a cottager's garden still projected the "meikle stane" from the ground in a potato bed. To this, by permission of the cottager, we advanced, and from this spot my guide pointed out the traditionary course of Tam on that awful night when—

"Before him Doon pours all his floods;
The doublin' storm roars through the woods,
And lightnings flash from pole to pole."

Some of these scenes lay yet far before us; as the well

"Where Mungo's mither hanged hersel;"

which is just on the banks of the Doon itself.

Anon we reached the cottage in which Burns was born. This stands on the right-hand side of the road, about a quarter of a mile from Kirk Alloway and the Brig o' Doon. It is a genuine Scotch cottage of two rooms on the ground floor, thatched and whitewashed. It is now, and has been long, a little public-house. It stands close to the road, and over the door is a portrait of Burns, an evident copy from the portrait by Nasmyth, and under it, in large and noticeable letters—"ROBERT BURNS, THE AYRSHIRE POET, WAS BORN UNDER THIS ROOF, THE 25TH JAN. A. D. 1759. DIED A. D. 1796, AGED 37½ YEARS."

It is well known to most readers that this house was built by Burns's father, and that about a week after Robert, his first child, was born, the roof fell in during a tempest at midnight, and that mother and child had to be carried forth in a hurry through the storm and darkness, to a cottage, which still remains, not far off, on the opposite side of the road. Robert Burns was born in what is now the kitchen, in one of those recess beds so common in Scotch cottages. This is still shown to visitors by the occupiers of the house. The better room, in which the guests are entertained, that nearest to the town of Ayr, bears abundant marks of the zeal of these visitors. The walls are well written over with names, but not in that extraordinary manner that the walls of Shakspeare's birth-place at Stratford are. The rage here has taken another turn, that of cutting the names into the furniture. There are two plane-tree tables, which are cut and carved in the most singular completeness. There does not seem to be left space, neither on the top, the sides, nor the legs, even for another initial. There were formerly three of these tables, but one of them was sold some years ago. There is a cupboard and chairs all cut over, the chairs having been obliged to be renewed, but the fresh ones are now as much cut as ever. We were informed by Mrs. Goudie, the widow of the old miller, John Goudie, of Doonside mill, who had lived in the house nearly forty years, that the lease of the property had been bought of Burns's father, by the Shoemakers' Company of Ayr, for one hundred and sixty guineas; but that the property now let for £45 a year; and that the said Shoemakers' Company wishing again to raise the rent, the widow was going to quit at Michaelmas next and that another person had taken the house, and a small piece of ground adjoining, at a rental of £60 a year. Mrs. Goudie said that she had been once bid £15 for one of the tables, but had refused it; that, however, being now about to quit the premises, she had sold the chairs and tables to a broker at Glasgow, who was announcing them as the actual furniture of Burns; though it was well known that when Burns's father left this house for Mount Oliphant, a few miles off, when Robert Burns was not seven years of age, he took all his furniture with him. Conspicuous amongst the carved names in this room was that of an ambitious Peter Jones, of Great Bear Lake, North America.

Burns's father, who was, when he lived here, gardener to Mr. Ferguson, of Doonholm, was a man of an excitable temperament but of a most upright disposition; and his mother, like the mothers of most remarkable men, was a woman of clear, clever, and superior mind, of a winning address, and full of ballads and traditions. From both sides the son drew the elements of a poet; and we can well imagine him sitting by the humble fireside of this cottage, and receiving into his childish heart, from the piety of the father, and the imaginative tales of the mother, those images of genuine Scottish life, which poured themselves forth, as well in Tam o' Shanter, as in the grave and the beautiful Cotter's Saturday Night.

Having insisted on my worthy guide getting some refreshment, we again sallied forth to make a more thorough exploration of the youthful haunts of the poet. And now, indeed, we were surrounded by mementos of him, and of his fame, on all hands. The cottage stands on a pleasant plain ; and about a quarter of a mile onward you see, on the left-hand of the road, the monument erected to his memory—a dome, surmounted with a lyre and the significant wine-cup, and supported on Corinthian pillars. On the opposite, that is, on the right-hand side of the road, is the old Kirk of Alloway ; beyond, away to the right, is heard the sea ; while the airy range of the Carrick hills stretches across, closing the landscape before you. At their feet a mass of trees marks the course of the Doon ; but, before you reach any of these objects, you pass on your left the large open field in which was held the Burns festival, on the 6th of August, 1844. The place where the wall had been broken down to admit the procession was plainly discernible by its new mortar ; and a fine crop of corn was now waving where such thousands had, but a year before, met in honour of the immortal exciseman.

Of this festival copious particulars are to be found in all the newspapers of the day ; but in none so complete and accurate as "The Full Report," published by Mr. Maxwell Dick, the worthy publisher of the Ayrshire News Letter at Irvine, one of the most enthusiastic admirers of the genius of Burns, and of genius in general. By this report it appears that the procession, forming on the Low Green of Ayr, near the county buildings, met at ten o'clock in the morning, and consisted of the magistrates of the town, public bodies, farmers, numerous freemasons' lodges, societies of gardeners, archers, and odd-fellows, King Crispin in his most imposing style, with Souter Johnny in character, accompanied by attendants with banners floating, and bands playing music of Burns's songs. In this procession were seen gentlemen and noblemen, and literary men of the highest distinction, from all parts of the empire. It reached a mile along the high road, three abreast. The whole number of persons present—that is, in the procession and on the ground—was calculated at eighty thousand. A splendid triumphal arch was erected at the cottage where the poet was born ; and, as the procession drew near it, the band played "There was a lad was born in Kyle ;" the vast multitude uncovered at once, and the flags were lowered as they passed the humble but much respected spot. Platforms were erected in various places, so that people could get a *coup-d'œil* of the procession. As it approached Kirk Alloway, the old bell, which still occupies the belfry, was set a-ringing, and continued so while the procession marched under the triumphal arch along the new bridge. Deploying round towards the old bridge of Doon, the circling line, partially obscured by the houses and trees, had a truly picturesque effect ; the waving banners, the music of the bands, mellowed and echoed by "the banks and braes o' bonnie Doon," were deeply impressive. On reaching the Auld Brig, over which was thrown a triumphal arch, the band struck up "Welcome, Royal Charlie," while the procession, uncovering and lowering their flags, passed over in front of the platform, on which stood the three sons of Burns, his sister Mrs. Begg, her son, and two daughters. The procession occupied at least an hour in coming from the new bridge to the field, on entering which the band played "Duncan Gray," followed by "The Birks of Aberfeldy." A large circle was then formed round the platform for the musicians in the field; and the whole company, led by professional vocalists, joined in singing "Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon," and "Auld lang syne." The bands were then stationed in various parts of the field; the Regimental and Glasgow St. Andrew's bands, in the centre of the field; the Kilwinning and Cumnock bands at the cottage, and the bagpipers played at a distance from the pavilion. There were two enclosures for dancing; one near the head of the field, and the other on the brow, overlooking the Doon. Immediately after the procession was over, the crowd were astonished by the sudden appearance of Tam o' Shanter, "well mounted on his grey mare Meg," and a flight of witches in full pursuit of her, till he reached and passed the keystone of the arch of the Auld Brig. At two, the Earl of Eglinton took the chair at the banquet in the pavilion, with Professor Wilson as croupier. To the right of the chairman sat Robert Burns, Esq., the eldest son of the poet; Major Burns, his youngest son; on the left, Colonel Burns, second son of the poet; Mrs. Begg, Burns's sister; and right and left, other members of the family, and many noble and distinguished persons; as Mrs. Thomson, of Dumfries, the Jessie Lewars of the poet; Sir John M'Neill, late plenipotentiary to the court of Persia; the Lord Justice-General, the Countess of Eglinton, Alison, the historian, Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, Robert Chambers, of Edinburgh, Douglas Jerrold, William Thom, the poet of Inverury, etc. etc. The chairs of the chairman and croupier were made of oaken rafters from Kirk Alloway, and many mementos of the poet decorated the table. The scene in the pavilion is described as splendid, and like one of fairyland; and the most enthusiastic speeches were made in honour of the poet, especially by the noble chairman and the eloquent John Wilson.

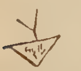
It will be seen by those acquainted with the ground, that the procession had thus taken a course contrived to include every object of interest connected with Burns here. It had passed the cottage of his birth; passed between Kirk Alloway and his monument; crossed by the new bridge over the Doon, to the side of the river, and returned over the old bridge, so as to see all "the banks and braes o' bonnie Doon," and so entered the field of the festival, having entirely encircled the monument. There, in full view of all these objects, the cottage, the old ruins of the kirk, the monument, and the banks of Doon, they celebrated,—eighty thousand persons,—the festival of his honour, amid the music of his own enchanting songs, amongst which were—"A man's a man for a' that;" "This is na my ain house;" "Green grow the rashes O;" "My love she's but a lassie yet;" "Wat ye wha's in yon toun."

This stirring and tumultuous expression of a nation's veneration was gone by; silence had again fallen, as it were, with a musing sense of the poet's glory on the scene; and with my worthy guide I went over the same ground leisurely, noting all its beauties and characteristics. First, we turned into the grave-yard of Kirk Alloway. Here stood the roofless old kirk, just such a plain, simple ruin as you see in a hundred places in Ireland. One of the first objects that arrests your attention is the bell in the little belfry, with a rope hanging outside, only sufficiently low for the sexton, on any occasion of funeral, to reach it with a hooked pole, and thus to prevent any idle person ringing it at other times. This bell, when the parishes of Alloway and Ayr were joined, was attempted to be carried away by the authorities of Ayr, by no means to their honour, but the crofters of Alloway manfully rose and resisted successfully the removal. There are plenty of open windows, where Tam o' Shanter could take a full view of the unsonsie dancing party; and "the winnock bunker in the east," a small window, "where sat auld Nick in shape of beast" as fiddler, is conspicuous enough. The interior of the kirk is divided by a wall. The west end division is the burial-place of the Cathcarts, which is kept very neat. The other end, where the witch-dance met Tam's astonished eyes, is now full of briars and nettles, bearing sufficient evidence of no recent displays of the kind. The kirk-yard is crowded with tombs, and the first memorial of the dead which meets your eye, is the headstone of the poet's father, just before you as you enter by the stile, with this inscription:—"Sacred to the memory of William Burns, farmer in Lochlea, who died Feb. 1784, in the 63d year of his age; and of Agnes Browne, his spouse, who died the 14th of Jan. 1820, in the 88th year of her age. She was interred in Bolton Churchyard, East Lothian.

> O ye whose cheek the tear of pity stains,
>   Draw near with pious reverence, and attend!
> Here lie the loving husband's dear remains,
>   The tender father, and the generous friend.
> The pitying heart that felt for human woe;
>   The dauntless heart that feared no human pride;
> The friend of man, to vice alone a foe;
>   'For ev'n his failings leaned to virtue's side.'"

This epitaph was written expressly for this tomb by Burns; the last line being quoted from Goldsmith.

Advancing now to the new bridge, you stand between two remarkable monuments of the poet. On your right hand, close on the banks of the Doon, and adjoining the bridge, stands a handsome villa, in beautiful grounds which occupy part of "the banks and braes." This is the house of Mr. Auld, the enterprising hairdresser of Ayr, who was the first to recognise the genius of Thom the sculptor, then a poor stonemason of Ayr. Thom, seeing a picture of Tam o' Shanter in Auld's window, requested the loan of it for a few days. Being asked by Auld what he wanted it for, he said he had a notion that he could make a figure from it. It was lent, and in a few days he returned with a model of Tam in clay. Mr. Auld was so struck with the genius displayed in it, that he suggested to Thom to complete the group by adding Souter Johnny. That was soon done; and then, by the assistance of Mr. Auld, the well-known group was cut in stone. The enterprising hairdresser now prepared to set out on a tour of exhibition of this group, the proceeds of which, I understand, were agreed to be equally divided between Auld, Thom, and a committee for a monument to Burns, near his birthplace. Such was the success of the scheme, that Thom, I am told, received £4,000 as his share of the proceeds, which, however, he soon contrived to lose by taking stone-quarries, and entering on building schemes. Having lost his money, he retired to America. Auld, more careful, quitted the wig-block and lather-brush, and building himself a house, sat down as a country gentleman opposite to the monument, which seems to be in his keeping. It has been said, that the monument committee never received anything like a third of the proceeds of the exhibition, or the monument might now be opened free of cost to the public. That, however, is a point which the committee and Mr. Auld must be best informed about. One thing is certain, that Mr. Auld's present residence is a grand specimen of the effect of the united genius of Burns, Thom, and Auld; an exciseman, a stone mason, and a barber. To the left hand of the road, opposite to *this* monument, stands, in a pleasant garden, the *other* monument of Burns, as already described, and which also, it seems, partly owed its existence to the same bold enterprise of this barber of Ayr, who seems actually to have had the art of "cutting blocks with a razor." In this monument is no statue of Burns, but merely a framed copy of that admirable coloured print of Burns, published by Mr. Maxwell Dick, of Irvine, from Nasmyth's picture; and on the table in the centre, the Bible and Testament given by Burns to his Mary at their last parting near Montgomerie castle. These are two separate volumes, and are displayed at the beginning of each, where Burns has placed a masonic sign, and written his name, now nearly obliterated; adding the two texts,—Leviticus xix. 12; Matthew v. 33: which are, "Ye shall not swear by my name falsely; I am the Lord;" and "Thou shalt not forswear thyself, but shalt perform unto the Lord thine oaths." These precious volumes were known to be in the possession of the sister of Burns's "Mary," in America; and a society of young men, ardent admirers of Burns, resolved to regain them, if possible, for the public. This, after great trouble and expense, they finally effected; and here they are, objects certainly of the deepest interest.



In a separate and small building in the same garden stands the celebrated group by Thom, of Tam and Souter Johnny. This, however, being Sunday, was by an order of the authorities of Ayr not allowed to be seen, though the monument was. I asked the youth who showed the monument, if he could explain to me why it was a sin to show the group, and not a sin to show the monument on a Sunday; but the lad very properly replied that he did not pretend to a metaphysical sagacity so profound; his business was to *show* the monument, and *not* to *show* either the group or the reason why· for that he referred me to the superior hair-splitting piety and acumen of the corporate authorities of Ayr.

Quitting this garden, you encounter, at the foot of the new bridge, a new inn, called Burns's Inn and Hotel, with a fine painted sign, of a blackbird singing upon a bough, with a crook and a house, and an oak in the centre of a shield laid on branches of olive and oak; and over it the words—"Better a small bush than nae bield." The Auld Brig is some little distance up the stream; and the view from it is very beautiful. You are surrounded by "the banks and braes o' bonnie Doon," steep, hung with orchards and fine woodland trees. At some little distance still farther up the stream, you descry the old mill of Alloway, half buried in umbrageous trees, and all round rise sweet woodland fields at the feet of the hills. The bridge is well carved over with names, and overgrown with masses of ivy.

Standing on this remarkable old grey bridge, my companion exhibited a trait of delicate and genuine feeling, which no man of the most polished education in the school of politeness could have surpassed. Gathering a sprig of ivy, he said, presenting it,—"May be ye would like to send this to your leddy in England; it's gathered just frae the keystane." I accepted it with the liveliest pleasure, and it is now carefully preserved where the good man wished it. We then returned to Ayr, talking of Burns, his history, his poetry, and his fine qualities all the way; and after one of the pleasantest rambles I ever made in any company, I bade my old friend good-bye at his door, leaving in his hand a trifle to mend his Sunday supper. "But," said he, as I was going away, "might I request the favour of your name, that I may know who it was that I had the honour of a walk with to Burns's monument, when I am thinking of it?" I told him; his face passed from its usual paleness to a deep flush; and he exclaimed,—"Eh, Sir! I ken yer name, and that o' yer leddy too, right weel!" Depend upon it, the recollection of that walk has been as pleasant to my old friend as to myself.

The next day, with a driver well acquainted with the country, I issued forth in a gig, to visit all the various residences of Burns between Ayr and Mauchline. Burns in his life seemed like a bird leaving its nest. He took two or three short flights, till he flew quite away to Dumfries. At every move he got farther from Ayr. He was like an emigrant, still going on and on in one direction, and his course was south-east. First, he went, that is, with his father, to Mount Oliphant, a farm about four miles from Alloway, where he lived from his sixth to his twelfth year. This farm has nothing particular about it. It lies on a bare ridge of hill, an ordinary little Scotch farm-steading, with bare and treeless fields Then he went on to another farm—to Lochlea, still farther out on this long, high, and bleak tract of country, near Tarbolton. This farm ruined his father, and there he died. Lochlea is a neat farm-house, lying in a hollow more sheltered than Mount Oliphant, but still possessing no picturesque features. In fact, the family was seeking not the picturesque, but a livelihood. At Lochlea, Burns lived till he was twenty-four, and here he attended the masonic lodge at the Cross-keys, at Tarbolton, which still remains. There he became acquainted with Mr. David Sillar, the schoolmaster of Tarbolton, and addressed to him his Epistle to Davie. It was about three miles from Tarbolton, but that was nothing to Burns, full of life and poetry. The Bachelor's Society, which, with David Sillar and other young men, he formed there, had infinite charms for him. Humble were these companions; in David Sillar's words—

"Of birth and blood we do not boast,
No gentry does our club afford,
But ploughmen and mechanics we
In nature's simple dress record;"

but they were men after Burns's own heart. He judged of men as his father had taught him:—

"My father was a farmer upon the Carrick Border,
And carefully he bred me up in decency and order;
He bade me act a manly part, though I had ne'er a farthing,
For without an honest manly heart no man was worth regarding."

It was during his abode here that he wrote John Barleycorn; Cornriggs are bonnie; Winter, a Dirge; the Death of Poor Mailie; Mailie's Elegy; and Now Whistling Winds, etc. But the love affairs he was at this time continually getting into, and the dissipations that he became acquainted with at Kirkoswald and Irvine, at which places he spent some months, rendered his poetical growth far less than it otherwise might have been there. One incident in his life, and one of his most beautiful poems consequent on it, however, arose out of an attachment, which, though said to be formed at Mauchline, was certainly cultivated here. Just below Tarbolton lies Montgomerie castle, beautifully situated amidst its woods on the banks of the Faile, where he fell in love with Mary Campbell. Here, near the house, it was, according to his own beautiful poem, that he used to meet, and here that he finally took leave of her. She was dairymaid in the house then belonging to Colonel Hugh Montgomerie, afterwards Earl of Eglinton, and grandfather of the present earl.

"Ye banks and braes and streams around
The castle of Montgomerie,
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
Your waters never drumlie;
There summer first unfauld her robes,
And there the longest tarry,
For there I took my last farewell
Of my sweet Highland Mary."

There is a story mentioned in the Lives of Burns, of this parting being on the banks of Ayr, and Cromek repeats it, adding that "the lovers stood on each side of a small purling brook—they laved their hands in the limpid stream, and holding a Bible between them, pronounced their vows to be faithful to each other."

All this may be true, for they took a day to this final solitary enjoyment of each other's society in the woods before parting. They might wander by the Ayr, and so on up to the Faile, and at some small rivulet on the way perform this simple and affecting ceremony. Mary was going to the Western Highlands, to see her friends before she married Robert Burns, but she died on her way back, and they never met again. This Bible, as we have seen, has been recovered and is deposited in the monument at Alloway. Wherever this ceremony took place, the parting assuredly took place here. Burns says, not only that "there I took my last farewell," but also

"How sweetly bloomed the gay green birk,
How rich the hawthorn's blossom,
As, underneath their fragrant shade,
I clasped her to my bosom!"

There still stands the thorn, called by all the country, "Highland Mary's Thorn."

The house and park are sold or leased by the Earl of Eglinton to a solicitor in Ayr. My driver appeared afraid of going into the park, saying "the writer," that is, the solicitor, was a queer fellow, and would not let anybody go to the thorn, and certainly a large board at each park gate, warning all persons to avoid those hallowed precincts, appeared to confirm the man's opinion; but, having come so far, I did not mean to pass without a glance at the parting scene of Burns and Highland Mary. I bade him drive down to the house, where I was speedily assured by the servants about that I was quite at liberty to go to the tree. "How shall I know it?" "Oh! a child may know it—it is all hacked and the twigs broken, by people who carry away some of it to keep." By these signs I readily recognised the tree. It is not far from the house, close to the carriage-drive, and on the top of the slope that descends to the Faile, which murmurs on beneath its sweet woodland shade.*

The last abode of Burns in Ayrshire was at Mossgiel. This is some four miles beyond Tarbolton, and close to Mauchline, which is merely a large village. Mossgiel farm lies, as it were, at the end of that long, high, barren ridge of hills, which extends almost all the way from Ayr thither, and on which Burns's father had sought a poor living, and found ruin. It stands near the line of the slope which descends into Mauchline, and overlooks a large extent of bleak and bare country, and distant bare hills. In the vales of the country, however, lie many scenes of great beauty and classic fame. Such are the banks of the Ayr, which winds on deep between its braes and woods, like the Nith, the Doon, and the higher Clyde. Such are Stair, Logan, Crukerne, Catrine, Dugald Stewart's place, and many others.

The farm of Mossgiel, which consists of about 118 acres, lies, as observed, high, and as Gilbert, the brother of Burns, described it, "on a cold, wet bottom." The farms occupied by the Burns family in this part of the country were all of a thankless and ungenial kind; in fact, they lacked the means to command better. The two brothers,

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* I am still, however, afraid that it is too true that the country people are not allowed to visit "Mary's Thorn," though held in such high honour by them. Not only the boards at the park gates, but other information, confirmed this fact; and my passing the house to the tree brought all the family to the window, servants as well as gentlemen, ladies, and children, and no few in number, as if some extraordinary circumstance had occurred.

Robert and Gilbert, had taken this farm some time before their father's death, in the hope of assisting the family in that poverty which came still after them, like an armed man, spite of the most laborious exertion, and which was weighing their father to the grave At his death they removed altogether from Lochlea, and with their mother and sisters became here one household. Here Burns made the firmest resolves of steadiness, industry, and thriving ; but the seasons were against him, and he soon became mixed up with all the dissipations of Mauchline, where he established a club after the fashion of that at Tarbolton. Very soon, too, he plunged into the midst of church disputes, in which his friend Gavin Hamilton, a lawyer of the place, was personally embroiled. Here he wrote The Holy Tuilzie, Holy Fair, Holy Willie's Prayer, The Ordination, The Kirk's Alarm :—those scalping poems, in which he lays bare to the skull bone, bigotry, hypocrisy, and all sanctimonious bitterness in religion. Here he fell in love with Jean Armour, the daughter of a stonemason of Mauchline, who, after many troubles, and much opposition on the part of the family, became afterwards his wife. Here he wrote the greater part of his poems, and of his very finest ones ; and here he broke forth upon the world like a new-risen sun, his poems, which were first published at Kilmarnock, attracting such extraordinary attention, that he was called to Edinburgh, and a new and more complete edition there published, while he himself was introduced as a sort of miracle to the highest circles of aristocracy and literature.

The four years which he lived here, though they were sinking him in a pecuniary point of view into such a slough of despair, that he seriously resolved to emigrate to the West Indies, and only published his poems to raise the means, were, as regarded his fame, glorious and most interesting years. It was here that he might be said, more expressly than anywhere else—

> " To walk in glory and in joy,
> Following his plough along the mountain side ; "

for, spite of the iron destiny which seemed to pursue him, and in an ungenial soil and the most untoward seasons, to endeavour to crush him with " carking care," he was full of life and vigour, and often rose in the entrancement of his spirit above all sense of earth and its darkness. By the testimony of his cotemporaries, in all the operations of the farm,—in mowing, reaping, binding after the reapers, thrashing, or loading,—there were few who could compete with him. He stood five feet ten in height, and was of singular strength and activity. He prided himself on the straightness of the furrow that he drew, and the skill with which he threw his corn in sowing. On one occasion, a man having succeeded in a hard strife in setting up as many shocks in a given time, said, " There, I am not far behind this time ;" to which Burns replied, " In one thing, John, you are still behind ; I made a song while I was stooking " Allan Cunningham says that his father, who was steward to Miller of Dalswinton, Burns's landlord, and lived just opposite to him at

Ellisland, declared that "he had the handsomest cast of the hand in sowing corn that he ever saw on a furrowed field."

It was here, then, at Mossgiel, that, young, vigorous, and full of desire to advance in worldly matters, he worked assiduously with his brother Gilbert in the fields, undivided in his attentions by the duties of the Excise. But poetry, spite of all resolves to the contrary, came over him like a flood. As his hand worked, his heart was full of inspiration, and as Gilbert held the plough, Robert would come and walk beside him, and repeat what he had just composed; or, as they went with the cart to carry out corn or bring home coals, he would astonish him with some such display. "The verses to the Mouse and the Mountain Daisy," says Gilbert, "were composed on these occasions, and while the author was holding the plough. I could point out the spot where each was composed. Holding the plough was a favourite situation with Robert for poetic composition, and some of his best verses were produced while he was at that exercise." With what interest, then, do we look over the fields at Mossgiel, scarcely an inch of which has not been strode over by Burns, while engaged at once in turning up the soil, sowing or gathering its crops, and in working out in the depth of his mind those compositions which were to remain for all time, the watchwords of liberty and of noble thought! Besides the polemic poems already spoken of, here he wrote Hallowe'en; Address to the Deil; Death and Dr. Hornbook, a satire on the poor schoolmaster and self-appointed apothecary, Wilson of Tarbolton, which drove him from the place, but only to thrive in Glasgow; The Jolly Beggars; Man was made to mourn; The Vision; The Cotter's Saturday Night, which he very appropriately repeated to Gilbert during a Sunday afternoon walk.

The very interesting scene of the creation of these exquisite poems, lies on the left hand of the road proceeding from Tarbolton to Mauchline. The house stands at a field's distance from the road. It is a thatched house with but and ben, just as it was, and the buildings behind it forming two wings exactly as he built his house at Ellisland. To the north-west the house is well sheltered with fine, full-grown trees. A handsome young mother, the farmer's wife, worthy for her comely and intelligent look to have been celebrated by Burns, told me that great numbers of people came to see the place, and that it was very much as Burns left it. There were the barn, the byre, the garden near, in all which the poet had laboured like any other son of earth for his daily bread, and on the yearly allowance—for every one of the family had a specific allowance for clothes and pocket-money—of seven pounds, which, says his brother, he never exceeded! Very extravagant he could not have been. You see the ingle where he sate and composed some of his most pathetic and most humorous pieces. It is said to be in the spence, a better room, which has a boarded floor and the recess beds so common in Scotland, that he chiefly wrote. Who can contemplate this humble room, and recal the image of the young poet with a heart of melancholy here inditing,—Man was made to mourn, or his

Vision, without the liveliest emotion? There is no feeling of utter sadness more strongly expressed than in the opening of the Vision:

"The sun had closed the winter day,
The curlers quat their roaring play,
An' hunger'd mawkin ta'en her way
To kail-yard green,
While faithless snaws ilk step betray
Whare she has been.

"The thresher's weary flinging tree
The lee-lang day had tired me;
And when the day had closed his e'e
Far i' the west,
Ben i' the spence, right pensively,
I gaed to rest.

"There, lanely, by the ingle cheek,
I sate and eyed the spewing reek,
That filled with hoast-provoking smeck
The auld clay biggin;
And heard the restless rattons squeak
About the riggin.

"All in this mottie, misty clime,
I backward mused on wasted time,
How I had spent my youthful prime
An' done nae thing
But stringin blethers up in rhyme,
For fools to sing.

"Had I to gude advice but harkit,
I might, by this, hae led a markit,
Or strutted in a bank and clarkit
My cash account;
While here, half mad, half fed, half sarket,
Is a' th' amount."

Gilbert, it seems, continued on this farm, after Robert left for Ellisland, till 1800; and the next tenant had occupied it till but a year or two before my visit, when the husband of the young woman I saw came in.

Mauchline, at the distance of a few minutes' walk, abounds with recollections of Burns. There is the inn where Burns used to meet his merry club. There is the churchyard where the scene of the Holy Fair is laid, though the old church which stood in Burns's time has disappeared and a new one taken its place. Opposite to the churchyard gates runs the street called "The Cowgate," up which he makes Common-Sense escape; just by is the house of "Posie Nansie," where Burns fell in with the "Jolly Beggars;" not far off is the public-house of John Dow, that Burns and his companions frequented at the opening of the Cowgate. Posie Nansie, or Nance Tinnock's, was the house mentioned in the Holy Fair, where the public crowded in during the intervals of the service, having a back-door most convenient into the area.

"Now but an' ben, the change-house fills
Wi' yill-caup commentators;
Here's crying out for bakes and gills,
An' there the pint-stoup clatters."

Everybody can tell of the haunts and places of Burns and his jolly companions in Mauchline. The women came out of their houses as they saw me going about, and were most generously anxious to point out every noted spot. Many of the older people remembered him.

"A fine handsome young fellow, was he not?" I asked of an old woman who would show me where Jean Armour lived. "Oh! just a black-avised chiel," said she, hurrying up a narrow street parallel to the Cowgate; "but here lived Jean Armour's father. Come in, come," added she, unceremoniously opening the door, when an old dame appeared who occupied the house. "I am only going to show the gentleman where Robin Burns's Jean lived. Come along, sir, come along," continued she, hastening as unceremoniously upstairs, "ye maun see where the bairns were born. Ha! ha! ha!" "Ha! ha! ha!" screamed the old dame of the house, apparently highly delighted. "Ay, show the gentleman!—show him! he! he! he!" So up went my free-making guide, up went I, and up came the old lady of the house. "There! there!" exclaimed the first old woman, pointing to a recess bed in one of the chambers,—there were three o' Robin Burns's bairns born. It's true, sir, as I live!" "Ay, gude faith is it," re-echoed the old lady of the house, and the two gossips again were very merry. "But ye maun see where Rob an' Jean were married!" so out of the house the lean and nimble woman again hurried, and again at a rapid pace led me down another narrow street just to the back of what they call the castle, Gavin Hamilton's old house. It was in Burns's time Gavin Hamilton's office, and in that office Burns was married. It is now a public-house.

Having taken a survey of all the scenes of Burns's youthful life here, I proceeded to that house where he was always so welcome a guest, the house of Gavin Hamilton itself. Though called the castle, it is, in fact, a mere keep, with an ordinary house attached to it in a retired garden. The garden is surrounded by lofty walls, with a remarkably large tree in the centre. The house, a mere cottage, is huddled down in the far right-hand corner, and opposite to it stands the old keep, a conspicuous object as you descend the hill into the town. It is maintained in good order, and used as a laundry. A bare-legged lassie was spreading out her linen on the grass-plot, who informed me that not only was Gavin Hamilton dead, but his son too, and that his son's widow and her children were living there. I was shown the room, an ordinary little parlour, where Burns, one Sunday, on coming in after kirk, wrote the satirical poem of the Calf, on the clergyman.

In traversing the streets of Mauchline, it was impossible to avoid not only recalling all the witty jollity of Burns here, but his troubles that well-nigh drove him from the land. The opposition of Jean Armour's family, though she had three children by him; the tearing up of her secret marriage lines by herself in her despair; Burns's distraction, his poverty, his hidings from the myrmidons of the law; and his daily thirteen miles' walk to correct the proofs of his poems at Kilmarnock, to save postage. But now the muse which had made him poor, refused to permit him to quit his native land. Out burst the sun of his glory, and our scene changes with this change to Edinburgh.*

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* I must mention one fact regarding the neighbourhood of Ayr. Never, surely, Wales not excepted, was there a country so infested with toll-bars. In going to Mauchline, twelve miles, including a slight divergence to take a view of Mount Oliphant, and thus

To describe all the haunts of Burns in Edinburgh were a long affair. They were the houses of all the great and gay—of the Gordons, the Hamiltons, the Montgomeries, of the learned, and the beautiful. The celebrated Duchess of Gordon, at that time at the zenith of beauty and fashion, was one of his warmest admirers, and invited him to her largest parties. The young ploughman of Ayrshire sat hob-nobbing in the temples of splendour and luxury with the most distinguished in every walk of life; yet his haunts also lay equally amongst the humble and the undistinguished. Burns was true to his own maxim, "a man's a man for a' that;" and where there were native sense, wit, and good humour, there he was to be found, were it even in a cellar, with only a wooden stool to sit on. At his first arrival in Edinburgh, he took up his quarters with a young Ayrshire acquaintance, Richmond, a writer's apprentice, in the house of a Mrs. Carfrae, Baxter's-close, Lawn-market, where he had a share of the youth's room and bed. From the most splendid entertainments of the aristocracy, he described himself as groping his way at night through the dingy alleys of the "gude town to his obscure lodgings, with his share of a deal table, a sanded floor, and a chaff bed at eighteen-pence a-week." This was during the winter and spring of 1786-7, on his first visit to Edinburgh, where he became the great fashionable lion, and while his new edition by Creech was getting out. In the spring, finding his popularity had brought him so much under the public eye, that his obscure lodgings in the Lawn-market were not quite befitting him, he went and lodged with his new acquaintance, William Nicol, one of the masters of the High-school, who lived in the Buccleuch-road. In the *winter* of 1787, on his second visit to Edinburgh, he had lodgings in a house at the entrance of James's-square, on the left hand. As you go up East Register-street, at the end of the Register-house, you see the end of a house at the left-hand side of the top of the street. There is a perpendicular row of four windows; the top window belongs to the room Burns occupied. Here it was that he was visited by the lady with whom at this time he corresponded under the name of Sylvander, and she with him as Clarinda. His leg had been hurt by an overturn of a carriage by a drunken coachman, and he was laid up some time, and compelled to use crutches. Allan Cunningham tells us that this lady "now and then visited the crippled bard, and diverted him by her wit, and soothed him by her presence." She was the Mrs. Mac. of his toasts—a blithe, handsome, and witty widow; and a great passion or flirtation grew up between Burns and her. In one of his letters to his friend Richard Brown, December 30, 1787, he says: "Almighty love still reigns and revels in my bosom, and I am at this moment ready to hang myself for a young Edinburgh widow." In a letter of their correspondence, which has recently been published, he

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going out of Ayr by one road and coming in by the other, I paid at nine bars, five of them sixpence each. At no one did they give you a ticket to another. New bars were, moreover, building! "How did you like the country?" asked my landlord on my return. "Oh!" said I, "it is a most *barbarous* country." "Barbarous?" "Yes,—there is nothing but *bars*. I must send Rebecca to you," "True," said he, "Rebecca never found anything more abominable."

bids Clarinda look up at his window as she occasionally goes past, and in another complains that she does not look high enough for a bard's lodgings, and so he perceives her only gazing at one of the lower windows. If we are to believe the stanza of hers quoted by Burns, we must suppose Clarinda to have been unhappily married :

"Talk not of love, it gives me pain,
For love has been my foe ;
He bound me with an iron chain,
And plunged me deep in woe."

If it be true, as Allan Cunningham surmises, that those inimitable verses in the song of "Ae fond kiss, and then we sever," which expresses the pain of a final parting better than any other words ever did, have reference to Clarinda, then Burns must have been passionately attached to her indeed :

"Who shall say that fortune grieves him,
While the star of hope she leaves him?
Me, nae cheerfu' twinkle lights me ;
Dark despair around benights me.
Had we never loved sae kindly,
Had we never loved sae blindly,
Never met—or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken hearted."

Of the generous and true-hearted disposition of Clarinda we shall possess a juster idea, when we reflect that Burns was not at this time any longer the lion of the day. The first warm flush of aristocratic flattery was over. The souls of the great and fashionable had subsided into their native icy contempt of peasant merit. "What he had seen and endured in Edinburgh," says honest Allan Cunningham, "during his second visit, admonished him regarding the reed on which he leant, when he hoped for a place of profit and honour from the aristocracy on account of his genius. On his first appearance the doors of the nobility opened spontaneously, 'on golden hinges turning,' and he ate spiced meats, and drank rare wines, interchanging nods and smiles 'with high dukes and mighty earls.' A colder reception awaited his second coming ; the doors of lords and ladies opened with a tardy courtesy ; he was received with a cold and measured stateliness, was seldom requested to stop, seldom to repeat his visit ; and one of his companions used to relate with what indignant feelings the poet recounted his fruitless calls, and his uncordial receptions in the good town of Edinburgh."

It is related that, on one occasion being invited to dine at a nobleman's, he went, and, to his astonishment, found that he was not to dine with his guests, but with the butler ! After dinner, he was sent for into the dining-room ; and a chair being set for him near the bottom of the table, he was desired to sing a song. Restraining his indignation within the bounds of outward appearance, Burns complied, and he sang,—

"Is there, for honest poverty,
Who hangs his head and a' that?
The coward slave, we pass him by,
And dare be poor for a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
A man's a man for a' that!

"You see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
(*Pointing to the nobleman at the head of the table.*)
Who struts and stares and a' that,
Though hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a coof for a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
A man's a man for a' that."

As the last word of these stanzas issued from his lips, he rose, and not deigning the company a syllable of adieu, marched out of the room and the house.

Burns himself expressed in some lines to Clarinda all this at this very moment:—

"In vain would Prudence, with her decent sneer,
Point to the censuring world and bid me fear:
Above that world on wings of love I rise,
I know its worst, and can that worst despise.
Wronged, slandered, shunned, unpitied, unredressed,
The mocked quotation of the scorners' jest,
Let Prudence' direst bodements on me fall—
Clarinda, rich reward! o'erpays them all."

But Clarinda could never be Burns's. To say the least of it, his attachment to her was one of the least defensible things of his life. Jean Armour had now the most inviolable claims upon him, and in fact as soon as his leg was well enough, he tore himself from the fascinations of Clarinda's society, went to Mauchline, and married Jean.

But we must not allow ourselves to follow him till we have taken a peep at the house of Clarinda at this time, where Burns used to visit her, and where, no doubt, he took his melancholy farewell. This house is in Potter's-row; now old and dingy-looking, but evidently having been at one time a superior residence. It is a house memorable on more accounts than one, having been occupied by General Monk while his army lay in Edinburgh; and the passage which goes under it to an interior court is still called the General's Entrance. To the street, the house presents four gabled windows in the upper story, on the tops of which stand a rose, thistle, fleur-de-lis, with a second rose or thistle to complete the four. The place was, at the time of my visit, inhabited by the poorest people; and on a little shop window in front was written up, "Rags and Metals bought"! The flat which was occupied by Clarinda is now divided into two very poor tenements. In the room which used to be Clarinda's sitting-room, a poor woman was busy with her work and two or three very little children. My companion told her that her house had been once frequented by a great man; she said, "Oh yes, General Monk." When he, however, added that he was then thinking of Robert Burns, this was news to her, and seemed to give to the wretched abode quite a charm in her eyes.

Clarinda lived to a great age, as a Mrs. Maclehose, and only died a few years ago. Mrs. Howitt and myself were once introduced to her by our kind friend Mr. Robert Chambers, at her house near the Calton Hill; and a very characteristic scene took place. The old lady, evidently charmed with our admiration of Burns, and warmed up by talking of past days, declared that we should drink out of the pair of glasses which Burns had presented to her in the days of their acquaintance; and with which he sent the verses given in Mr. Nichol's recent beautiful edition of the "British Poets," Burns's Works, vol. ii. p. 128. She brought these sacred relics out of the cupboard, and rang for the servant to bring in wine. An aged woman appeared, who, on hearing that we were to drink out of Burns's glasses, which stood ready on the table, gave a look as if sacrilege were going to be committed, took up the glasses without a word, replaced them in the cupboard, locking them up, and brought us three ordinary wine-glasses to take our wine out of. It was in vain for Mrs. Maclehose to remonstrate; the old and self-willed servant went away without deigning a reply, with the key in her pocket.

During the period of his Edinburgh life, Burns diversified it by two excursions,—one south, in which he visited the soft, green, pastoral hills round Hawick, Selkirk, Coldstream, and thence by Kelso to Newcastle and Carlisle. Another he made into the Highlands, with his friend William Nicol. During this excursion he seems to have luxuriated on all the glorious scenery of those regions, and revelled with high and low; fell in love with Charlotte Hamilton, the sister of his friend Gavin, and several other ladies; did and said many wild, and clever, and some foolish things.

On his return, disheartened and chagrined, treated with the utmost contempt by those who once flattered and lionized him beyond bounds, Burns now turned his back on Edinburgh, and went to seek that obscure country life which he saw well enough was his destiny. The man to whom that very city was to raise a splendid monument on the Calton Hill; the man who was to have monuments raised to his honour in various spots of his native land; the man to whose immortal memory jubilees were to be held, to which people of all ranks were to flock by eighty thousands at a time; the man who was to take the highest rank of all the poets of Scotland,—

> "Whose lines are mottoes of the heart,
> Whose truths electrify the sage,"

in the eloquent words of Campbell; and whose genius was to be the dearest memory of his countrymen in all regions of the earth whither their adventurous spirit leads them,—now, with a sad and wounded heart, pursued his way homewards with an exciseman's appointment in his pocket, the highest and only gift of his country. Burns knew and felt that his genius had a just claim to a good and honourable post in his native land; and his remaining letters sufficiently testify that from this hour the arrow of blighted ambition rankled in his heart, which never ceased its irritation till it had pulled down his gallant strength, and sent him to an early grave. He married his Jean, and chose his farm on the banks of the Nith, as Allan Cunningham's father remarked to him at the time, not with a farmer's, but a poet's choice. But here, half farmer, half exciseman, poverty came rapidly upon him once more; in three years' time only he quitted it, a man ruined in substance and constitution, and went to depend on his excise salary of 70*l.* a-year in the town of Dumfries.

I visited this farm in August, 1845. The coach from Dumfries to Glasgow set me down at Ellisland, lying about seven miles from Dumfries. Here I found a road running at right angles from the highway at a field's distance, and saw the grey roof of the farm homestead and its white chimneys peeping over the surrounding trees. The road, without gate or fence, leads you across a piece of watery ground, one of those hollows left undrained for the growth of what they call bog-hay, that is, rushes and coarse grass, which they give to the cows in winter. This was quite gay with cotton-rush, bog-beans, orchises, and other bog-flowers, and with its fragrant marginal fringe of meadow-sweet. After about a hundred yards, the road becomes a lane, enclosed on one side by a rough stone wall, and on the other by a tall hedge, with a row of flourishing ashes, each fence standing on a bold bank well hung with broom. The barley stood green on the one hand, and the hay in cock in the field on the other, and all had a pleasant summer air and feeling about it.

Advancing up this lane, I soon stood on the ascent, and saw the farm-house shining out white from amongst its trees, and half-a-dozen young men and women busily hoeing turnips in the adjoining fields. The farm, in fact, is a very pleasant farm. It lies somewhat high, and its fields swell and fall in a very agreeable manner, though it is still low compared to the hills that rise around it at a distance, green and cultivated, but bare. It is distinguished from all the farms round it, by being so completely planted with hedge-row trees, particularly ashes and larches. The land is light, yet tolerably fertile, dry, and healthy. Close below the house sweeps along that fine vale of the Nith, with all its rich meadows and woods, its stately old houses, and its river dark and swift, overhung with noble and verdurous trees. This seems the place where Burns might have been happy, had happiness and prosperity been easily secured by a temperament and circumstances such as his. He had a home fit for a poet, though humble. It was a home amid the goodliness and the godliness of nature. It was the home of a brave, a free, and an honest man, of a great man and great poet, whose name and fame were allowed and honoured by the sound hearts and sound minds, if not by the baser and vainer ones, of his country. Here he was a man and a farmer ; and both man and farmer are gentlemen if they choose to be so. He had no need to doff his bonnet, or to pull it in shame over his brow before any man, so that he cultivated his acres, and the glorious soil of his intellect, with the heart and hand of an enthusiast in his labour. He had built his own bower in the spot chosen by himself, in a spot beautiful, and pure, and calm as a poet could desire ; and had brought to it the woman of his love ; and his children were springing up around him, making the green and woodland banks of the Nith ring with the rapture of their young sports. He had a stalwart frame, and a giant intellect, and a heart true in its feelings to the divinity of human nature, to the divinity within him, to the divinity of those aims, and objects, and truths, for which man exists, and for whose advance and illustration the poet is beyond all men, born and endowed. Ah ! if he could but have guided with a safe hand those passions which are given to feed and kindle the glorious impulses of the glorious nature of the poet, the friend and prophet and counsellor of mankind, what a great and what a happy man might he have lived and died here! If he had really—

> "Follow'd his plough along the mountain-side,"

instead of the exciseman's horse over the hills and through the hamlets of the country round, to what a venerable age might he have lived amongst his children and his admiring countrymen! But the tact for business and the turn for prudence, how rarely *can* they exist with the fervid temperament which has to evolve the living meteors of poetry! The volcano *will* have its crater and its desolations, and not green and peaceful ridges of peace. Particularly in this case, where the poet had been called out of the ranks of the poor, and had had at once to contend against the flatteries of exaltation unprepared by the discipline of education. Burns and Hogg may therefore be excused, where Byron could not stand; Ebenezer Elliott is almost the only instance of contrary success.

One cannot, however, see this Arcadian scene, this sort of Sabine farm, so well calculated for the "*otium cum dignitate*" of the poet, without feeling one's heart wrung at the idea that it was a vain gift; a haven of peace only offered to a struggling and doomed swimmer; and that the foul exciseman craft, and the degrading dipstick, and the whisky firkin, were in the rear. Mr. Chambers in his Life of Burns says, he does not see how he could have done anything else at that time but accept the post of an exciseman, and this opinion has been echoed by Mr. Gilfillan. He could have been a farmer without being an exciseman, and a much happier and soberer man.

The very next neighbours of Burns were Mr. Miller, of Dalswinton, and Mr. Riddell, of Friar's-Carse. There he went to meet, and dine, and revel with distinguished guests. Heavens! why should he not have been able to go there as the honest British farmer, and not as the exciseman? Could he feel that he was a poet, and fit society for the wealthy, the refined, and the learned, and that he was not degraded? He was glorious—and an exciseman. Here he wrote Mary in Heaven—and mounted his jaded steed and trotted off to the hell of whisky distilleries and whisky dram-shops. He wrote here, in one day, Tam o' Shanter, in a fever of laughter and excitement—and perhaps the next day would repeat the lines to the rude and fuddled rabble of a "public," where he was in the way of his business and his ruin. There is something so anomalous in the genius and the grade, in the magnificent endowments and the bare necessities of Robert Burns, that one cannot now conceive how they could have been permitted to occur by his fellow-men, or be tolerated by himself. To think of him here, in his own white farm-house, like a dove's nest, amid its green and overshadowing leaves, and hung over the pure lapsing waters; and then of him in that little dirty house in Dumfries, in that street of tramps and beggars, living degraded, despised, and persecuted, and dying the poorest exciseman and greatest poet of his country! In the hour of his death, the soul of his country awoke with one great throb to the consciousness of who and what he was; what a pity that the revelation did not come a little sooner! And this I say not to taunt his country with it. The sense of the national treatment of Robert Burns has been expressed with such manly eloquence by his countrymen, Lockhart, Wilson, and Allan Cunningham, that it needs not us English to cast a single stone, who have the memory of Chatterton amongst us. All great nations have similar sins to answer for. Scotland does not stand alone; but there is something so peculiarly strange in the fate of Burns, and which comes over us as we tread the ground that he had chosen for his home, and the floor of the house that he built, that it has forced me involuntarily to follow my own feelings, instead of my descriptions.

The farm, as I have said, is a very pleasant one. Burns is supposed to have chosen the particular situation of his house not only for its fine situation on the banks of the river, and overlooking the vale and country round, but on account of a beautiful spring which gushes from the slope just below the house. The ground plan of his house is very much like that of most Scotch farms. The buildings form three sides of a quadrangle. The house and buildings are only one story high, white, and altogether a genuine Scotch steading. The house is on the lower side, next to the river. Burns's bed-room has yet two beds in it, of that sort of cupboard fashion, with check curtains, which are so often seen in Scotch farm-houses. The humble rooms are much as they were in his time. Near the house, and running parallel with the river, is a good large garden, which he planted. The side of the farm-yard opposite to the house is pleasantly planted off with trees. The farm is just as it was, about one hundred acres. By places it exhibits that stony soil which made Burns call it "the riddlings of creation," and say that when a ploughed field was rolled it looked like a paved street; but still it carries good crops. Burns had it for 50*l.* a-year, or ten shillings an acre. I suppose the present tenant pays three times the sum, and is proud of his bargain. He observed it was an ill wind that blew nobody any profit. "Mr. Burns," said he, "had the farm on lease for ninety years, and had he not thrown it up, I should not have been here now." The farmer seemed a very sensible man, and though he was just mounting his gig to go on business to Dumfries, he stopped, and would go over the farm and house, and point out everything to me. He said what Lockhart and Cunningham say, that Burns had so many servants that they ate and drank all that came off the farm. "The maids baked new bread, and the men ate it hot with ale." But it is said, too, on the spot, that most of these servants were relatives, and that presents of whisky and other good things were sent from far and near to Burns, and that while he was absent on his excise rounds, they sat in the house and drank, and ate to it, instead of being at work. Burns once observed to his neighbour, the next farmer, that he wondered how it was that the farm left no surplus for rent; and the farmer said, "Why, Mr. Burns, it would be a wonder if it did, for your servants cannot eat it and leave it for rent too." It is said, also, that being once invited to dinner at Dalswinton House, and not coming, the guests asked how he was getting on. Mr. Miller said he hoped very well, "for," added he, "I think I have set him up." This being repeated to Burns, is said to have hurt his proud feelings extremely, and to have induced him to remark that he did not like to live on the estate of a man who thought he had set him up. Long he did not live there, more's the pity. The goodwill of his haughty landlord had gone before.

It was here, too, that the story is told of his being found by two Englishmen fishing in the Nith. "On a rock that projected into the stream, they saw a man angling. He had a cap of foxskin on his head, a loose great-coat fixed round him by a belt, from which hung an enormous Highland broadsword: it was Burns." The story is likely enough. The banks of the Nith here are steep, and full of wild thickets; and one may very well imagine Burns not being over-particular in his toilet while pursuing his amusement in this solitude.

It was one of his delights to range along these steep river banks, and it was along them, between the house and the fence at the bottom of the field down the river, that he paced to and fro as he composed Tam o' Shanter. Mrs. Burns relates, "that, observing Robert walking with long swinging strides, and apparently muttering as he went, she let him alone for some time. At length she took the children with her and went forth to meet him. He seemed not to observe her, but continued his walk. On this," said she, "I stept aside with the bairns among the broom, and past us he came, his brow flushed and his eyes shining; he was reciting these lines:—

'Now Tam, O Tam! had thae been queans
A' plump an' strapping, i' their teens;
Their sarks, instead o' creeshie flannen,
Been snaw-white seventeen hunder linnen!
Thir breeks o' mine, my only pair,
That ance were plush, o' gude blue hair,
I wad hae gi'en them aff my hurdies,
For ae blink o' the bonnie burdies.'

I wish ye had but seen him! He was in such ecstasy that the tears were happing down his cheeks." He had taken writing materials with him, and leaning on a turf fence which commanded a view down the river, he committed the poem to paper, walked home, and read it in great triumph at the fireside. The remains of this turf fence may be seen to this day in the shape of a green bank, close above the river, under the shade of a narrow plantation of larches which bounds the field. The farmer said that Professor Wilson, when he visited the spot, rolled himself on the bank, saying it was worth while trying to catch any remains of genius and humour that Burns might have left there.

The farmer said, what indeed Allan Cunningham states, that when Burns came the farm was all open, "there were no dykes,"—walls and fences. That he introduced the first dairy of Ayrshire cows, all splendid cattle, some of them being presents from such friends as the Dunlops, &c. Presents or no presents, poor Burns laid out on the farm in his first year all the proceeds of the Edinburgh edition of his poems, and never saw them again.

The view from the house is very charming. The river runs clear and fleet below, broad as the Thames at Hampton Court, or the Trent at Nottingham, and its dark trees hang far along it over its waters. Beyond the stream lie the broad rich meadows and house of Dalswinton, a handsome mansion of red freestone aloft amid its woods, and still beyond, and higher up the river, rise still bolder hills. The very next residence upwards on the same side of the river is Friar's-Carse, the seat of Burns's friend Mr. Riddell, into whose grounds he had a private key, so that he could enjoy all the beauty and solitude of his woods at pleasure, or take the nearest cut to the house. Up the valley, about two miles or so, is the farm-house belonging to his friend Nicol of the High School, where

> "Willie brewed a peck o' malt,
> And Rob and Allan cam to see."

Friar's-Carse deserves a few more words, before we shift to the last sad scene, Dumfries. It is a beautiful estate which you enter from the Glasgow road by a neat lodge, and advance a quarter of a mile, perhaps, along a carriage drive, one side of which is planted with shrubs and flowers, and the other consists of the steep wild bank of a fine wood. The way winds on, and here and there you have an old stone grey cross, or old picturesque saint, or such thing, which has a good effect. At last, you emerge in an open meadow surrounded by fine hills and woods, and at the head of which, on a green and graceful esplanade, stands a good, though not a very large house. In the meadows, which are of great extent, roves a numerous herd of as fine cattle as ever roamed the meads of Asphodel, and much finer, I suspect, for they are Ayrshire cows of the most splendid description; and some very fine trees rear their heads to beautify the ground. As you approach the house, it is along the foot of a beautiful slope enriched by noble old trees. Behind the house there is a green and airy sort of table-land, on which flower-stands of rustic work filled with roses and geraniums stand, and down which moneywort with all its golden blossoms streams, and then the ground sinks rapidly into a deep dell full of tall trees, and containing a garden of the old pleached walk kind, and which through the latticed gate gives you such a peep at its beauties as enchants you.

In this house used to live Mr. Riddell and his wife, the beautiful and accomplished Maria Riddell; but who was of a capricious temper, and to whom Burns, as they violently quarrelled or were again reconciled, addressed some of his most flattering and his most severe verses. Here the Whistle was caroused for, and here the original copy of Burns's poem on the subject is kept still. Pity it was that the lady of the house, a young widow, Mrs. Crichton, was just bowling out at her lodge gates as I walked in, or I would have called and requested the favour of a sight of this paper. But the butler assured me that there it was; and in the pine wood on the side by which you enter, the remains of the hermitage where Burns wrote the well-known lines on the window. The pine wood has grown; there are silver firs that may claim kindred with those of the Black Forest, but the hermitage is gone. A single gable, a few scattered stones, and a mass of laurels that have grown high and hidden it, are all that remain of the hermitage, which I only found by dint of long traversing the dusky wood.

But Burns is gone; Miller of Dalswinton is gone; the Riddells of Friar's-Carse are gone; their estates are in other families; and it is to be hoped that the exciseman's guaging-stick is gone too. I do not see it hung aloft in any hall. I dare say the sons of Burns have not preserved it, as the walking-stick of Sir Walter Scott now hangs aloft in the study at Abbotsford. But the memory of the poet and his friends lives all over these walks, and meadows, and woods, more livingly than ever. It is the quick spirit of the place. Poetry is not dead here. It is the soul and haunting shadow of these fair and solemn scenes, and a thousand years hence will startle young and beating hearts as the wood-pigeon dashes out through the magic hush of the forest, and the streamlet leaps down the mossy stone, and laughs and glitters in the joyous glance of the sun. The exciseman's stick is turned into the magic wand of nature, and there will be bitter satire, and deep melancholy, and wonder and love, as it waves a thousand times self-multiplied in the bough of the pine-tree, and the bent of the grass, while the heart of man can suffer or enjoy. You see that already in everything. Burns no longer walks on one side of the market-place of Dumfries, solitary and despised, while the great and gay crowd and flutter on the other; but as the daily coach rolls on its way, the coachman pointing with his whip, says softly—"That is the farm of Ellisland!" And every man and woman, every trade-traveller and servant-maid says—"Where?" And all rise up, and look, *and there is a deep silence.*

For that silence, and the thoughts that live in it, who would not have lived, and suffered, and been despised? It is the triumph of genius and the soul of greatness over the freaks of fortune, and even over its own sins and failings. It is something to have walked over the farm of Ellisland: it is still more to have stood on the spot in his farm-yard where the heart of Burns rose up in a flame of hallowed affection to Mary in heaven—a more glorious shrine than the mausoleum of Dumfries.

The neighbourhood of Dumfries, to which the last scene of our subject leads us, is very charming. The town is just a quiet country town; but the Nith is a fine river, and runs through it, and makes both town and country very agreeable. The scenery is not wild and rocky, but the vale of the Nith is rich, and beautiful in its richness. The river runs in the finest sweeps imaginable; it seems to disdain to go straight, but makes a circle for a mile, perhaps, at a time, as clean and perfect as if struck with compasses, and then away in another direction; while on its lofty banks alders and oaks hang richly over the water, and fine herds of cattle are grouped in those deep meadows, and salmon fishers spread their nets and are busy mending them on the broad expanse of gravel that covers here and there the bends of the river; while, high above the lapsing waters, your eye wanders over a broad extent of fresh, rich meadow country, with scattered masses of trees and goodly farms; and far around are high and airy hills, cultivated to the top. A more lovely pastoral country, more retired and poetical, you cannot well find. This is the scenery to which Burns, during his abode in Dumfries, loved to resort. "When he lived in Dumfries," says Allan Cunningham, "he had three favourite walks,—on the dock-green by the river-side, among the ruins of Lincluden College, and towards the Martingam Ford on the north side of the river. The latter place was secluded, commanded a view of the distant hills and the romantic towers of Lincluden, and afforded soft greensward banks to rest upon, and the sight and sound of the stream. As soon as he was heard to hum to himself, his wife saw that he had something in his mind, and was quite prepared to see him snatch up his hat and set off silently for his musing-ground."

About three miles up the river we come upon the beautiful ruins of the abbey of Lincluden, standing on an elevated mound, overlooking the junction of the Cluden and the Nith, and overlooked by a sort of large tumulus covered with larches, where the monks are said to have sate to contemplate the country, and where the country people still resort to loiter or read on Sundays. A profound tranquillity reigns over all the scene, a charm indescribable, which Burns, of all men, must have felt. For myself, I knew not where to stop. I advanced up the left bank of the river, opposite to the ruins, now treading the soft turf of the Nith's margin, now pent in a narrow track close on the brink of the stream amongst the alders, now emerging into a lofty fir clump, and now into a solemn grove of beech overhanging the stream. Farther on lay the broad old meadows again, the fisher watching in his wooden hut the ascent of the salmon, the little herdboy tending his black cattle in the solitary field, old woods casting a deep gloom on the hurrying water, grey old halls standing on fine slopes above the Nith, amid trees of magnificent size and altitude. The mood of mind which comes over you here is that of unwritten poetry.

When one thinks of Burns wandering amid this congenial nature where the young now wander and sing his songs, one is apt to forget that he bore with him a sad heart and a sinking frame. When we see his house in Dumfries, we are reminded pretty forcibly of these things. We have to dive at once into a back street in the lower part of the town, and turn and wind from one such hidden and poor street to another, till, having passed through a sufficient stench of tan-yards, which seem to abound in that neighbourhood, we come to a little street with all the character of the abode of the poor, which is honoured with the name of Burns Street. The house is the first you come to on the left hand. There was an old thatched one on the opposite side, and I set it down at once to be the poet's; but no, at a regularly formal poor man's house, of a dingy whitewash, with its stone door and window frames painted of a dingy blue, a barelegged girl, very dirty, was washing the floors, and went from the bucket and showed me the house. On the right hand of the door was the kitchen, in which the girl informed me that there was nothing left belonging to the Burnses, except two bells which she pointed out, and a gas pipe which Mr. Burns had put in. On the left hand was the sitting-room, furnished very well for a poor man, with a carpet on the floor. The girl said her father was an undertaker; but when I asked where was his shop, she said he was an undertaker of jobs on railroads and embankments. Up stairs there was a good large chamber unfurnished, which she said was the one occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Burns, and where both of them died. Out of the other chamber a little closet was taken, including one front window, and here, she said, Burns wrote, or it was always said so. There were two garrets; and that was the poet's, or rather the exciseman's house. It was just about suited to the income of an ordinary exciseman, and had no attribute of the *poet's* home about it. Mr. Robert Chambers, in his Picture of Scotland, calls it a neat little house. Unfortunately, at my visit it was anything but neat or clean, and its situation in this miserable quarter, and amid the odour of tan-yards, must give to any foreigner who visits it an odd idea of the abodes of British poets. I wonder that in some improvement the Dumfriesians don't contrive to pull it down.

From this abode of the living poet, I adjourned to that of the dead one. This is situated in St. Michael's churchyard, not far from the house, but on an eminence, and on the outside of the town. The *lane* in which the *house* is, is just one of the *worst*. It looks as though it were only inhabited by keepers of lodging-houses for tramps, and I believe mainly is so. It is a sort of Tinker's-lane. The churchyard, though not more than two hundred yards off, is one of the most respectable, and the poet's house *there* is the very grandest. One naturally thinks how much easier it is to maintain a dead poet than a living one.

A churchyard in this part of the country has a singular aspect to an English eye. As you approach the Scottish border, you see the headstones getting taller and taller, and the altar-tombs more and more massive. At Carlisle, the headstones had attained the height of six or seven feet at least, and were deeply carved with coats of arms, &c. near the top, but here the whole churchyard is a wilderness of huge and ponderous monuments. Pediments and entablatures, Grecian, Gothic, and nondescript; pillars and obelisks, some of them at least twenty feet high—I use no exaggeration in this account—stand thick and on all sides. To our eyes, accustomed to such a different size and character of churchyard tombs, they are perfectly astonishing. I imagine there is stone enough in the funeral monuments of this churchyard to build a tolerable street of houses. You would think that all the giants, and indeed all the *great* people of all sorts that Scotland had ever produced, had here chosen their sepulture. Such ambitious and gigantic structures of freestone, some red, some white, for dyers, ironmongers, gardeners, slaters, glaziers, and the like, are, I imagine, nowhere else to be seen. There are vintners who have tombs and obelisks fit for genuine Egyptian Pharaohs; and slaters and carpenters, who were accustomed to climb high when alive, have left monuments significant of their soaring character. These far outvie and overlook those of generals, writers to the signet, esquires, and bailiffs of the city.

Your first view of this churchyard strikes you by the strange aspect of these ponderous monuments. A row of very ancient ones, in fact, stands on the wall next to the street. Two of them, most dilapidated, and of deep red stone, have a very singular look. They have Latin inscriptions, which are equally dilapidated. One to Francis Irving fairly exhausts the Latin tongue with his host of virtues, and then takes to English, thus:—

> "King James the First me Balive named;
> Dumfries oft since me Provost claimed;
> God has for me a crown reserved,
> For king and country have I served."

Burns's mausoleum occupies, as nearly as possible, the centre of the farther end of the churchyard opposite to the entrance, and a broad walk leads up to it. It stands, as it should do, overlooking the pleasant fields in the outskirts of the town, and seems, like the poet himself, to belong half to man and half to nature. It is a sort of little temple, which at a distance catches the eye as you approach that side of the town, and reminds you of that of Garrick at Hampton. It is open on three sides, except for iron gates, the upper border of which consists of alternating Scottish thistles and spear-heads. A couple of Ionic pillars at each corner support a projecting cornice, and above this rises an octagon superstructure with arches, across the bottom of which again run thistle-heads, one over each gateway, and is surmounted by a dome. The basement of the mausoleum is of granite. The building is enclosed by an iron railing, and the little gate in front of the area is left unlocked, so that you may approach and view the monument through the iron gates. The area is planted appropriately with various kinds of evergreens, and on each side of the gate stands conspicuously the Scottish thistle.

In the centre of the mausoleum floor, a large flag with four iron rings in it, marks the entrance to the vault below. At the back stands Turnarelli's monument of the poet. It consists of a figure of Burns, of the size of life, in white marble, at the plough, and Coila, his muse, appearing to him. This is a female figure in alto-relievo on the wall, somewhat above and in front of him. She is in the act of throwing her mantle, embroidered with Scotch thistles, over him, according to his own words—"The poetic genius of my country found me, as the prophetic bard Elijah did Elisha, at the plough, and threw her inspiring mantle over me." Burns stands with his left hand on one of the plough stilts, and with the other holds his bonnet to his breast, while, with an air of surprise and devotion, he gazes on the muse or genius of his poetry. He appears in a short coat, knee breeches, and short gaiters. The execution is so-so.

The likeness of the poet is by no means conformable to the best portraits of him ; and Nature, as if resenting the wretched caricature of her favourite son, has already began to deface and corrode it. The left hand on the plough is much decayed, and the right hand holding the bonnet is somewhat so too. At his feet lies what I suppose was the slab of his former tomb, with this inscription : "In memory of Robert Burns, who died the 21st of July, 1796, in the 37th year of his age. And Maxwell Burns, who died the 25th of April, 1799, aged 2 years and 9 months. Francis Wallace Burns, who died the 9th of June, 1808, aged 14 years His sons. The remains of Burns received into the vault below 19th of September, 1815. And his two sons. Also, the remains of Jean Armour, relict of the Poet, born Feb. 1765, died 26th of March, 1834."

The long Latin inscription mentioned by his biographers, a manifest absurdity on the tomb of a man like Burns, and whose epitaph ought to be intelligible to all his countrymen, is, I suppose, removed, for I did not observe it ; and the above English inscription, of the elegance of which, however, nothing can be said, substituted.

The gates of the mausoleum itself are kept locked, and the monument again enclosed within a plain railing.

Some countrymen were just standing at the gate with their plaids on their shoulders making their observations as I arrived at it. I stood and listened to them.

1st Man.—"Ay, there stands Robin, still holding the plough, but the worst of it is, he has got no horses to it."

2d Man.—"Ay, that is childish. It is just like a boy on a Sunday who sets himself to the plough, and fancies he is a ploughing when it never moves. It would have been a deal better if you could but have seen even the horses' tails."

3d Man.—"Ay, or if he had been sitting on his plough, as I have seen him sometimes in a picture."

1st Man.—"But Coila is well drawn, is not she ? That arm which she holds up the mantle with, is very well executed."

2d Man.—"It's a pity though that the sculptor did not look at his own coat before he put the only button on that is to be seen."

3d Man.—"Why, where is the button ?"

2d Man.—"Just under the bonnet ; and it's on the wrong side."

1st Man.—"Oh ! it does not signify if it be a double-breasted coat, or perhaps Robin buttoned his coat different to other folks, for he was an unco chiel."

2d Man.—"But it's only single-breasted, and it is quite wrong."

The men unbuttoned and then buttoned their coats up again to satisfy themselves ; and they decided that it was a great blunder.

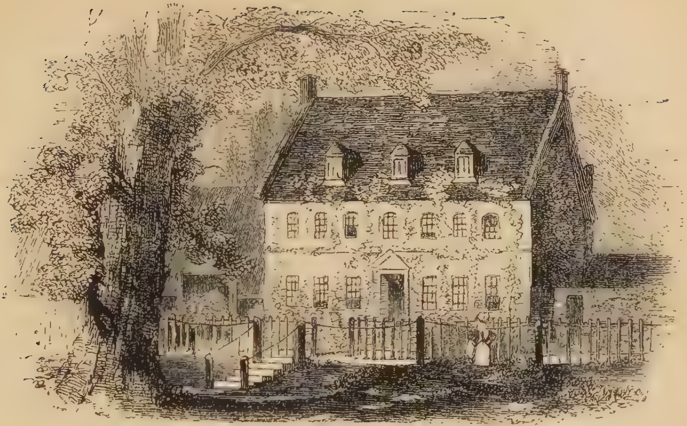
I thought there was much sound sense in their criticism. The allegorical figure of the muse seems too much, and the absence of the horses too little. Burns would have looked quite as well standing at the plough, and looking up inspired by the muse without her being visible.

The plough rests on a rugged piece of marble laid on a polished basement, in the centre of which is inscribed in large letters,—

BURNS.

I had to regret missing at Dumfries the three sons of Burns, and the staunch friend of the family, and of the genius of the poet, Mr. M'Diarmid. Mr. Robert Burns, the poet's eldest son, resides at Dumfries, but was then absent at Belfast, in Ireland, where I afterwards saw him, and was much struck with his intelligence and great information. Colonel and Major Burns had just visited Dumfries, but were gone into the Highlands, with their friend Mr. M'Diarmid. The feelings with which I quitted Dumfries were those which so often weigh upon you in contemplating the closing scenes of poets' lives. "The life of the poet at Dumfries," says Robert Chambers, "was an unhappy one; his situation was degrading, and his income narrow." Reflecting on this as I proceeded by the mail towards Moffat, the melancholy lines of Wordsworth recurred to me with peculiar effect:—

"My former thoughts returned; the fear that kills;
And hope that is unwilling to be fed;
Cold, pain, and labour, and all fleshly ills;
And mighty poets in their misery dead."



WILLIAM COWPER.

THERE is scarcely any ground in England so well known in imagination as the haunts of Cowper at Olney and Weston; there is little that is so interesting to the lover of moral and religious poetry. There the beautiful but unhappy poet seemed to have created a new world out of unknown ground, in which himself and his friends, the Unwins, Lady Austen and Lady Hesketh, the Throckmortons, and the rest, played a part of the simplest and most natural character, and which fascinated the whole public mind. The life, the spirit, and the poetry of Cowper present, when taken together, a most singular combination. He was timid in his habit, yet bold in his writing; melancholy in the tone of his mind, but full of fun and playfulness in his correspondence; wretched to an extraordinary degree, he yet made the whole nation merry with his John Gilpin and other humorous writings; despairing even of God's mercy and of salvation, his religious poetry is of the most cheerful and even triumphantly glad character;

"His soul exults, hope animates his lays,
The sense of mercy kindles into praise."

Filled with this joyous assurance, wherever he turns his eye on the magnificent spectacle of creation, he finds themes of noblest gratulation. He looks into the heavens, and exclaims:—

"Tell me, ye shining host,
That navigate a sea that knows no storm,
Beneath a vault unsullied with a cloud,
If from your elevation, whence ye view
Distinctly scenes invisible to man,
And systems, of whose birth no tidings yet
Have reached this nether world, ye spy a race
Favoured as ours, transgressors from the womb,
And hastening to a grave, yet doomed to rise,
And to possess a brighter heaven than yours?
As one, who long detained on foreign shores
Pants to return, and when he sees afar
His country's weather-bleached and battered rocks
From the green wave emerging, darts an eye
Radiant with joy towards the happy land;
So I with animated hopes behold
And many an aching wish, your beamy fires,
That show like beacons in the blue abyss,
Ordained to guide the embodied spirit home
From toilsome life to never-ending rest.
Love kindles as I gaze. I feel desires,
That give assurance of their own success,
And that, infused from heaven, must thither tend."
The Task, book v.

Such is the buoyant and cordial tone of Cowper's poetry; how unlike that iron deadness that dared not and could not soften into prayer, which so often and so long oppressed him. Nay, it is not for himself that he rejoices only, but he feels in his glowing heart the gladness and the coming glory of the whole universe.

"All creatures worship man, and all mankind
One Lord, one Father. Error has no place;
That creeping pestilence is driven away;
The breath of Heaven has chased it. In the heart
No passion touches a discordant string,
But all is harmony and love. Disease
Is not, the pure and uncontaminate blood
Holds its due course, nor fears the frost of age.
One song employs all nations, and all cry,
'Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain for us!'
The dwellers in the vales and on the rocks
Shout to each other, and the mountain tops
From distant mountains catch the flying joy:
Till nation after nation taught the strain,
Earth rolls the rapturous Hosanna round.
Behold the measure of the promise filled;
See Salem built, the labour of a God!
Bright as a sun the sacred city shines;
All kingdoms, and all princes of the earth
Flock to that light; the glory of all lands
Flows into her; unbounded is her joy,
And endless her increase. Thy rams are there,
Nebaioth, and the flocks of Kedar there;
Praise is in all her gates: upon her walls
And in her streets, and in her spacious courts,
Is heard salvation. Eastern Java there
Kneels with the native of the farthest West;
And Ethiopia spreads abroad the hand,
And worships. Her report has travelled forth
Into all lands. From every clime they come
To see thy beauty, and to share thy joy,
O Sion! an assembly such as earth
Saw never, such as Heaven stoops down to see.
Thus heavenward all things tend. For all were once
Perfect, and all must be at length restored.
So God has greatly purposed."—*The Task*, book vi.

Such was the lofty and all-embracing spirit of that man whom hard dogmatists could yet terrify and chill into utterest woe. Shrinking from the world, he yet dared to lash this world from which he shrunk, with the force of a giant, and the justice of more than an Aristides. Of the church, he yet satirized severely its errors, and the follies of its ministers; in political opinion he was free and indignant against oppression. The negro warmed his blood into a sympathy that produced the most effective strains on his behalf—the worm beneath his feet shared in his tenderness. Thus he walked through life, shunning its tumults and its highways, one of its mightiest labourers. In his poetry there was found no fear, no complaining; often thoroughly insane, nothing can surpass the sound mind of his compositions; haunted by delusions even to the attempt at suicide, there is no delusion in his page. All there is bright, clear, and consistent. Like his Divine Master, he may truly be said to have been bruised for our sakes. As a man, nervous terrors could vanquish him, and unfit him for active life; but as a poet he rose above all nerves, all terrors, into the noblest heroism, and fitted and will continue to fit others for life, so long as just and vigorous thought, the most beautiful piety, and the truest human sympathies command the homage of mankind. There is no writer who surpasses Cowper as a moral and religious poet. Full of power and feeling, he often equals in solemn dignity Milton himself. He is as impressive as Young without his epigrammatic smartness; he is as fervently Christian as Montgomery, and in intense love of nature there is not one of our august band of illustrious writers who surpasses him. He shows the secret of his deep and untiring attachment to nature, in the love of Him who made it.

"He is the Freeman, whom the truth makes free,
And all are slaves beside. There's not a chain
That hellish foes, confederate for his harm,
Can wind around him, but he casts it off
With as much ease as Samson his green withes.
He looks abroad into the varied field
Of Nature, and though poor perhaps, compared
With those whose mansions glitter in his sight,
Calls the delightful scenery all his own.
His are the mountains, and the valleys his,
And the resplendent rivers.—His to enjoy
With a propriety that none can feel,
But who with filial confidence inspired
Can lift to heaven an unpresumptuous eye,
And smiling say—'My Father made them all!'
Are they not his by a peculiar right,
And by an emphasis of interest his,
Whose eye they fill with tears of holy joy,
Whose heart with praise, and whose exalted mind
With worthy thoughts of that unwearied love
That planned, and built, and still upholds a world
So clothed with beauty, for rebellious man?
Yes—ye may fill your garners, ye that reap
The loaded soil, and ye may waste much good
In senseless riot; but ye will not find
In feast, or in the chase, in song or dance,
A liberty like his, who unimpeached
Of usurpation, and to no man's wrong,
Appropriates nature as his Father's work,
And has a richer use of yours than ye.

He is indeed a Freeman: free by birth
Of no mean city, planned or ere the hills
Were built, the fountains opened, or the sea
With all his roaring multitude of waves."—*The Task*, book v.

The writings of Cowper testify everywhere to that grand sermon which is eternally preaching in the open air; to that Gospel of the field and the forest, which, like the Gospel of Christ, is the voice of that love which overflows the universe; which puts down all sectarian bitterness in him who listens to it; which, being perfect, "casts out all fear," against which the gloom of bigots and the terrors of fanatics cannot stand. It was this which healed his wounded spirit beneath the boughs of Yardly Chase, and came fanning his temples with a soothing freshness in the dells of Weston. When we follow his footsteps there, we somewhat wonder that scenes so unambitious could so enrapture him; but the glory came from within, and out of the materials of an ordinary walk he could raise a brilliant superstructure for eternity.

William Cowper was born in the parsonage of Great Berkhampstead. The Birmingham railway whirls you now past the spot, or you may, if you please, alight and survey that house hallowed by the love of a mother such as he has described, and by the record of it in those inimitable verses of the son on receiving her picture.

" Where once we dwelt our name is heard no more,
Children not thine have trod my nursery floor;
And where the gardener Robin, day by day,
Drew me to school along the public way,
Delighted with my bauble coach, and wrapped
In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet capped.
'Tis now become a history little known,
That once we called the pastoral house our own."

Cowper was at school at Market-street, Hertfordshire, then at Westminster; after which he was articled for three years to Mr. Chapman, a solicitor. After quitting Mr. Chapman, he entered the Inner Temple, as a regular law student; where his associates were Thurlow, afterwards the well-known Lord Chancellor, Bonnel Thornton, and Colman. Cowper's family was well connected, both on the father's and mother's side, and he had every prospect of advancement; but this the sensitiveness of his nature prevented. Being successively appointed to the offices of Reading Clerk, Clerk of the Private Committees in the House of Lords, and Clerk of the Journals, he was so overwhelmed by being unexpectedly called on to discharge his duty publicly before the House, that it unsettled his mind, his prospects of a worldly nature were for ever over, and in a state of the most settled melancholy he was committed to the care of Dr. Cotton of St. Alban's. In the summer of 1765 he quitted St. Alban's, and retired to private lodgings in the town of Huntingdon. There he was, as by a direct act of Providence, led to the acquaintance of the family of the Rev. Mr. Unwin, one of the clergymen of the place. Cowper had attended his church; and his interesting appearance having attracted the attention of his son William Cawthorne Unwin, he followed him in his solitary walk, and introduced himself to him. This simple fact decided, as by the very finger of heaven, the whole destiny of the poet, and probably secured him as a poet to the world. With this family he entered into the most affectionate intimacy. They were people after his own heart, pious, intelligent, and most amiable. The father was, however, soon after killed by a fall from his horse, the son was himself become a minister, and the widow, the ever-to-be-loved Mary Unwin, retired with the suffering poet to Olney, at the invitation of the Rev. John Newton, the clergyman there, where she watched over him with the tender solicitude of a mother. To her, in all probability, we owe all that we possess in the poetry of Cowper.

With his life here we are made familiar by his poetry and letters, and the biography of Hayley. His long returns of melancholy, the writing of poetry, which Mrs. Unwin suggested to him to divert his thoughts, his gardening, his walks, his tame hares, his successive acquaintances with Lady Austen, Lady Hesketh, and the like, all this we know. What particularly concerns us is, the present state and appearances of his homes and haunts here. To these the access is now easy. From the Wolverton station, on the North-western railway, an omnibus sets you down, after a run of nine miles, at the Bull inn, in the spacious, still, and triangular market-place of Olney. Here, again, prints have made us most accurately acquainted with the place. The house occupied by Cowper stands near the eastern corner, loftily overtopping all the rest. There are the other quiet, cottage-like houses stretching away right and left, the tall elm-tree, the pump, the old octagon stone lock-up house. The house which was Cowper's makes an imposing appearance in a picture, and in reality is a building of considerable size; but it must always have been internally an ill-finished house. He himself, and his friends, compared it to a prison. It had no charms whatever of location. Opposite to it came crowding up some common dwellings, behind lay the garden, on a dead flat, and therefore with no attractions but such as art and a poet's imagination gave it. It was, for some years after he quitted it, inhabited by a surgeon. He had, in his turn, long left it; and it now was divided into three tenements. One was a little grocer's shop, the other part in front was an infant school, and the back part a workshop of some kind. The house was altogether dingy and desolate, and bore no marks of having at any time been finished in a superior style. That which was once the garden was now divided into a back-yard and a small garden surrounded by a high stone wall. They show an apple-tree in it, which they say Cowper planted. The other and main portion of the garden was cut off by the stone wall, and the access to it was from a distant part of the town. This garden was now in the possession of Mr. Morris, a master bootmaker, who, with a genuine feeling of respect for the poet's memory, not only retained it as much as possible in the state in which it was in Cowper's time, but had the most good-natured pleasure in allowing strangers to see it. The moment I presented myself at his door, he came out, anticipating my object, with the key, and proffered his own guidance. In the garden, about the centre, still stands Cowper's summer-house. It is a little square tenement, (as Cowper describes it himself, in one of his letters,) not much bigger than a sedan-chair. It is of timber, framed and plastered, and the roof of old red tiles. It has a wooden door on the side next to his own house, and a glass one, serving as window, exactly opposite, and looking across the next orchard to the parsonage. There is a bench on each side, and the ceiling is so low that a man of moderate stature cannot stand upright in it. Except in hot weather, it must have been a regular wind-trap. It is, of course, written all over with verses, and inscribed with names. Around it stand evergreens, and in the garden remain various old fruit-trees, which were there in Cowper's time, and some of them, no doubt, planted by him. The back of some low cottages, with their windows level with the very earth, forms part of the boundary wall ; and the orchard, in front of the summer-house, remains as in Cowper's time. It will be recollected that, in order to save himself the trouble of going round through the town, Cowper had a gate put out into this orchard, and another into the orchard of the Rectory, in which lived his friend Mr. Newton. He paid a pound a year for thus crossing his neighbour's orchard, but had, by this means, not only a very near cut to the Parsonage opened to him, but a whole quiet territory of orchards. This still remains. A considerable extent of orchards, bounded, for the most part, by the backs of the town houses, presents a little quiet region, in which the poet could ramble and muse at his own pleasure. The Parsonage, a plain, modern, and not large building, is not very distant from the front of the summer-house, and over it peeps the church spire. One cannot help reflecting how often the poet and his friends used to go to and fro there. Newton, with his genuine friendship for Cowper, but with his severe and predestinarian religion, which to Cowper's grieving spirit was terrifying and prostrating ; then, a happy change, the lively and affectionate and witty Lady Austen, to whom we owe John Gilpin and The Task. Too lively, indeed, was this lady, charming as she was, for the nerves and the occupations of the poet. She went, and then came that delightful and true-souled cousin, Lady Hesketh, a sister as Mary Unwin was a mother to the poet. She had lived much abroad, from the days in which Cowper and herself, merry companions, had laughed and loved each other dearly as cousins. The fame of him whom she had gone away deploring, as blighted and lost for ever, met her on her return to her native land, a widow ; and, with a heart and a purse equally open, she hastened to renew the intercourse of her youth, and to make the poet's life as happy as such hearts only could make him. There is nothing more delightful than to see how the bursting-forth fame of Cowper brought around him at once all his oldest and best friends—his kith and kin, who had deemed him a wreck, and found him a gallant bark, sailing on the brightest sea of glory to a sacred immortality.

Lady Hesketh, active in her kindness as she was beautiful in person and in spirit, a true sisterly soul, lost no time in removing Cowper to a more suitable house and neighbourhood. Of the house we have spoken. The situation of Olney is on the flat, near the river Ouse, and subject to its fogs. The town was dull. It is much now as it was then; one of those places that are the links between towns and villages. Its present population is only 2,300. In such a place, therefore, every man knew all his neighbours' concerns. It was too exposed a place for a man of Cowper's shy disposition, and yet had none of that bustle which gives a stimulus to get out of it into the country. Removing from it to the country was but passing from stillness to stillness. The country around Olney, moreover, is by no means striking in its features. It is like a thousand other parts of England, somewhat flat, yet somewhat undulating, and rather naked of trees. Weston, to which he now removed, was about a mile westward of Olney. It lies on higher ground, overlooking the valley of the Ouse. It is a small village, consisting of a few detached houses on each side of the road. The Hall stood at this end, and the neat little church at the other. Trees grew along the street, and Cowper pronounced it one of the prettiest villages of England. Luckily he had neither seen all the villages of England, nor the finest scenery of this or other countries. To him, therefore, the country was all that he imagined of lovely, and all that he desired. It never tired, it never lost its hold upon his fancy and his heart.

"Scenes must be beautiful, which daily viewed
Please daily, and where novelty survives
Long knowledge, and the scrutiny of years.
Praise justly due to those that I describe."

This he said of this scenery around Weston; and in setting out for that village from Olney, we take the track which, even before he went to live there, was his daily and peculiarly favourite walk. Advancing out of Olney street, we are at once on an open ascent on the highway. At a mile's distance before us lie Weston and its woods; its little church-tower overlooking the valley of the Ouse. Behind us lies Olney, its tall church spire rising nobly into the sky; and close beneath it the Ouse emerges into sight, sweeping round the water-mills which figure in the poet's works, and then goes in several different streams, as he says, lazily along a fine stretch of green meadows, in which the scenes of The Dog and Water-lily, and The Poplar Field occur. On this eminence stood Cowper often, with Mary Unwin on his arm; and thus he addresses her, as he describes most vividly the view:—

"And witness, dear companion of my walks,
Whose arm this twentieth winter I perceive
Fast locked in mine, with pleasure such as love,
Confirmed by long experience of thy worth
And well-tried virtues could alone inspire—
Witness a joy that thou hast doubled long.
Thou knowest my praise of nature most sincere,
And that my raptures are not conjured up
To serve occasions of poetic pomp,
But genuine, and art partner of them all.
How oft upon yon eminence our pace
Has slackened to a pause, and we have borne
The ruffling wind, scarce conscious that it blew,
While admiration, feeding at the eye,
And still unsated dwelt upon the scene!
Thence with what pleasure we have just discerned

> The distant plough slow moving, and beside
> His labouring team, that swerved not from the track,
> The sturdy swain diminished to a boy;
> Here Ouse slow winding through a level plain
> Of spacious mead, with cattle sprinkled o'er,
> Conducts the eye along his sinuous course
> Delighted. There, fast rooted in their bank,
> Stand, never overlooked, our favourite elms,
> That screen the herdsman's solitary hut;
> While far beyond, and overthwart the stream,
> That, as with molten glass, inlays the vale,
> The sloping land recedes into the clouds;
> Displaying on its varied side the grace
> Of hedge-row beauties numberless, square tower,
> Tall spire, from which the sound of cheerful bells
> Just undulates upon the listening ear,
> Groves, heaths, and smoking villages remote."

We should not omit to notice that behind us, over Olney, shows itself the church tower and hall of Clifton, the attempt to walk to which forms the subject of Cowper's very humorous poem, The Distressed Travellers. Before us, as we advance,—the Ouse meadows below on our left, and plain, naked farm-lands, on our right,—the park of Weston displays its lawns, and slopes, and fine masses of trees. It will be recollected by all lovers of Cowper that here lived Sir John and Lady Throckmorton, Cowper's kind and cordial friends, who, even before they knew him, threw open their park and all their domains to him; and who, when they did know him, did all that generous people of wealth and intelligence could do to contribute to his happiness. The village and estate here wholly belonged to them, and the hall was a second home to Cowper, always open to him with a warm welcome, and an easy, unassuming spirit of genuine friendship; Lady Throckmorton herself voluntarily becoming the transcriber of his Homer, when his young friend, Rose, left him. In the whole of our literature there is no more beautiful instance of the intercourse of the literary man and his wealthy neighbours, than that of Cowper and the Throckmortons. Their reward was the pleasure they conferred; and still more, the fame they have thus won.

The Throckmortons having other and extensive estates, the successors of Cowper's friends have deserted this. The house is pulled down, a wall is built across the bottom of the court-yard, which cuts off from view what was the garden. Grass grows thickly in the court, the entrance to which is still marked by the pillars of a gateway bearing vases. Across the court are erected a priest's house and Catholic chapel,—the Throckmortons were and are Catholic,—and beyond these still stand the stables, coach-house, &c., bearing a clock-tower, and showing that this was once a gentleman's residence. At the end of the old thatched outbuilding you see the word SCHOOL painted; it is the village school—Catholic, of course, as are all, or nearly all, the inhabitants. A pair of gateway pillars, like those which led to the house, mark the entrance to the village a little beyond the house. On the opposite side of the road to the house is the park, and, directly opposite to the house, being taken out of the park, is the woodland wilderness in which Cowper so much delighted to ramble.

The house of Cowper, Weston Lodge, stands on the right hand, about the centre of the village, adjoining a picturesque old orchard. The trees, which in his time stood in the street opposite, however, have been felled. A few doors on this side of the Lodge is a public-house, with the Yardly Oak upon its sign, and bearing the name of Cowper's Oak. The Lodge is a good and pleasant, but not large house. The vignette at the head of this article represents the tree opposite as still standing, which is not the fact. The room on the right hand was Cowper's study. In his bedroom, which is at the back of the house overlooking the garden, still remain two lines, which he wrote when about to leave Weston for Norfolk, where he died. As his farewell to this place, the happiest of his life, when his own health, and that of his dear and venerable friend, Mrs. Unwin, were both failing, and gloomy feelings haunted him, these lines possess a deep interest. They are written on the bevel of a panel of one of the window shutters, near the top right-hand corner; and when the shutter has been repainted, this part has been carefully excepted.

"Farewell, dear scenes, for ever closed to me!
Oh for what sorrow must I now exchange you?

July 22.
— — even here 28 ⎫ 1795
July 22 ⎭ 1795."

The words and dates stand just as here given, and mark his recurrence to these lines, and his restless state of mind, repeating the date of both month and year.

From this room Cowper used to have a view of his favourite shrubbery, and beyond it, up the hill, pleasant crofts. The shrubbery was generally admired, being a delightful little labyrinth, composed of flowering shrubs, with gravel walks, and seats placed at appropriate distances. He gave a humorous account to Hayley of the erection of one of these arbours. "I said to Sam, 'Sam, build me a shed in the garden with anything you can find, and make it rude and rough, like one of those at Eartham.' 'Yes, sir,' says Sam; and straightway laying his own noddle and the carpenter's together, has built me a thing fit for Stowe gardens. Is not this vexatious? I threaten to inscribe it thus:—

Beware of building! I intended
Rough logs and thatch, and thus it ended."

All this garden has now been altered. A yard has been made behind, with outbuildings, and the garden cut off with a brick wall.

Not far from this house a narrow lane turns up, enclosed on one side by the park wall. Through this old stone wall, now well crowned with masses of ivy, there used to be a door, of which Cowper had a key, which let him at once into the wilderness. In this wilderness, which is a wood grown full of underwood, through which walks are cut winding in all directions, you come upon what is called the Temple. This is an open Gothic alcove, having in front an open space, scattered with some trees, amongst them a fine old acacia, and closed in by the thick wood. Here Cowper used to sit much, delighted with the perfect and deep seclusion. The temple is now fast falling to decay. Through a short winding walk to the left you come out to the park, which is separated from the wilderness by a sunk fence. A broad grass walk runs along the head of this fosse, between it and the wilderness, and here you find the two urns under the trees, which mark the grave of two favourite dogs of the Throckmortons, for which Cowper condescended to write epitaphs, which still remain, and may be found in his poems. There is also a figure of a lion, couchant, on a pedestal, bearing this inscription : "Mortuo Leone etiam Lepores insultant, 1815."

From this point also runs out the fine lime avenue, of at least a quarter of a mile long, terminated by the alcove. Every scene, and every spot of ground which presents itself here, is to be found in Cowper's poetry, particularly in the first book of his Task—The Sofa. The Sofa was but a hook to hang his theme upon ; his real theme is his walk through this park and its neighbourhood, particularly this fine avenue, closing its boughs above with all the solemn and inspiring grace of a Gothic cathedral aisle. To the right the park descends in a verdant slope, scattered with noble trees. There, in the valley, near the road to Olney, is the Spinny, with its rustic moss-house, haunted by Cowper ; and where he wrote those verses full of the deepest, saddest melancholy which ever oppressed a guiltless heart, beginning,—

"Oh, happy shades, to me unblest!
  Friendly to peace, but not to me!
How ill the scene that offers rest,
  And heart, that cannot rest, agree!"

There, too, in the valley, but where it has freed itself from the wood, is the rustic bridge, equally celebrated by him ; and beyond it in the fields, the Peasant's Nest, now grown from a labourer's cottage, shrouded in trees, to a considerable farm-house, with its ricks and buildings, conspicuous on an open eminence. Still beyond are the woods of Yardly Chase, including those of Kilwick and Dinglebury, well known to the readers of Cowper ; and this old chase stretches away for four or five miles towards Castle Ashby.

In traversing the park to reach the woods and Yardly Oak, we come into a genuinely agricultural region, where a sort of peopled solitude is enjoyed. Swelling, rounded eminences, with little valleys winding between them ; here and there a farm-house of the most rustic description ; the plough and its whistling follower turning up the ruddy soil ; and the park, displaying from its hills and dells its contrast of nobly umbrageous trees, showed where Cowper had often delighted himself, and whence he had drawn much of his imagery.

"Now roves the eye ;
And posted on this speculative height
Exults in its command. The sheepfold here
Pours out its fleecy tenants o'er the glebe.
At first, progressive as a stream, they seek
The middle field ; but scattered by degrees,
Each to his choice, soon whitens all the land.
There from the sun-burnt hay-field homeward creeps

> The loaded wain; while, lightened of its charge,
> The wain that meets it passes swiftly by;
> The boorish driver leaning o'er his team,
> Vociferous, and impatient of delay.
> Nor less attractive is the woodland scene,
> Diversified with trees of every growth,
> Alike, yet various. How the grey, smooth trunks
> Of ash, or lime, or beech, distinctly shine
> Within the twilight of their distant shades:
> There, lost behind a rising ground, the wood
> Seems sunk, and shortened to its topmost boughs."
> *The Task*, book i.

At this point of view you find the poet's praises of the scenery more fully justified than anywhere else. The park here has a solemn, solitary, splendidly wooded air, and spreads its green slopes, and gives hints of its secluded dells, that are piquant to the imagination. And still the walk, of a mile or more, to the ancient chase is equally impressive. The vast extent of the forest which stretches before you gives a deep feeling of silence and ancient repose. You descend into a valley, and Kilwick's echoing wood spreads itself before you on the upland. You pass through it, and come out opposite to a lonely farm-house, where, in the opening of the forest, you see the remains of very ancient oaks standing here and there. You feel that you are on a spot that has maintained its connexion with the world of a thousand years ago; and amid these venerable trees, you soon see the one which by its bulk, its hollow trunk, and its lopped and dilapidated crown, needs not to be pointed out as the YARDLY OAK. Here Cowper was fond of sitting within the hollow boll for hours; around him stretching the old woods, with their solitude and the cries of woodland birds. The fame which he has conferred on this tree has nearly proved its destruction. Whole arms and great pieces of its trunk have been cut away with knife, and axe, and saw, to prepare different articles from. The Marquis of Northampton, to whom the chase belongs, has had multitudes of nails driven in to stop the progress of this destruction, but finding that not sufficient, has affixed a board bearing this inscription:—"Out of respect to the memory of the poet Cowper, the Marquis of Northampton is particularly desirous of preserving this oak. Notice is hereby given, that any person defacing, or otherwise injuring it, will be prosecuted according to law." In stepping round the Yardly oak, it appeared to me to be, at the foot, about thirteen yards in circumference.

Every step here shows you some picture sketched by Cowper.

> "I see a column of slow rising smoke
> O'ertop the lofty wood that skirts the wild.
> A vagabond and useless tribe there eat
> Their miserable meal. A kettle slung
> Between two poles upon a stick transverse,
> Receives the morsel—flesh obscene of dog,
> Or vermin, or at best, of cock purloined
> From his accustomed perch. Hard-faring race!
> They pick their fuel out of every hedge,
> Which kindled with dry leaves just saves unquenched
> The spark of life. The sportive wind blows wide
> Their fluttering rags, and shows a tawny skin,
> The vellum of the pedigree they claim."

We are now upon

"The grassy sward, close cropped by nibbling sheep,
And skirted thick with intermixture firm
Of thorny boughs."

The old wild chase opens its glades, discovers its heaths, startles us with its abrupt cries of birds, or plunges us into the gloom of thick overshadowing oaks. It is a fit haunt of the poet. Such are the haunts of Cowper in this neighbourhood. Amid these, his was a secluded but an active and most important existence. How many of those who bustle along in the front of public life can boast of a ten-thousandth part of the benefit to their fellow-men which was conferred, and for ages will be conferred, by the loiterer of these woods and fields? In no man was his own doctrine ever made more manifest, that

"God gives to every man
The virtue, temper, understanding, taste,
That lifts him into life. and lets him fall
Just in the niche he was ordained to fill."

He says of himself—

"I was a stricken deer, that left the herd
Long since. With many an arrow deep infixed
My panting side was charged, when I withdrew
To seek a tranquil death in distant shades.
There was I joined by one, who had himself
Been hurt by the archers. In his side he bore,
And in his hands and feet, the cruel scars.
With gentle force soliciting the darts,
He drew them forth, and healed, and bade me live.
Since then, with few associates, in remote
And silent woods I wander, far from those
My former partners of the peopled scene,
With few associates, and not wishing more."

Thus he began; but, soothed by the sweet freshness of nature, strengthened by her peace, enlightened to the pitch of true wisdom by her daily converse, spite of all his griefs and fears, he ended by describing himself, in one of the noblest passages of modern poetry, as the happy man.

Quitting these scenes in quest of health, both the poet and his dear friend Mary Unwin died at Dereham, in Norfolk; she in 1796, and he in 1800. "They were lovely in their lives, and in death they are not divided."

MRS. TIGHE, THE AUTHOR OF PSYCHE.

PERHAPS no writer of merit has been more neglected by her own friends than Mrs. Tighe. With every means of giving to the public a good memoir of her, I believe no such is in existence ; at all events, I have not been able to find one. The following brief particulars have been furnished by a private hand : "Mrs. Tighe was born in Dublin, in 1774. Her father, the Rev. William Blachford, was librarian of Marsh's library, St. Sepulchre, in that city. Her mother, Theodosia Tighe, was one of a family whose seat has been, and is, Rosanna, county Wicklow. In 1793, Miss Blachford, then but nineteen, married her cousin, Henry Tighe, of Woodstock, M.P. for Kilkenny in the Irish Parliament, and author of a County History of Kilkenny. Consumption was hereditary in Mrs. Tighe's family, and its fatal seeds ripened with her womanhood. She was constantly afflicted with its attendants, languor, depression, and want of appetite. With the profits of Psyche, which ran through four editions previous to her death, she built an addition to the Orphan Asylum in Wicklow, thence called the Psyche ward. She died on the 24th of March, 1810, and was buried at Woodstock, in Kilkenny, beneath a monument by Flaxman, from the finest marble of Italy. Mrs. Hemans, Banim, and Moore, have done homage to her genius, or lamented over its eclipse North, in the 'Noctes Ambrosianæ,' with the assistance of Mr. Timothy Tickler, has paid her a very high compliment. But her abilities, her beauty, and her virtue, have not, as yet, been adequately pictured in any biographical notice of her that I have seen. The 1813 edition of Psyche contains some affecting allusions to her, in the preface written by her husband, who soon after followed her to the grave."

How little is known of Mrs. Tighe, when so short an account is the best that a countryman of hers can furnish ! and even in that there are serious errors. So far from her monument being of the finest marble of Italy, it is of a stone not finer than Portland stone, if so fine. So far from her husband soon following her to the grave, Mrs. Tighe died in 1810, and her husband was living at the time of Mrs. Hemans's visit to Woodstock in 1831. He must have survived her above twenty years. In Mrs. Hemans's own account of her visit to Woodstock, she speaks of it as the place where "Mrs. Tighe passed the latest years of her life, and near where she is buried;" yet in the same volume with Psyche, (1811 edition, p. 306,) there is a "Sonnet, written at Woodstock, in the county of Kilkenny, the seat of William Tighe, June 30, 1809," *i.e.* only nine months before her death. For myself, I confess my ignorance of the facts which might connect these strangely clashing accounts of a popular poetess, of a wealthy family, and who died little more than forty years ago. I hoped to gain the necessary information on the spot, which I made a long journey purposely to visit. Why I did not, remains to tell.

The poem of Psyche was one which charmed me intensely at an early age. There was a tone of deep and tender feeling pervading it, which touched the youthful heart, and took possession of every sensibility. There was a tone of melancholy music in it, which seemed the regretful expression of the consciousness of a not far-off death. It was now well known that the young and beautiful poetess *was* dead. The life which she lived—crowned with every good and grace that God confers on the bright ones of the earth, on those who are to be living revelations of the heaven to which we are called, and to which they are hastening, youth, beauty, fortune, all glorified by the emanations of a transcendent mind—was snatched away, and there was a sad fascination thrown over both her fate and her work. The delicacy, the pathos, the subdued and purified, yet intense passion of the poem, were all calculated to seize on the kindred spirit of youth, and to make you in love with the writer. She came before the imagination in the combined witchery of brilliant genius, and the pure loveliness of a seraph, which had but touched upon the earth on some celestial mission, and was gone for ever. Her own Psyche, in the depth of her saddest hour, yearning for the restoration of the lost heaven and the lost heart, was not more tenderly beautiful to the imagination than herself.

Such was the effect of the Psyche on the glowing, sensitive, yet immature mind. How much of this effect has in many cases been the result of the quick feelings and magnifying fancy of youth itself! We have returned to our idol in later years, and found it clay. But this is not the case with Psyche. After the lapse of many years, after the disenchanting effects of experience, after the enjoyment of a vast quantity of new poetry of a splendour and power such as no one age of the world ever before witnessed, we return to the poem of Mrs. Tighe, and still find it full of beauty. There is a graceful fluency of diction, a rich and deep harmony, that are the fitting vehicle of a story full of interest, and scenery full of enchantment. Spite of the incongruity of engrafting on a Grecian fable the knight-errantry of the Middle Ages, and the allegory of still later days, we follow the deeply-tried Psyche through all her ordeals with unabating zest. The radiant Island of Pleasure, the more radiant Divinity of Love, the fatal curiosity, the weeping and outcast Psyche wandering on through the forests and wildernesses of her earthly penance, the mysterious knight, the intrepid squire of the starry brow, are all sketched with the genuine pencil of poetry, and we follow the fortunes of the wanderers with ever-deepening entrancement. None but Spenser himself has excelled Mrs. Tighe in the field of allegory. Passion in the form of the lion subdued by the Knight; Psyche betrayed by Vanity and Flattery to Ambition; the Bower of Loose Delight; the attacks of Slander; the Castle of Suspicion; the Court of Spleen; the drear Island of Indifference; and the final triumph and apotheosis of the gentle soul,—are all vigorously conceived, and executed with a living distinctness. The pleasure with which she pursued her task is expressed in the graceful opening stanzas of the fifth canto.

"Delightful visions of my lonely hours!
Charm of my life and solace of my care!
Oh! would the muse but lend proportioned powers,
And give me language equal to declare
The wonders which she bids my fancy share,
When wrapt in her to other worlds I fly;
See angel forms unutterably fair,
And hear the inexpressive harmony
That seems to float in air, and warble through the sky.

"Might I the swiftly-glancing scenes recall!
Bright as the roseate clouds of summer eve,
The dreams which hold my soul in willing thrall.
And half my visionary days deceive,
Communicable shape might then receive,
And other hearts be ravished with the strain;
But scarce I seek the airy threads to weave,
When quick confusion mocks the fruitless pain,
And all the airy forms are vanished from my brain.

"Fond dreamer! meditate thine idle song!
But let thine idle song remain unknown;
The verse which cheers thy solitude, prolong;
What though it charm no moments but thy own,
Though thy loved Psyche smile for thee alone,
Still shall it yield thee pleasure, if not fame;
And when, escaped from tumult, thou hast flown
To thy dear silent hearth's enlivening flame,
Then shall the tranquil muse her happy votary claim!"

Moore has recorded his admiration of Psyche in a lyric of which these stanzas are not the least expressive.

"Tell me the witching tale again,
For never has my heart or ear
Hung on so sweet, so pure a strain,
So pure to feel, so sweet to hear.

"Say, Love! in all thy spring of fame,
When the high Heaven itself was thine,
When piety confessed the flame,
And even thy errors were divine!

"Did ever muse's hand so fair
A glory round thy temple spread?
Did ever life's ambrosial air
Such perfume o'er thine altars shed?"

Mrs. Hemans had always been much struck with the poetry of Mrs. Tighe. She imagined a similarity between the destiny of this pensive poetess and her own. She had her in her imagination when she wrote The Grave of a Poetess; and the concluding stanzas are particularly descriptive of Mrs. Tighe's spirit.

"Thou hast left sorrow in thy song,
A voice not loud but deep!
The glorious bowers of earth among,
How often didst thou weep!

"Where couldst thou fix on mortal ground,
Thy tender thoughts and high?
Now peace the woman's heart hath found,
And joy the poet's eye!"

It was certainly among earth's glorious bowers that Mrs. Tighe passed her days. Rosanna, in Wicklow, is said to have been her principal residence after her marriage. The whole country round is extremely beautiful, and calculated to call forth the poetic faculty where it exists. All the way from Dublin to Rosanna is through a rich and lovely district. It is a gold district, much gold being found in its streams upwards of thirty years ago, the getting of which was put a stop to by Government.

As you approach Rosanna the hills become higher, and your way lies through the most beautifully wooded valleys. At the inn at Ashford-bridge you have the celebrated Devil's-glen on one hand, and Rosanna on the other. This glen lies a mile or more from the inn, and is about a mile and a half through. It is narrow, the hills on either hand are lofty, bold, craggy, and finely wooded; and along the bottom runs, deep and dark over its rocky bed, the river Vartree. This river runs down and crosses the road near the inn, and then takes its way by Rosanna. Rosanna is perhaps a mile down the valley from the inn. The house is a plain old brick house, fit for a country squire. It lies low in the meadow near the river, and around it, on both sides of the water, the slopes are dotted with the most beautiful and luxuriant trees. The park at Rosanna is indeed eminently beautiful with its wood. The trees are thickly scattered, and a great proportion of them are lime, the soft delicate foliage of which gives a peculiar character to the scenery. The highway, for the whole length of the park as you proceed towards Rathdrum, is completely arched over with magnificent beeches, presenting a fine natural arcade. On the right, the ground ascends for a mile or more, covered with rich masses of wood. In fact, whichever way you turn, towards the distant hills, or pursuing your way down the valley, all is one fairy land of beauty and richness. It is a region worthy of the author of Psyche, worthy to inspire her beautiful mind; and we rejoice that so fair, and gentle, and good a spirit had there her lot cast. In her poems she addresses one to the Vartree:—

"Sweet are thy banks, O Vartree! when at morn
Their velvet verdure glistens with the dew;
When fragrant gales, by softest zephyrs borne,
Unfold the flowers, and ope their petals new.

"And sweet thy shade, at noon's more fervid hours,
When faint we quit the upland gayer lawn,
To seek the freshness of thy sheltering bowers,
Thy chestnut glooms, where day can scarcely dawn.

"Beneath the fragrant lime, or spreading beech,
The bleating flocks in panting crowds repose;
Their voice alone my dark retreat can reach,
While peace and silence all my soul compose."

In her sonnets, too, she alludes to her favourite Rosanna, and to her "chestnut bower," which, I believe, still remains. Indeed Rosanna will always be interesting to the lovers of gentle female virtue and pure genius, because here Psyche was written; here the author of Psyche lived, loved, and suffered.

Woodstock, where she died, lies, I suppose, forty or fifty miles distant, in Kilkenny. It is equally beautiful, though in a different style. It lies on a high, round, swelling hill,—a good modern mansion. You see it afar off as you drive over a country less beautiful than that about Rosanna. There is a fine valley, along which the river Nore runs, amid splendid masses of wood, two miles in length, and meadows of the deepest green; and beyond swells up the steep round hill, covered also with fine timber to the top, eight hundred feet in elevation. The whole is bold, ample, and impressive. To reach the house, you pass through the village of Innerstiogue, at the foot of the hill, and then begin the long and steep ascent. A considerable way up you are arrested by smart lodge gates, and there enter a fine and well kept park, in which the neatness of the carriage roads, which are daily swept, and the skilfully dispersed masses of fine trees, speak of wealth, and a pride in it. On the top of the hill stands the house, commanding noble views down into the superb vale below, and over a wide extent of country.

In travelling between these two estates, a mind like that of Mrs. Tighe would find scenery not inferior to that immediately lying around both of them. In one direction she might traverse the celebrated district of Glendalough, or the vale of the Seven Churches; in another she might descend the vale of Avoca, and cross some of the finest parts of Carlow to Kilkenny. I took this latter route. No part of England is more beautiful, or more richly cultivated than much of this: thick woods, fertile fields, well-to-do villages, and gentlemen's houses abounded. From the little town of Rathdrum we began to descend rapidly into the vale of Avoca, and passed the Meeting of the Waters just before dark. The vale, so far, had a very different character to what I expected. I imagined it to be a mile or two long, soft, flowing, and verdant. On the contrary, it is eight miles in length, and has to me a character of greatness and extensiveness about it. It is what the Germans call "*grossartig*,"—we want the word. You descend down and down, and feel that a deeper country is still below you. To me it had a feeling as if descending from the Alps into a champaign country. Long ranges of hills on either hand ever and anon terminated, as if to admit of a way into the country beyond, and then began again, with the river wandering on still far below us; and here and there stupendous masses of lofty rock, open meadows, and bold, high woods. These were the features of this striking and great valley.

At the bridge, where the first meeting of the waters takes place, that is, the meeting of the two streams, Avonbeg and Avonmore, which thence become the Avoca, the driver of the car said—"Perhaps your honour knows that this is the Meeting of the Waters. It was here that Moore made his speech!"

But the most striking meeting to us was a meeting with a great number of one-horse carts, those of miners, with whom this vale abounds. They were coming up from a market at Avoca, just below, and they took no more notice of being all exactly in our way than if we were not there. The driver shouted, but in vain; and it was only by using his whip over them till he broke off the lash that he could get a passage. When they did draw out of the way, it was always purposely to the wrong side. The fact is, they were all drunk, and seemed to have a very animal doggedness of disposition about them. The Wooden Bridge inn, at the bottom of the vale, and at the commencement of the vale of Arklow, and the place of the second meeting of the waters, is the great resort of travellers. The scene here has much softness. A bend of the valley, an opening of rich meadow, surrounded by hills thickly clothed with foliage, and the rivers running on to their meeting, give a feeling of great and quiet seclusion. Here I posted, as I have said, across Carlow to Kilkenny, and to Woodstock.

But at Rosanna and at Woodstock, my hope of obtaining some information regarding Mrs. Tighe, of seeing some painting, or other object connected with her, was, with one exception, thoroughly frustrated. Mrs. Tighe was an angel;—of her successors I have somewhat more to say. In all my visits to remarkable places in England, I have received the utmost courtesy from the proprietors of those houses and scenes which it was my object to see. In those where I was anxious to obtain sight of relics of celebrated persons of antiquity not ordinarily shown to the public, I have written to the owner to request opportunity of examining them. In such cases, noblemen of the highest rank have not, in a single instance, shown the slightest reluctance to contribute to that information which was for the public. In some cases they have themselves gone down into the country to give me the meeting, and thrown open private cabinets, and the like depositories of rare objects, with the most active liberality. In every other case, so invariably have I found the most obliging facilities given for the prosecution of my inquiries, that I have long ceased to carry a letter of introduction; my name alone being considered warranty enough. I found it equally so in Ireland, except with the Tighes.

At Rosanna, Mr. Dan Tighe, as the people familiarly call him, certainly not Danté, was pointed out to me by a workman, walking in the meadow before his house, handling his bullocks which grazed there. On asking the servant who came to the door whether Mr. Tighe was at home, he first, as a perfect tactician, requested my name, and he would see. I gave him my card; and though he could see his master as well as I could in the meadow, to whom I directed his attention, he very solemnly marched into the house, and returned, saying he was not in. A self-evident truth. I inquired if Mrs. Tighe was at home, explaining that I had come from England, and for what object. He said, "Yes, but she was *lying in*, and could see no one." I then inquired when Mr. Tighe might be expected in, as I should much regret losing the opportunity of learning from him any particulars connected with my present inquiry. "He could not say;—most likely at six o'clock, his dinner hour." I promised to call on my way towards Avoca, about half-an-hour before that time, that I might not interfere with Mr. Tighe's dinner hour. I did so. Mr. Tighe was now standing in his field, not a hundred yards from his house. As soon as the servant appeared, he assured me Mr. Tighe was not at home; he could not tell where he was. I immediately directed his attention to where he stood looking at some men at work. The man did not choose to see him; and, under the circumstances, it was not for me to advance and address him. It was evident that the man had his cue; the master did not choose to be seen. I therefore mounted my car, and ordered the driver to drive off. The spirit of the place was palpable. A willing master makes a willing man. Well, as Mr. Tighe was *walking out*, and Mrs. Tighe was *lying in*, I bade adieu to Rosanna, not much wiser for my visit;—but then there was Woodstock.

I drove fifty miles across the country, and found myself at the door of Woodstock. Woodstock is a show house; and here, therefore, I anticipated no difficulty of at least obtaining a sight of the portrait or statue of the late charming poetess. But unfortunately,—what in England would have been most fortunate,—Mr. Tighe was at home, and the servant on opening the door at once informed me that the house was never shown when the family was there. Having written on my card what was my object, that I had made the journey from England for it, and added the name of a gentleman well known to Mr. Tighe, who had wished me to do so, I requested the servant to present it to Mr. Tighe. He did so; and returned saying, "Mr. Tighe said I was at liberty to see the grounds, but not the house; and he had nothing further to say!"

My astonishment may be imagined. The servant seemed a very decent, modest sort of fellow, and I said—"Good heavens! does Mr. Tighe think I am come all the way from England to see his grounds when ten thousand country squires could show much finer? Was there no picture of Mrs. Tighe, the poetess, that I might be allowed to see?" "He thought not; he did not know." "Was there no statue?" "He thought not! he never heard of any." How long had he been there?" "Five years." "And never heard of a statue or a monument to Mrs. Tighe, the poetess?" "No, never! He had never heard Mrs. Tighe the poetess spoken of in the family! But if there were any monument, it must be at the church at Innerstiogue!" I thanked him for his intelligence, the only glimpse of information I had got at Rosanna, or Woodstock, and drove off.

The matter was now clear. The very servants who had lived years in the family had never heard the name of Mrs. Tighe, the poetess, mentioned! These present Tighes had been marrying the daughters of lords—this a daughter of the Duke of Richmond, and Dan Tighe, a daughter of Lord Crofton. They were ashamed, probably, that any of their name should have degraded herself by writing poetry, which a man or woman without an acre may do. When I reached the church at Innerstiogue, the matter received a most striking confirmation. There, sure enough, was the monument, in a small mausoleum in the churchyard. It is a recumbent figure, laid on a granite altar-shaped basement. The figure is of a freestone resembling Portland stone, and is lying on its side as on a sofa, being said, by the person who showed it, to be the position in which she died, on coming in from a walk. The execution of the whole is very ordinary, and if really by Flaxman, displays none of his genius. I have seen much better things by a common stonemason. There is a little angel sitting at the head, but this has never been fastened down by cement. The monument was, no doubt, erected by the widower of the poetess, who was a man of classical taste, and, I believe, much attached to her. There was no inscription yet put upon the tomb, though one, said to be written by her husband, had long been cut in stone for the purpose. In the wall at the back of the monument, aloft, there was an oblong-square hole left for this inscription, which I understood was lying about at the house, but no single effort had been made to put it up, though it would not require an hour's work, and though Mrs. Tighe had been then dead six and thirty years!

This was decisive! If these two gentlemen, nephews of the poetess, who are enjoying the two splendid estates of the family, Woodstock and Rosanna, show thus little respect to the only one of their name that ever lifted it above the mob, it is not to be expected that they will show much courtesy to strangers. Well is it that Mrs. Tighe raised her own monument, that of immortal verse, and wrote her own epitaph, in the hearts of all the pure and loving, not on a stone which sordid relatives, still fonder of earth than stone, may consign to the oblivion of a lumber-room.

That these nephews of the poetess do look after the earth which her husband left behind him, though not after the stone, I learned while waiting in the village for the sexton. I fell into conversation with the woman at the cottage by which I stood. It was as follows:—

Self.—"Well, your landlord has a fine estate here. I hope he is good to you."

Woman.—"Well, your honour, very good, very good."

Self.—"Very good? What do you call very good? I find English and Irish notions of goodness don't always agree."

Woman.—"Well, your honour, we may say he is mixed; mixed, your honour."

Self.—"How mixed?"

Woman.—"Why, your honour, you see I can't say that he was very good to me."

Self.—"How was that?"

Woman.—"Why, your honour, we were backward in our rent, and the squire sent for my husband, and told him that if he did not pay all next quarter, he would sell us up. My husband begged he would give him a little more time, as a neighbour said he had some money left him, and would take part of our land at a good rent, and then we should be able to pay; but now we got little, and the children were many, and it was hard to meet and tie. 'Oh!' said the squire, 'if you are going to get all that money, you will be able to pay more rent. I must have two pounds a-year more!'"

Self.—"But, surely, he did no such thing?"

Woman.—"But he did it, your honour. The neighbour *had* no money—it was a hum; he never took the field of us at all; we never were able to get a penny more from any one than we gave; but when my husband went to pay the rent at the next rent-day, the steward would not take it. He said he had orders to have two pounds a-year more; and from that day we have had it regularly to pay."

What a fall out of the poetry of Psyche to the iron realities of Ireland!

Since the publication of the first edition, I have received a little information respecting Mrs. Tighe. Mrs. Elinor Ward, of Southampton, who states herself to be the daughter of the first cousin to Mrs. Henry Tighe, who was brought up as a sister with her, has kindly forwarded the following particulars. The Rev. William Blachford, the father of Mrs. Tighe, she says, was not only librarian of Marsh's library, but rector of St. Werburgh's church, in Dublin. That he died of a fever, leaving a family of ten young children. Mrs. Ward asserts that consumption was not in the Blachford family; and that Mrs. Tighe's works were not published till after her death, and that the proceeds of the sale went to the funds for the support of an institution founded and established by her mother, Mrs. Blachford, in Dublin, and called "The House of Refuge," intended for a home for female servants out of place, and educating them for service.

This is totally at variance with the account already given; yet it should be correct, for Mrs. Ward adds—"When I said Mrs. Tighe's works were not published till after her death, I should have excepted twelve copies of 'Psyche,' which she had printed herself for her nearest and dearest friends, of whom my mother was one. I have the little volume now in my possession, with my mother's name written by Mrs. Tighe, and a portrait of her, given by Mrs. Blachford as the highest token of affection to my mother, her niece; and Mrs. Blachford considered it the best that had been taken of her daughter."

As to the mode of her death, Mrs. Ward says—"For many years previous to her death, Mrs. Tighe had lost all power of movement in her legs and feet, and was carried from room to room. She could not, therefore, have died on her return from a walk; nor did she die in the attitude represented in the monument erected to her memory at Woodstock. She died in the position in which, for some time before her death, she had been accustomed to sleep,—sitting on a low stool, leaning back in the easy-chair in which she used to sit occasionally."

The Rev. C. Bathurst Woodman has also very kindly forwarded to me a manuscript letter of the Rev. S. Pierce, who spent some time in the family at Rosanna, and was particularly struck with Mrs. Henry Tighe, the author of Psyche. The whole account is highly interesting, and perhaps contains more information respecting the family than the public is likely to obtain. The letter is addressed by the reverend gentleman to his wife. It is dated July, 1796:—

"I had heard much of the county of Wicklow, as containing the most romantic views and enchanting scenes in Ireland, and especially an estate called Rosanna, where a very opulent family reside of the name of Tighe, and where every external pleasure offered itself to the various senses of the happy visitants.

"You may suppose that I was not without a wish to see this Eden of delights, and little thought of realizing my desires; when, to my pleasing astonishment, I received a letter of invitation from Dr. M'Dowall, written at Mrs. Tighe's request, to spend some days at Rosanna.

"I went down last Monday, in company with Mr. and Mrs. Kelly; the former a son of Judge Kelly, the latter a daughter of Mrs. Tighe. I tarried there till yesterday morning; but oh, the enrapturing place! It is impossible for me to describe it. Never did my imagination paint Paradise itself so full of Nature's sweets. Everything that could gratify the most delicate taste abounds there; the ear, the eye, the smell, all were charmed at once. Nature in her richest foliage, her most varied beauty, her truest dignity, and amid her sweetest perfumes, literally displayed herself in this charming demesne; while the combined family produced the same effect upon the heart within doors, that Nature does upon the senses without.

"Mrs. Tighe is a widow lady of about forty-five years of age, of strong sense, friendly manners, and, above all, with a heart warmly devoted to religion. She has three sons: one has a seat in the House of Parliament; the youngest lives with her; another, Mr. Henry Tighe, having lately married, is building himself a house near his mother's. Of all the men I ever saw, I never was so much interested at the glance of a moment as when my eyes first fell on him. I fancied I perceived all the dignity and frankness of a Roman in his countenance and bearing; nor was I disappointed. I found him the idol of all his acquaintance. One thing alone he wants—oh, that Heaven would bless him with it!—the one thing needful. His lady is young, lovely, and of sweet manners, united with as sweet a form. She entered the room, soon after I came to Rosanna, with a chaplet of roses about her head. 'Where,' I thought, 'were the beauties of the garden and the parlour so united before?' Indeed, I felt myself as on enchanted ground, amused with a pleasing dream, too romantic to be true.

"Three ladies besides form the female division of the family: the eldest is Mrs. Kelly. She is not distinguished by the regularity of her features, nor the delicacy of her complexion; but her mind is enriched with such stores of grammatical, classical, philosophical, and historical knowledge, as I never met with in one of her sex before. She paints admirably. I do not pretend to be a connoisseur in painting; but, as well as I could judge, she unites the boldness of

Reynolds with the imagination and delicacy of a Cypriani, and the flowing pencil of a Rubens. I noticed a Jewish high-priest, whom I saw in the synagogue last year, and two other gentlemen of London, who had sat at her request. With all these accomplishments, she discovers a modesty and humility which, united with a strong understanding and a devout heart, set her as far above the common level of mortals as the summit of the Alps rises superior to the vales below.

"Miss Caroline is remarkable for nothing but an amazing vivacity and continual flow of spirits, unless it be those accomplishments which are common to the family—a fluency in the French language, and an elegant touch of the harpsichord and organ. The third female is a cousin; but I was not enough in her company to ascertain much of her character. The last thing she talked to me about was the wish she had to enter a nunnery, and take the veil. Her disposition seems naturally recluse, though not unamiable."

To this pleasing insight into the family of the Tighes, in which the poetess, with the roses in her hair, and her husband, with his noble Roman aspect, constitute the chief figures, Mr. Pierce adds a mention of the private tutor of the youngest son, and the curate of the parish, who had a house in the corner of the orchard. He also informs us of the benevolence of the elder Mrs. Tighe, her schools for poor children, and of her pressing desire that he should come and settle near Rosanna.

JOHN KEATS.

We come now to one whose home and haunts on the earth were brief,—

> "Who sparkled, was exhaled, and went to heaven."

John Keats was one of those sweet and glorious spirits who descend like the angel messengers of old, to discharge some divine command, not to dwell here. Pure, ethereal, glowing with the fervency of inward life, the bodily vehicle appears but assumed for the occasion, and as a mist, as a shadow, is ready to dissolve the instant that occasion is served. They speak and pass away into the higher light from whence they came; but their words remain—themselves life, and spirit, and power—like the electric element in the veins of the earth, quickening and vitalizing the souls of men to the end of time. They become part and parcel of our nature; they are as essential to the aliment and the progress of our intellectual being as the light, the morning dew of summer, the morning and the evening star, or any of those great components of nature, the sky, the sea, or the mountain, from which we draw the daily spirit of beauty; and live!—live, not as mere material machines; not as animal existences, as brutes—

> "Which graze the mountain-top with faces prone,
> And eyes intent upon the scanty herb
> It yields them; or, recumbent on its brow,
> Ruminate heedless of the scene outspread
> Beneath, beyond, and stretching far away;
> From inland regions to the distant main;"—Cowper.

not mere men of the world, money-getting, house-building, land-purchasing creatures, but souls of God and of eternity. "Man lives not by bread alone, but by every word which proceeds out of the mouth of God," and which descends to earth by his prophets, whether of prose or of poetry. It is by the mediation of such pure and seraphic intelligences, that our true psychological frame and constitution are built up. For, created to take our places in the great future of the universe, amid the spiritual revelation of all things spiritual, we must be raised substantially from the mere germ of immortality within us into "spirits of just men made perfect." We must be composed of the spiritual elements of beauty, thought, sensation and seizure of all intellectual things, growing by the daily absorption of divine essences into spiritual bodies, incorporate of love, of light, of lofty aspirations and tenderest desires; of thoughts that comprehend the world, and hearts that embrace it with a divine capacity of affection. As we walk on our daily way, and along the muddiest paths of life, amid our own cares and loneliness, we do not and cannot walk unblest. The shower of God's benedictions falls on us; the sunshine of his ceaseless gifts surrounds us. From his own appointed men, whether living or dead, "the refreshments from his presence" reach us, melt into us, and sustain us. Words spoken thousands of years ago steal, like the whisper of a breeze, into our bosoms, and become bright guests there; music, full of deep movings, heard but yesterday from the lips of the inspired, touches the spring of happiness within us. The thoughts and sentiments of poets and philosophers, "beautiful exceedingly," stand around us like the trees and the flowers of our wayside; and from every point of heaven and earth are reflected upon us the flowing waters, the cool forest shades, the bright and glittering stars of that mind, which has been poured through a myriad of vehicles and a host of ages down upon us here. The light and colour and warmth which mature our very corn and fruits come from the sun. They are no more inherent in this nether earth than our own life is. All that we have and enjoy must come from other worlds to us. Our material aliments are sustained by the strength and life issuing from the infinite heavens; and thence too descend, in still more ethereal actuality, all that our souls are made of.

Of the class of swift but resplendent messengers by whom these ministrations are performed, neither ours nor any other history can furnish a specimen more beautiful than John Keats. He was of feeling and "imagination all compact." His nature was one pure mass of the living light of poetry. On this world and its concerns he could take no hold, and they could take none on him. The worldly and the worldly wise could not comprehend him, could not sympathise with him. To them his vivid orgasm of the intellect was madness; his exuberance of celestial gifts was extravagance; his unworldliness was effeminacy; his love of the universal man, and not of gross distinctions of pride and party, was treason. As of the highest and divinest of God's messengers to earth, they cried "Away with him, he is not fit to live;" and the body, that mere mist-like, that mere shadow-like body, already failing before the fervency of his spiritual functions, fell, "faded away, dissolved," and disappeared before the bitter frost-wind of base criticism.

It was a dark and wretched time when Keats made his appearance amongst us. War, and party, and peculation on the one side, and resentment and discontent on the other; the necessity for the gainer maintaining his craft at all costs, and the equal necessity for the loser dragging this ruinous craft to the ground, had infused into literature an atrocious spirit. From this foul spirit, genius, in every fresh incarnation, suffered the most ruthless and inhuman assaults. The stronger possessor of it stood; the weaker or more sensitive fell. Keats was one of the latter. He had soul enough for anything, but his *physique* was feeble, and sunk. It will be one of the "damning spots" which will for ever cling, not to the country, but to the age. But it is to the everlasting honour of Leigh Hunt, that, himself a critic as well as a poet, he never dipped his hand in the blood of the innocents. He never slew one of those martyrs whose glorious tombs we now build with adamantine stones of admiration, tempering the cement with the tears of our love. Himself assailed, and shot at, and cruelly wounded by the archers, he not only turned and manfully defended himself, but spread the shield of his heart to protect those who were rising up to become formidable rivals in the public regard. It is a glory that is peculiar, and peculiarly beautiful, that amid that iron age of a murderous criticism, he was for ever found in close union and communion with the morning stars of poetry. They truly "sang together." They seemed by an instinct of life to flock to him, and by an instinct equally sure and unselfish he felt at once their claims, and with open hand and heart maintained them. It was in the pages of the Examiner that, amid specimens of young poets, I first made acquaintance with the magnificent sonnet of Keats on reading Chapman's Homer, and with Shelley's Hymn to Intellectual Beauty. From that hour there could be no question but that great men were come amongst us; those men who, in fact, "turn the world upside down," and by which turning upside down, the only process, the asps and scorpions of malice are shook out of it, and all its strong-rooted fabrics of prejudice and pride are toppled into the dust. Till death, the souls of these men never ceased to maintain that brave union thus begun, but amid abuse, misrepresentation, and the vilest onslaughts from the army of the aliens, went on blessing the world with those emanations of splendid and unshackled thought, which are now recognised as amongst the most precious of the national property. Who in future days will not pray that he might have been as one of these?

It is to the account by Leigh Hunt, in his "Byron and some of his Contemporaries," that we owe almost all that we know of the life and haunts of Keats. From this we learn that "Mr. Keats's origin was of the humblest description. He was born October 29, 1796, at a livery stables in Moorfields, of which his grandfather was proprietor. He never spoke of it—perhaps out of a personal soreness which the world had exasperated. After receiving the rudiments of a classical education at Mr. Clarke's school at Enfield, he was bound apprentice to Mr. Hammond, a surgeon, in Church-street, Edmonton; and his enemies having made a jest even of this, he did not like to be reminded of it; at once disdaining them for their meanness, and himself for being weak enough to be moved by them. Mr. Clarke, jun., his schoolmaster's son, a reader of genuine discernment, had encouraged with great warmth the genius that he saw in the young poet; and it was to Mr. Clarke I was indebted for my acquaintance with him."

Mr. Hunt, in his warm-hearted way, lost no time in introducing his poetry to the best judges of poetry, amongst them to Godwin, Hazlitt, Basil Montagu, Charles Lamb, and others. He read to them, amongst others, that fine sonnet already mentioned,—

"ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAPMAN'S HOMER.

"Much have I travelled in the realms of gold,
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen,
Round many western islands have I been,
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold;
Oft of one wide expanse had I been told,
That deep-browed Homer ruled as his demesne;
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold.
Then felt I like some watcher of the skies,
When a new planet swims into his ken,
Or like stout Cortez, when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
Looked at each other with a wild surmise,
Silent, upon a peak in Darien."

The two poets became speedily familiar and almost inseparable. They read, walked, and talked together continually; and Mr. Hunt gives us various particulars of Keats's haunts at this period which are nowhere else to be obtained. "The volume containing the above sonnet," he says, "was published in 1817, when the author was in his twenty-first year. The poem with which it begins was suggested to him by a delightful summer day, as he stood beside the gate that leads from the battery on Hampstead Heath into a field by Caen Wood; and the last poem, the one on Sleep and Poetry, was occasioned by his sleeping in one of the cottages in the Vale of Health, the first one that fronts to the valley, beginning from the same quarter. I mention these things, which now look trivial, because his readers will not think them so twenty years hence. It was in the beautiful lane running from the road between Hampstead and Highgate to the foot of Highgate Hill, that meeting me one day he first gave me the volume. If the admirer of Mr. Keats's poetry does not know the lane in question, he ought to become acquainted with it, both on his author's account and its own. It has been also paced by Mr. Lamb and Mr. Hazlitt, and frequently, like the rest of the beautiful neighbourhood, by Mr. Coleridge; so that instead of Millfield-lane, which is the name it is known by 'on earth,' it has sometimes been called Poet's-lane, which is an appellation it richly deserves. It divides the grounds of Lords Mansfield and Southampton, running through trees and sloping meadows, and being rich in the botany for which this part of the neighbourhood of London has always been celebrated."

Mr. Hunt was at this time living at Hampstead, in the Vale of Health, and the house at which it is said Keats wrote the beautiful poem on Sleep and Poetry was his. There is another fact in this account that deserves attention, and that is, the date of the publication of Keats's first small volume. This was 1817; in 1818 he published his Endymion; on the 26th of June, 1820, his third volume, Lamia and other Poems, was published; and on the 27th of December of the same year he died at Rome.

Thus the whole of his poetical life, from the issue of his first small volume to his death, was but about three years. During the greater part of that period he felt his disease, consumption, was mortal. Yet what progress in the development of his powers, and the maturing of his judgment and feeling of art, was manifested in that short space and under those circumstances! The first volume was a volume of immature fancies and unsettled style, but with things which denoted the glorious dawn of a short but illustrious day. The Endymion had much extravagance. It was a poetical effervescence. The mind of the writer was haunted by crowds of imaginations, and scenes of wonder, and dreams of beauty, chiefly from the old mythological world, but mingled with the passion for living nature, and the warmest feelings of youth. It brought forward the deities of Greece, and invested them with the passions and tenderness of men, and all the youthful glow which then reigned in the poet's heart. The mind was pouring over from intense fermentation, but amid the luscious foam rose streams of the richest wine of poetry which ever came from the vintage of this world. The next volume, Lamia, Isabella, &c. showed how the heady liquor had cleared itself, and become spirit bright and strong. There was an aim, a settled plan and purpose, in each composition, and a steady power of judgment growing up amid all the vivid impulses of the brain that still remained vivid as ever. The style was wonderfully condensed, and the descriptive as well as conceptive faculty had assumed a vigour and acumen which was not, and is not, and probably never will be, surpassed by any other poet. For proofs to justify these high terms, it is only necessary to open the little volume, and open it almost anywhere. How powerful and tender is the narrative of Isabella: how rich and gorgeous and chaste and well weighed is the whole of St. Agnes' Eve: how full of the soul of poetry is the Ode to the Nightingale! Perhaps there is no poet, living or dead. except Shakspeare, who can pretend to anything like the felicity of epithet which characterises Keats. One word or phrase is the essence of a whole description or sentiment. It is like the dull substance of the earth struck through by electric fires and converted into veins of gold and diamonds. For a piece of perfect and inventive description, that passage from Lamia, where—Lycius gone to bid the guests to his wedding—Lamia in her uneasy excitement employs herself and her demon powers in adorning her palace, is unrivalled.

"It was the custom then to bring away
The bride from home at blushing shut of day,
Veiled, in a chariot, heralded along
By strewn flowers, torches, and a marriage song,
With other pageants; but this fair unknown
Had not a friend. So being left alone—
Lycius was gone to summon all his kin—
And knowing surely she could never win
His foolish heart from its mad pompousness,
She set herself, high-thoughted, how to dress
The misery in fit magnificence.
She did so; but 'tis doubtful how and whence
Came, and who were her subtle servitors.
About the halls, and to and from the doors,
There was a noise of wings, till in short space
The glaring banquet-room shone with wide-arched grace.
A haunting music, sole, perhaps, and lone
Supportress of the fairy roof, made moan
Throughout. as fearful the whole charm might fade.
Fresh carved cedar mimicking a glade
Of palm and plantain, met from either side
High in the midst, in honour of the bride,
Two palms, and then two plantains, and so on,
From either side their stems branched one to one
All down the aisled place; and beneath all
There ran a stream of lamps straight on from wall to wall.
So canopied lay an untasted feast
Teeming with odours. Lamia, regal drest,
Silently paced about, and as she went,
In pale contented sort of discontent,
Missioned her viewless servants to enrich
The fretted splendour of each nook and niche:
Between the tree-stems, marbled plain at first,
Came jasper panels; then, anon there burst
Forth creeping imagery of slighter trees,
And with the larger wove in small intricacies.
Approving all, she faded at self-will,
And shut the chamber up, close, hushed, and still,
Complete and ready for the revels rude,
When dreadful guests would come to spoil her solitude."

The description of Lamia undergoing the metamorphosis by which she escaped from the form of a serpent to that of a beautiful woman, is marvellous for its power and precision of language.

"Left to herself, the serpent now began
To change: her elfin blood in madness ran,
Her mouth foamed, and the grass, therewith bespent,
Withered at dew so sweet and virulent.
Her eyes in torture fixed, and anguish drear,
Hot, glazed, and wide, with lid-lashes all sear,
Flashed phosphor and sharp sparks, without one cooling tear.
The colours all inflamed throughout her train,
She writhed about convulsed with scarlet pain:
A deep, volcanian yellow took the place
Of all her milder moonéd body's grace;
And as the lava ravishes the mead,
Spoilt all her silver mail, and golden brede;
Made gloom of all her frecklings, streaks, and bars,
Eclipsed her crescents, and licked up her stars:
So that in moments few she was undrest
Of all her sapphires, greens, and amethyst,
And rubious argent; of all these bereft,
Nothing but pain and ugliness was left.
Still shone her crown; that vanished, also she
Melted and disappeared as suddenly;
And in the air her new voice luting soft
Cried 'Lycius, gentle Lycius!'—Borne aloft
With the bright mists about the mountains hoar
These words dissolved: Crete's forests heard no more."

The most magnificent trophy of his genius, however, is the fragment of Hyperion. On this poem, which has something vast, colossal and dreamy about it, giving you a conception of the unfoldings of an almost infinite scope of "the vision and the faculty divine" in this extraordinary youth, he was employed when the progress of his complaint, and the savage treatment of the critics, sunk his heart, and he abandoned the task, and went forth to die. How touching under the circumstances is the short preface affixed to this volume by the publishers!—"If any apology be thought necessary for the appearance of the unfinished poem of HYPERION, the publishers beg to state that they alone are responsible, as it was printed at their particular request, and contrary to the wish of the author. The poem was intended to have been of equal length with ENDYMION, but the reception given to that work discouraged the author from proceeding." Can a critic even read the passage without some compunction? and who shall again repeat the stale sophism that unkind criticism never extinguished genuine poetry?

Mr. Hunt says of Keats, that "he enjoyed the usual privileges of greatness with all whom he knew, rendering it delightful to be obliged by him, and an equal, but not a greater, to oblige. It was a pleasure to his friends to have him in their houses, and he did not grudge it."

He was sometimes a regular inmate with Mr. Hunt at Kentish Town, and used to ramble about the sweet walks of Hampstead and Highgate to his heart's content. "When Endymion was published, he was living at Hampstead with his friend Charles Brown, who attended him most affectionately through a long and severe illness, and with whom, to their great mutual enjoyment, he had taken a journey into Scotland. The lakes and mountains of the North delighted him exceedingly. He beheld them with an epic eye. Afterwards he went into the South, and luxuriated in the Isle of Wight." He was, also, in Devonshire. The preface to his Endymion is dated from Teignmouth.

On Mr. Brown's leaving England a second time, "Mr. Keats," says Leigh Hunt, "was too ill to accompany him, and came to reside with me, when his last and best volume of poems appeared, containing Lamia, Isabella, The Eve of St. Agnes, and the noble fragment of Hyperion. I remember Charles Lamb's delight and admiration on reading this work; how pleased he was with the designation of Mercury as 'the star of Lethe,' rising, as it were, and glittering when he came upon that pale region; with the fine daring anticipation in that passage of the second poem,—

> 'So the two brothers and *their murdered man*
> Rode past fair Florence;'

and with the description, at once delicate and gorgeous, of Agnes praying beneath the painted window."

This must have been immediately before the young poet quitted England in the vain quest of health. There is a very affecting passage in Mr. Hunt's brief memoir of him, which shows what was the state of mind of this fine young poet at this crisis. The hunter had stricken him, death was busy with him, and the pain of affections unassured of a return was helping his other enemies to pull him down. "Seeing him once," says Mr. Hunt, "change countenance in a manner more alarming than usual, as he stood silently eyeing the country out of the window, I pressed him to let me know how he felt, in order that he might enable me to do what I could for him ; upon which he said, that his feelings were almost more than he could bear, and that he feared for his senses. I proposed that we should take a coach and ride about the country together, to vary, if possible, the immediate impression, which was sometimes all that was formidable, and would come to nothing. He acquiesced, and was restored to himself. It was, nevertheless, on the same day, sitting on the bench in Well-walk, at Hampstead, nearest the heath, that he told me, with unaccustomed tears in his eyes, that 'his heart was breaking.' A doubt, however, was upon him at that time, which he afterwards had reason to know was groundless ; and during his residence at the last house that he occupied before he went abroad, he was at times more than tranquil."

This house, it appears, was in Wentworth-place, Downshire-hill, Hampstead, by Pond-street ; and at the next door lived the young lady to whom he was engaged. Mr. Hunt accompanied Keats and this young lady to the place of embarkation in a coach, and saw them part. It was a most trying moment. Neither of them entertained a hope to see each other again in life, yet each endeavoured to subdue the feelings of such a moment to the retention of outward composure. Keats was accompanied on his voyage by that excellent artist, Mr. Severn, and who, to quote again the same competent authority, possessed all that could recommend him for a companion ; —old acquaintanceship, great animal spirits, active tenderness, and a mind capable of appreciating that of a poet. They first went to Naples, and afterwards to Rome, where they occupied the same house, at the corner of the Piazza di Spagna. Mr. Severn made several sketches of Keats, both on the voyage and at Rome, and while there finished a portrait of him for the late Lord Jeffrey, who had spoken handsomely of him in the Edinburgh Review. At Rome, on the 27th of December, 1820, as already stated, John Keats died in the arms of his friend, completely worn out, at the age of twenty-four, and longing for release. How the circumstances of this life-weariness reminds us of his longing for death in his inimitable Ode to the Nightingale!

"Oh for a draught of vintage that hath been
Cooled a long age in the deep-delvéd earth,
Tasting of Flora and the country green ;
Dance and Provençal song, and sunburnt mirth !
Oh for a beaker full of the warm south,
Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
And purple-stainéd mouth !
That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
And with thee fade away into the forest dim ;—

"Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
What thou among the leaves hast never known,
The weariness, the fever, and the fret,
Here, where men sit and hear each other groan;
Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last grey hairs;
Where youth grows pale, and spectre thin, and dies;
Where but to think is to be full of sorrow,
And leaden-eyed despairs:
Where beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
Or new love pine at them beyond to-morrow."

"A little before he died, he said that he 'felt the daisies growing over him.' But he made a still more touching remark respecting his epitaph. 'If any,' said he, 'were put over him, he wished it to consist of nothing but these words:—Here lies one whose name was writ in water;'—so little did he think of the more than promise he had given; of the fine and lasting things he had added to the stock of poetry. The physicians expressed their astonishment that he had held out so long; the lungs turning out, on inspection, to have been almost obliterated. They said he must have lived upon the mere strength of the spirit within him. He was interred in the English burying-ground at Rome, near the monument of Caius Cestius, where his friend and poetical mourner, Mr. Shelley, was shortly to join him."

Such is the brief but deeply interesting account of John Keats, drawn mostly from the written narrative, and partly from the conversation of his true friend and fellow-poet. It is not possible to close it in more just or appropriate words than those of this admiring but discriminating friend:—"So much for the mortal life of as true a man of genius as these latter times have seen; one of those who are too genuine and too original to be properly appreciated at first, but whose time for applause will infallibly arrive with the many, and has already begun in all poetical quarters."

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

KEATS was the martyr of poetry, but Shelley was the martyr of opinion. Keats dared to write in a new vein, to disregard all the old canons of criticism, to pour out his heart, and all his fancies, in that way only which seemed naturally to belong to them; and this was cause enough to bring down upon him the vengeance of all the rule-and-line men of literature. But, besides this, Keats kept suspicious company. Hunt and Shelley were notorious radicals; and Hunt and Shelley were his friends. "Tell me what company you keep, and I will tell you what you are," is an old proverb, and was in John Keats's case most promptly applied. But Shelley was perhaps the most daring as he was the most splendid offender of modern times. Born of a good family, educated in the highest schools of orthodoxy, it was to the public, which looked for a new champion of the old state of things, a most exasperating circumstance that, in his very teens, he should set all these expectations, and all the prospects of his own worldly advantage, at defiance, and boldly avow himself the champion of atheism. The fact is every way to be deplored. It became the source of blight and misery to himself through his whole life. It alienated his friends and family; it occasioned an excitement of fiery bigotry and party wrath, which, in their united virulence, were poured upon his head, and destroying the sale of his works, greatly dispirited him, and so diminished the amount, and perhaps in no slight degree the joyous and buoyant spirit of what he did write. Who shall say, wonderful as are the works of Shelley, all accomplished amid ill-health and the bitterest persecutions, before the age of thirty, and most of them before the age of twenty-six, what he would have produced, had he written with the encouraging feeling of a generous public with him? And when we regard the whole affair impartially, it was the public which was really the greatest offender after all. On the part of Shelley, it was a rash and boyish action. It was the act of a really fine and noble spirit led away, and so far led wrong, by its impetuous indignation against popular delusions and impositions. He was not the first man, nor will he be the last, whom the spirit of a virtuous zeal precipitates into an offence against virtue itself. In him it was meant to be no such thing. He was honest as he was zealous, and the world ought to have respected his honesty if it could not his opinions. It should have endeavoured to show him by calm and sound reason, that he was wrong as to the existence of a God, and by its charity and forbearance, that Christianity was true. There can be little doubt what effect a wise conduct like this would have had on a nature like his. As it was, spite of all the outrageous cries of infidel, blasphemer, and atheistic wretch, with which he was pursued, time showed a wonderful change in his opinions on these matters.

The world should have recollected that it professed to be a Christian world, and it should not have let the spirit and conduct of the infidel put it to shame by its superior liberality and goodness. Our Saviour nowhere preached or commanded persecution, but to bless those who curse us, and do good to those who hate us and despitefully use us. The world did not do thus; it left poor Shelley to show this conduct to it. Christ left a glorious example to all time—why is the Christian world blind to it? He declared a glorious doctrine on the treatment of unbelievers—why is the world deaf to it? He declared that he was come to seek and save that which was lost, and to die for the conversion of those who mocked and denied him. He nowhere left us the whip, the gag, or the sword of extermination. He brought no such things with him out of heaven, but the great corrector—patience, the great weapon—charity. When his disciples ran and called upon him to silence those who performed miracles, and yet did not follow him, he gave a reply which never should be forgotten while the sun rises and sets;—"Let them alone; ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of."

It was Shelley who showed the spirit of the Christian, and the so-called Christian world the spirit of the infidel.

Shelley, indeed, was a good and noble creature. He had, spite of his scepticism, clearly and luminously stamped on his front the highest marks of a Christian; for the grand distinction appointed by Christ was—love. Shelley was a Christian spite of himself. We learn from all who knew him that the Bible was his most favourite book. He venerated the character of Christ, and no man more fully carried out his precepts. His delight was to do good, to comfort and assist the poor. It was his zeal for truth and for the good of mankind, which led him, in his indignation against those who oppressed them and imposed upon them, to leap too far in his attack on those enemies, and pass the borders which divide truth from error. For his conscientious opinion he sacrificed ease, honour, the world's esteem, fortune, and friendship. Never was there so generous a friend, so truly and purely poetical a nature. Others are poets in their books and closets; the poet's soul in him was the spirit of all hours and all occasions. His conduct to his friend Hunt was a magnificent example of this. Mr. Hunt himself tells us that he at once presented him with fourteen hundred pounds to free him from embarrassments, and he meant to do more, an intention which his son has nobly remembered. Where are the censorious zealots who can show like deeds? "He was," says Mr. Hunt, "pious towards nature, towards his friends, towards the whole human race, towards the meanest insect of the forest. He did himself an injustice with the public in using the popular name of the Supreme Being inconsiderately. He identified it solely with the vulgar and tyrannical notions of a God, made after the worst human fashion, and did not sufficiently reflect that it was often used by a juster devotion to express a sense of the great Mover of the universe."

The same generous, enthusiastic spirit was the living and glowing principle of his poetry. With an imagination capable of soaring into the highest and most ethereal regions, and drawing thence most gorgeous colours, and most sublime, spiritual, and beautiful imagery, he preached love and tenderness to the whole family of man, except to tyrants and impostors. For liberty of every kind he was ready to die. For knowledge, and truth, and kindness, he desired only to live. He was a rare instance of the union of the finest moral nature and the finest genius. If he erred, the world took ample vengeance upon him for it; while he conferred in return his amplest blessing on the world. It was long a species of heresy to mention his name in society—that is passing fast away. It was next said that he never could become popular, and therefore the mischief he could do was limited. He *is* become popular, and the good that he is likely to do will be unlimited. The people read him; though we may wonder at it, they comprehend him,—at least so far as the principles of freedom and progress are concerned; and in these he will not lead them astray. He is the herald of advance, and every year must fix him more widely and firmly in men's hearts. How truly does he describe himself and his mission in Laon, the poet of the Revolt of Islam:—

"Yes, from the records of my youthful state,
And from the lore of bards and sages old,
From whatsoe'er my wakened thoughts create,
Out of the hopes of thine aspirings bold,
Have I collected language to unfold
Truth to my countrymen; from shore to shore
Doctrines of human power my words have told;
They have been heard, and men aspire to more
Than they have ever gained, or ever lost of yore

"In secret chambers parents read, and weep,
My writings to their babes, no longer blind;
And young men gather when their tyrants sleep,
And vows of faith each to the other bind;
And marriageable maidens, who have pined
With love, till life seemed melting through their look,
A warmer zeal, a nobler hope now find;
And every bosom thus is rapt and shook,
Like autumn's myriad leaves in one swoln mountain brook.

"Kind thoughts, and mighty hopes, and gentle deeds,
Abound, for fearless love, and the pure law
Of mild equality and peace succeeds
To faiths which long have held the world in awe,
Bloody, and false, and cold:—as whirlpools draw
All wrecks of ocean to their chasm, the sway
Of thy strong genius, Laon, which foresaw
This hope, compels all spirits to obey,
Which round thy secret strength now throng in wide array."

This extraordinary man, and the most purely poetic genius of his age, scarcely excepting Keats; this great and fearless, and yet benign apostle of freedom, whose influence on succeeding ages it is impossible to calculate, mixed, it is true, with a sceptical leaven deeply to be deplored, was a descendant of a true poetic line, that of Sir Philip Sidney. He was born at Field-place, in Sussex, on the 4th of August, 1792. He was the eldest son of Sir Timothy Shelley, Bart., of Castle-Goring in that county; and his son, Percy Florence Shelley, now bears the family title. His family connexions belonged to the Whig aristocrats of the House of Commons; and Mr. Hunt has, in the circumstances of such birth and connexion, hit perhaps upon the fact which solves the mystery of a mind like Shelley's rushing into the extreme course he did. "To a man of genius," he observes, "endowed with a metaphysical acuteness to discern truth and falsehood, and a strong sensibility to give way to his sense of it, such an origin, however respectable in the ordinary point of view, was not the very luckiest that could have happened for the purpose of keeping him within ordinary bounds. With what feelings is truth to open its eyes upon this world, amongst the most respectable of our mere party gentry? Among licensed contradictions of all sorts? Among the Christian's doctrines and the worldly practices? Among fox-hunters and their chaplains? Among beneficed loungers, noli-episcopalian bishops, rakish old gentlemen, and more startling young ones, who are old in the folly of *knowingness?* In short, among all those professed demands of what is right and noble, mixed with real inculcations of what is wrong and full of hypocrisy? * * * Mr. Shelley began to think at a very early age, and to think too of these anomalies. He saw that at every step in life some compromise was expected between the truth which he was told he was not to violate, and a colouring and a double meaning of it, which forced him upon the violation."

This is, no doubt, the great secret of both the noble resolve of Shelley to burst at once loose from this conventional labyrinth, and of the length to which the impetus of his effort carried him. He saw that truth and falsehood were so intimately mixed in all the education, life, and purposes of the class by which he was surrounded, that he suspected the same mixture in everything; and the very effort necessary to clear himself of this state of things, plunged him into the natural result of rejecting indiscriminately, in the case of Christianity, the grain with the chaff. At every school to which he was sent, he found the same system existing. Education was moulded to a great national plan, to a future support of a church and a party. The noble heart of the boy rebelled against this sacrifice of truth to interest, and I believe at every school to which he went, showed a firm resolve never to bend to it. He was brought up for the first seven or eight years in the retirement of Field-place with his sisters, receiving the same education as they; and hence, it is stated, he never showed the least taste for the sports or amusements of boys. Captain Medwin, who is a relative, tells us that it was not Eton, but Sion House, Brentford, to which he alludes in his introductory stanzas to the Revolt of Islam. Medwin was Shelley's school-fellow there, and says, "this place was a perfect hell to Shelley. His pure and virgin mind was shocked by the language and manners of his new companions; but though forced to be *with* them, he was not *of* them."

"Tyranny," continues he, "generally produces tyranny in common minds,—not so with Shelley. Doubtless much of his hatred of oppression may be attributed to what he saw and suffered at this school; and so odious was the recollection of the place to both of us, that we never made it a subject of conversation in after life. He was, as a schoolboy, exceedingly shy, bashful, and reserved; indeed, though peculiarly gentle and elegant and refined in his manners, he never entirely got rid of his diffidence—and who would have wished he should? With the character of true genius, he was ever modest, humble, and prepared to acknowledge merit wherever he found it, without any desire to shine himself by making a foil of others."

Yet it was this gentle and shy boy, who had so early resolved to be "just, and free, and mild," that was roused by his sense of truth, and his abhorrence of oppression, to make the most bold and determined stand against unjust and degrading customs, however sanctioned by time, place, or persons. At Eton, whither he went at the age of thirteen, he rose up stoutly in opposition to the system of fagging. He organized a conspiracy against it, and for a time compelled it to pause. While thus resisting school tyranny, he was reading deeply German romances and poetry; and to Bürger's Leonora, and the ghost stories and legends of the Black Forest, has been traced his fondness for the romantic, the marvellous, and the mystic. His mind was rapidly unfolding, and to the high pitch of his moral nature and aims, these stanzas from the dedication to the Revolt of Islam bear touching testimony:—

"Thoughts of great deeds were mine, dear friend, when first
The clouds that wrap this world from youth did pass.
I do remember well the hour which burst
My spirit's sleep: a fresh May-dawn it was
When I walked forth upon the glittering grass
And wept, I knew not why; until there rose
From the near school-room, voices, that, alas!
Were but one echo from a world of woes,
The harsh and grating strife of tyrants and of foes.

"And then I clasped my hands, and looked around—
But none was near to mark my streaming eyes,
Which poured their warm drops on the sunny ground,—
So without shame I spake, 'I will be wise,
And just, and free, and mild, if in me lies
Such power; for I grow weary to behold
The selfish and the strong still tyrannize
Without reproach or check.' I then controlled
My tears; my heart grew calm, and I was meek and bold.

"And from that hour did I with earnest thought,
Heap knowledge from forbidden mines of lore;
Yet nothing that my tyrants knew or taught
I cared to learn; but from that secret store
Wrought linkèd armour for my soul, before
It might walk forth to war among mankind."

This war began in earnest at Oxford. He had left Eton, it is understood, before the usual time, and in consequence of his resistance to the practices which he there found inconsistent with his ideas of self-respect: what was to be hoped from Oxford? The contest into which he soon fell with the Principal of University College, on theological and metaphysical questions, quickly led to his expulsion. No circumstance in his history has made so much noise as this; on it turned the whole character of his destiny. He was expelled on a charge of atheism. In the New Monthly Magazine for 1833 is given "The History of Shelley's Expulsion from Oxford." From this account, nothing could have been more unfeeling and tyrannical than the conduct of the Principal on this occasion. It appears that Shelley and some of his companions had indulged themselves in puzzling the logicians. They had made a careful analysis of Locke on the Human Understanding, and Hume's Essays, particularly the latter, as was customary with those who read the Ethics, and other treatises of Aristotle, for their degrees. They printed a syllabus of these, and challenged, not only the heads of houses, but others to answer them. "It was," says the writer, "never offered for sale; it was not addressed to the general reader, but to the metaphysician alone; and it was so short, that it only designed to point out the line of argument. It was, in truth, a general issue; a compendious denial of every allegation, in order to put the whole case in proof. It was a formal mode of saying,—you offer so and so, then prove it; and thus it was understood by his more candid and intelligent correspondents. As it was shorter, so it was plainer, and perhaps, in order to provoke discussion, a little bolder than Hume's Essays, a book which occupies a conspicuous place in the library of every student. The doctrine, if it deserve the name, was precisely similar; the necessary and inevitable consequence of Locke's philosophy, and of the theory that all knowledge is from without. I will not admit your conclusions, his opponent might say; then you must deny those of Hume; I deny them; but you must deny those of Locke also; and we will go back together to Plato. Such was the usual course of argument; sometimes, however, he rested on mere denial, holding his adversary to strict proof, and deriving strength from his weakness. The young Platonist argued thus negatively through the love of argument, and because he found a noble joy in the fierce shock of contending minds. He loved truth, and sought it everywhere, and at all hazards, frankly and boldly, like a man who deserved to find it; but he also dearly loved victory in debate, and warm debate for its own sake. Never was there a more unexceptionable disputant. He was eager beyond the most ardent, but never angry and never personal; he was the only arguer I ever knew who drew every argument from the nature of the thing, and who never could be provoked to descend to personal contentions."—*P.* 25 *of Part II.*

This is a very different thing to the foul and offensive statement put forth to the world, that Shelley avowedly, with his name, put forth a pamphlet on atheism, challenging the whole bench of bishops to refute it, for the sake and from the mere love of atheism. Not less disgraceful was the manner of his expulsion. He was suspected of this pamphlet; it is said that "a pert, meddling tutor of a college of inferior note, a man of an insalubrious and inauspicious aspect," had secretly denounced him to the master as the author of it; and that for this piece of treason, he was, as he hoped, speedily enriched with the most splendid benefices, and finally made a bishop! The master himself is described by a third party, as a man possessing neither intellect nor erudition. "I thank God," he adds, "that I have never seen that man since; he is gone to his bed, and there let him sleep. While he lived he ate freely of the scholar's bread, and drank freely of his cup; and he was sustained throughout the whole term of his existence, wholly and most nobly, by those sacred funds that were consecrated by our pious forefathers to the advancement of learning. If the vengeance of the all-patient and long-contemned God can ever be roused, it will surely be by some such sacrilege!"

But let us see in what manner this swollen Bœotian ox dealt with this ardent yet gentle stripling of seventeen—for let it be remembered he was only of that age,—and let us see what was the condition of the university at that time, in which it was made a mortal offence in a young and zealous spirit to dispute metaphysical points.

"Whether such disputations," says the writer in the New Monthly, "were decorous or profitable may be perhaps doubtful; there can be no doubt, however, since the sweet gentleness of Shelley was easily and instantly swayed by the mild influences of friendly admonition, that had even the least dignified of his elders suggested the propriety of pursuing his metaphysical inquiries with less ardour, his obedience would have been prompt and perfect. Not only had all salutary studies been long neglected at Oxford at that time, and all wholesome discipline fallen into decay, but the splendid endowments of the university were grossly abused. The resident authorities of the college were, too often, men of the lowest origin; or mean and sordid souls; destitute of every literary attainment, except that brief and narrow course of reading by which the degree was attained; the vulgar sons of vulgar fathers; without liberality, and wanting the manners and sympathies of gentlemen. A total neglect of all learning, an unseemly turbulence, the most monstrous irregularities, open and habitual drunkenness, vice, and violence, were tolerated or encouraged with the basest sycophancy, that the prospect of perpetual licentiousness might fill the colleges with young men of fortune. Whenever the rarely-exercised power of coercion was exercised, it demonstrated the utter incapacity of our unworthy rulers, by coarseness, ignorance, and injustice. If a few gentlemen were admitted to fellowships, they were always absent; they were not persons of literary pretensions, or distinguished by scholarship, and they had no share in the government of the college."—*P.* 26.

It is fitting that the world should know how and by whom Shelley was expelled from Oxford. Let us see the manner in which it was done.

"As the term was drawing to a close, and a great part of the books we were reading together still remained unfinished, we had agreed to increase our exertions, and to meet at an early hour. It was a fine spring morning on Lady-day in the year 1811, when I went to Shelley's rooms: he was absent; but before I had collected our books he rushed in. He was terribly agitated. I anxiously inquired what had happened. 'I am expelled,' he said, as soon as he had recovered himself a little. 'I am expelled; I was sent for suddenly a few minutes ago; I went to the common room, where I found our master, and two or three of the fellows. The master produced a copy of the little syllabus, and asked me if I were the author of it. He spoke in a rude, abrupt, and insolent tone. I begged to be informed for what purpose he put the question. No answer was given; but the master loudly and angrily repeated—"Are you the author of this book?" "If I can judge from your manner," I said, "you are resolved to punish me, if I should acknowledge that it is my work. If you can prove that it is, produce your evidence; it is neither just nor lawful to interrogate me in such a case and for such a purpose. Such proceedings would become a court of inquisitors, but not free men in a free country." "Do you choose to deny that this is your composition?" the master reiterated, in the same rude and angry voice.'

"Shelley complained much of his violent and ungentlemanlike deportment, saying, 'I have experienced tyranny and injustice before, and I well know what vulgar insolence is; but I never met with such unworthy treatment. I told him calmly, but firmly, that I was resolved not to answer any questions respecting the publication on the table.' 'Then,' said he, furiously, 'you are expelled; and I desire you will quit the college early to-morrow morning at the latest.'"

A regular sentence of expulsion, ready drawn up in due form, was handed to him, under the seal of the college. So monstrous and illegal did the outrage seem to one of Shelley's fellow-students, that he immediately wrote a remonstrance to the master and fellows against it, declaring that he himself, or any one else in that college, might just as well be treated in the same manner. The consequence was that he *was* immediately treated in the same manner. He was called before this tribunal. "The angry and troubled air," he says, in a statement communicated to the writer of the article, "of men assembled to commit injustice according to established forms, was new to me; but a native instinct told me, as soon as I entered the room, that it was an affair of party; that whatever could conciliate the favour of patrons was to be done without scruple; and whatever could tend to prevent preferment was to be brushed away without remorse." The same question was put to him, he refused to answer it, and he was also expelled with the same summary violence.

Thus were Shelley and another youth of eighteen expelled and branded for life with the stigma of atheism. They were expelled simply because they refused to criminate themselves, and the boast of a virtuous zeal against atheism was trumpeted abroad, which soon raised one man to a bishopric, and others, no doubt, to what they wanted. So are sacrificed the rare spirits of the earth for the worldly benefit of the hogs of Epicurus. If all youths were treated thus brutally at that age when doubts beset almost every man, and more especially the earnest and inquiring, what would become of our finest and noblest characters! When men begin to study the grounds of theology, they must study, too, what is advanced by the opposers. The consequence is at once, that all that has been received as fact by unquestioning boyhood falls to the ground, and they have to begin again, and test through doubts and anxieties, and amid the menaces of despair, all the evidence on which our faith is built. Seize on any one of these inquirers at this peculiar crisis, and expel him for atheism, and, if he be a man of quick feelings, and a high spirit, you will pretty certainly make him that for which you have stigmatized him. His pride will unite with his doubts to fix him, to petrify him, as it were, into incurable unbelief. It would be a brutal and murderous procedure. Such procedure had the worst effect on Shelley. The consequences were a sort of repudiation of him by his father and family, who had built the highest worldly hopes on his talents. There was a fierce hue and cry set up after him in the world, and the very next year saw him sit down and write Queen Mab. The actions of this portion of his life are the least defensible of any portion of it. He seemed restless, unhappy, and put into a more antagonistic temperament by his public expulsion from college, which he felt more deeply than was natural to him, or could have arisen, had he been treated differently.

At this period he made his first unfortunate marriage, with a young woman of humble station, and, as it proved, of very uncongenial mind. They separated, and in her distress she, some time afterwards, drowned herself. Differing as I do most widely from Shelley, both in his ideas regarding Christianity and marriage, it is but just to say that they who knew him best, and his second wife, the celebrated daughter of celebrated parents, Godwin and Mary Wolstancroft, most emphatically assert their assurances that "in all he did, at the time of doing it, he believed himself justified to his conscience, while the various ills of poverty, and the loss of friends, brought home to him the sad realities of life." For his errors at this period, the direct fruits of the desolating outrages on his sensitive nature, above stated, he suffered deeply and severely. One of his biographers says, "Nobody could lament the catastrophe of his wife's death more bitterly than he did. For a time it tore his being to pieces."

For about two years after his wife's death he seemed to be wandering about in quest of rest, and not finding it. He was at one time at the Lakes on a pilgrimage to Southey, of which, when Coleridge heard, he said, "Why did he not come to me? I should have understood him." Most true. He was in London, and 90, Great Russell-street, oddly enough kept by a person named Godwin, and a corner house in Mabledon-place, next to Hastings-street, are known as lodgings of his. He was also in Dublin, and in North Wales, where, in the absence of his landlord, Mr. Maddocks, an extraordinary tide menacing his embankment against the sea, Shelley put his name at the head of a subscription paper for £500, and, carrying it round the neighbourhood, raised a sum sufficient to prevent this truly Roman work being destroyed. In 1814 he made a tour on the continent, visiting France, Switzerland, the Reuss, and the Rhine, the magnificent scenery of which produced the most striking effects on his mind. In 1815 he made a tour along the southern coast of Devonshire, and then renting a house on Bishopsgate heath, on the borders of Windsor forest, he spent the summer months in ruminating over the scenes he had visited, and produced there his poem of Alastor, or the Spirit of Solitude. The next year he again visited the continent. He was now married to Mary Wolstancroft Godwin, who accompanied him. They fixed their residence for a time on the banks of the Lake of Geneva.

Here Shelley and Lord Byron first met; they had corresponded before, but here began that friendship which contributed so palpably to the purification and elevation of tone in the higher poetry of Byron. They seemed equally pleased with each other. Byron was occupying the Villa Diodati; a name connected with Milton, and perhaps one of the noble poet's reasons for choosing it as a residence. Shelley engaged one just below it, in a most sequestered spot. There was no access to it in a carriage, it stood only separated from the lake by a small garden, much overgrown by trees, and a pathway through the vineyard of Diodati communicated with it. The two poets entered deeply into poetical disquisition. Nothing could be more opposite than their natures, and their poetic tendencies. Shelley was all imagination; Byron had a strong tendency to the actual, or to that which must tell upon the general mind: Shelley was purely spiritual; Byron had much of the world in him: Shelley was all generosity; Byron, with a great show of it, had a tremendous dash of the selfish. Still, they had many things in common. They were fond of boating and pistol shooting; they were persecuted by public opinion; they had broken from all bonds of ordinary faith, and were free in discussion and speculation as the birds were in their flight over their heads. They rowed together round the lake, and were very near being lost in a storm upon it. They visited together Meillerie and Clarens; and the effect of the scenery on Shelley, with the Nouvelle Heloise in his hand, was entrancing. He visited also Lausanne, and while walking in the acacia walk belonging to Gibbon's house, he could not help saying, "Gibbon had a cold and unimpassioned spirit. I never felt more inclination to rail at the prejudices which clung to such a thing, than now that Julie and Clarens, Lausanne and the Roman Empire, compel me to a contrast between Rousseau and Gibbon." His lines on the Bridge of Arve and his Hymn to Intellectual Beauty were written at this time.

The poets and Mrs. Shelley were constantly together, out in the air, amid that sublime scenery, in fine weather, and in the evenings at each other's houses; and, during a week of rain, they horrified themselves with German ghost stories, and gave a mutual challenge to write each one of their own. To this we owe the Vampire, which was, on its first appearance, attributed to Lord Byron; but was in reality written by his vain satellite of a physician, Polidori. Byron wrote a story called The Marriage of Belphegor, which was to narrate the circumstances of his own,—as he was now smarting under the recent refusal of his wife to live with him; but, on hearing from England that Lady Byron was ill, with an impulse that did him honour, he thrust it into the fire. What Shelley wrote does not appear, but the production of Mrs. Shelley was Frankenstein.

On his return to England, in the autumn of that year, he had to endure the misery of his two children being taken from him by the Court of Chancery, on the ground of his disbelief in revealed religion, and the authorship of Queen Mab, a work published without his consent. It was at this period that he went to live at Great Marlowe, in Buckinghamshire. Mrs. Shelley says:—"Shelley's choice of abode was fixed chiefly by this town being at no great distance from London, and its neighbourhood to the Thames. The poem of the Revolt of Islam was written in his boat, as it floated under the beech groves of Bisham, or during wanderings in the neighbouring country, which is distinguished for its peculiar beauty. The chalk hills break into cliffs that overhang the Thames, or form valleys clothed with beech. The wilder portion of the country is rendered beautiful by exuberant vegetation; and the cultivated part is particularly fertile. With all this wealth of nature, which, either in the form of gentlemen's parks, or soil dedicated to agriculture, flourishes around, Marlowe was inhabited—I hope it is altered now—by a very poor population. The women are lace-makers, and lose their health by sedentary labour, for which they are very ill paid. The poor-laws ground to the dust not only the paupers, but those who had risen just above that state, and were obliged to pay poor-rates. The change produced by peace following a long war, and a bad harvest, brought with them the most heart-rending evils to the poor. Shelley afforded what alleviation he could. In winter, while bringing out his poem, he had a severe attack of ophthalmia, caught while visiting the cottages. I mention these things, for this minute and active sympathy with his fellow-creatures gives a thousand-fold interest to his speculations, and stamps with reality his pleadings for the human race."

Shelley does not seem to have had any acquaintance at Marlowe, or in the neighbourhood,—it was simply the charm of the country and the river here which attracted him; but his friend Mr. Peacock, author of Headlong Hall, was residing there at the time, either drawn there by Shelley, or Shelley by him. Marlowe stands in a fine open valley, on the banks of the Thames. The river here is beautiful, running bankful through the most beautiful meadows, level as a bowling-green, of the richest verdure, and of a fine, ample, airy extent. Beyond the river, these meadows are bounded by steep hills clothed with noble woods; and a more charming scene for boating cannot be imagined. The grass and flowers on the river margin overhang and dip lovingly into the waters, which, from running over a chalk bottom, are as transparent nearly as the air itself; and at the various turns of the river new features of beauty salute you—impending woods, which invite you to land and stroll away into them; solitary valleys, where house or man is not seen; and then, again, cultivated farms, and hills covered with flocks. No wonder that Shelley was all summer floating upon this fine river, and luxuriating in the composition of his splendid poem. A little below the town stands the village of Little Marlowe, with its grey church, and old manor-house, called Bisham Abbey, amid its fine trees; and around, a lovely scene of the softly flowing, beautiful river, the level meads, and the hills and woods. On the other side of the town, the country is of that clear, bright aspect, with its tillage farms and isolated clumps of beech on swelling hills, which always marks a chalk district. The town itself is small, and intensely quiet. The houses are low and clean looking, as if no smoke ever fell on them from the pure diaphanous air. It consists of three principal streets, something in the shape of the letter T, with some smaller ones. In passing along it, you would not suspect it of that intense poverty which Mrs. Shelley speaks of, though, from the wretched depression of the hand-lace-weaving, it may exist. The houses have a neat miniature look, and the people look cheerful, healthy, and the women of a very agreeable expression of countenance.

Such was the spot where Shelley resided, eight-and-thirty years ago. His house was in the main street—a long stuccoed dwelling, of that species of nondescript architecture which once was thought Gothic, because it had pointed windows, and battlements. It must have been then a spacious and a very pleasant residence; it is now, as is the lot of most places in which poets have lived, desolated and desecrated. It is divided into three tenements, a school, a private house, and a pothouse. I entered the latter, and with a strange feeling. In a large room with a boarded floor, and which had probably been Shelley's dining-room, was a sort of bar partitioned off, and a number of visitors were drinking on benches along the walls, which still bore traces, amid disfigurement and stains, of former taste. The garden behind had evidently been extensive, and very pleasant. There were remains of fine evergreen trees, and of a mound on which grew some deciduous cypresses, where had evidently stood a summer-house. This was gone. The garden was divided into as many portions as there were now tenants, and all evidences of care had vanished from it. Along the side of it, however, lay a fine open meadow, and the eye ran across this to some sweetly-wooded hills. It was a melancholy thing to go back to the time when Shelley, and his wife and friends, walked in this garden, enjoying it and its surrounding quiet scenery, and to reflect what had been the subsequent fate both of it and him.

Amongst the poor of the town the remembrance of his benevolence and unassuming kindness had still chroniclers; but from the other classes little could be learned, and that not what the memory of such a man deserves. One old shopkeeper, not far from his house, remembered him, and "hoped his children did not take after him." "Why?" "Oh! he was a very bad man!" "Indeed! what bad actions did he do?" "Oh! I beg your pardon! he did no bad actions that I ever heard of, but, on the contrary, he was uncommonly good to the poor; but then—" "But then, what?" "Why, he did not believe in the devil!" Such are the fruits of bigot teaching. In vain has Christ said, "By their *fruits* shall ye know them." I begged the poor man, of whom I found Shelley bought no groceries, at least to leave him to the judgment of his God, and of Christ, who came to seek and to save all that were lost; and to believe those great assurances of the gospel, that the prodigal, when he had committed all kind of crimes, found not only a pacified but a fond father; that he that hath not charity is as a sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal; and that he that loveth intensely, though he may think erroneously, will stand a very fair chance with the Father of love himself.

"But pray what has become of this Mr. Shelley, then?" asked the man's wife, who had come from an inner room. "He was drowned," I replied. "Oh! that's just what one might have expected. Drowned! Lud-a-mercy! ay, just what we might ha' said he'd come to. He was always on the water,—always boating, boating,—never easy but when he was in that boat. Do you know what a trick was played him by some wag?" "No." "He called his boat '*Vaga*,' and one morning he found the name lengthened, by a piece of chalk, with the word '*bond*'—*Vagabond*. There are clever fellows here, as well as in London, mind you. But Mr. Shelley was not offended. He only laughed; for, you see, he did not believe in a devil, and so he thought there could be nothing wrong. He used to say, when he heard of wickedness, 'Ah, poor people! it's only ignorance; if they knew better, they'd do better!' Oh; what darkness and heathenry! to excuse sin, and feel no godly jealousy against wickedness!" I found that the crabbed creedsman had been there too long before me. My hint about charity was thrown away, and I moved off, lest I myself for faith in Jesus Christ, who would not condemn even the adulteress at the desire of the vengeful and the sensual, should be found wanting in holy indignation too.

It was in vain that I inquired amongst the class of little gentry in the place for information about Shelley—they knew nothing of any such person. At length, after much research, and the running to and fro of waiters from the inn, I was directed to an ancient surgeon who had attended almost everybody for the last half-century. I found him an old man of nearly ninety. He recollected Shelley; had attended him, but knew little about him. He was a very unsocial man, he said; kept no company but Mr. Peacock's, and that of his boat, and was never seen in the town but he had a book in his hand, and was reading as he went along. The old gentleman, however, kindly sent his servant to point out Shelley's house to me, and as I returned up the street, I saw him standing bare-headed on the pavement before his door, in active discourse with various neighbours. My inquiries had evidently aroused the Marlowean curiosity. On coming up, the old gentleman inquired eagerly if I wanted to learn more yet about Mr. Shelley.—I had learned little or nothing. I replied that I should be very happy. "Then," said he, "come in, Sir, for I have sent for a gentleman who knows all about him." I entered, and found a tall, well-dressed man, with a very solemn aspect. "It is the squire of the place," said I to myself. With a very solemn bow he arose, and with very solemn bows we sat down opposite to each other. "I am happy to hear," I said, "that you knew Mr. Shelley, and can give me some particulars regarding his residence here." "I can, Sir," he replied, with another solemn bow. I waited to hear news—but I waited in vain. That Mr. Shelley had lived there, and that he had long left there, and that his house was down the street, and that he was a very extraordinary man—he knew, and I knew; but that was all: not a word of his doings or his sayings at Marlowe came out of the solemn brain of that large solemn man. But at length a degree of interest appeared to gather in his cheeks and brighten in his eyes. "Thank God!" I exclaimed, inwardly. "The man is slow, but it is coming now." His mouth opened, and he said, "But pray, Sir, what became of that Mr. Shelley?"

"What, did you never hear?" I exclaimed. "Did it never reach Marlowe—but thirty miles from London—that sad story of his death, which created a sensation throughout the civilized world?" No, the thing had never penetrated into the Bœotian denseness of that place! I rose up, and now bowed solemnly too. "And pray what family might he leave?" asked the solemn personage, as I was hasting away. "You will learn that," I said, still going away, "in the Baronetage, if such a book ever reaches Marlowe."

I hastened to the inn where my chaise was standing ready for my departure, and was just in the act of entering it, when I heard a sort of outcry, perceived a sort of bustle behind me, and turning my head, saw the tall and solemn man hasting with huge and anxious strides after me.

"You'll excuse me, Sir; you'll excuse me, I think; but I *could* relate to you a fact, and I think I *will* venture to relate to you a fact connected with the late Mr. Shelley." "Do," said I. "I think I *will*," replied the tall stout man, heaving a deep sigh, and erecting himself to his full height, far above my head, and casting a most awful glance at the sky. "I *think* I will,—I *think* I may venture."

"It is certainly something very sad and agonizing," I said to myself; "but I wish he would only bring it out." "Well, then," continued he, with another heave of his capacious chest, and another great glance at the distant horizon, "I certainly will mention it. It was this. When Mr. Shelley left Marlowe, he ordered all his bills to be paid, most honourably, certainly, most honourably; and they were paid—all—except—mine! There, Sir! it is out; excuse it—excuse it; but I am glad it is out."

"What! a bill!" I exclaimed, in profoundest astonishment, "a bill!—was that all?"

"All, Sir! all! everything of the sort; every shilling, I assure you, has been paid, but my little account; and it was my fault; I don't know how in the world I forgot to send it in."

"What," said I, "are you not the squire here? What are you?"

"Oh, Lord! no, Sir! I am no squire here! I am a tradesman! I am—in the general way!"

"Drive on!" I said, springing into the carriage, "drive like the Dragon of Wantley out of this place—Shelley is remembered in Marlowe because there was one bill left unpaid!"

There again is fame. It would be a curious thing if the man who deems himself most thoroughly and universally famous, and walks about in the comfortable persuasion of it, could see his fame mapped upon the country. What an odd figure it would make! A few feeble rays shooting here and there, but all around what vast patches of unvisited country, what unilluminated regions, what deserts of oblivion of his name! Shelley lived, and suffered, and spent himself for mankind, and in the place where he last lived in England, within thirty miles of the great metropolis of genius and knowledge, he is only remembered by a bad joke on his boat, by his disbelief of the devil, and by a forgotten bill. Were it not forgotten, he had been so! *Eheu! jam satis.*

On the 12th of March, 1818, Shelley quitted England once more. He was never to return. His own fate and that of Byron were wonderfully alike. The two greatest, most original, most powerful, and influential poets of the age, were driven into exile by the public feeling of their country. They could not bring themselves to think on political questions with a large party, nor on religious ones with a still larger; and every species of vituperation and insult was let loose upon them. As if charity and forbearance had been heathen qualities, and wrath and calumny Christian virtues, the British public most loftily resolved not to do as Christ required them—to love those who hated them and despitefully used them, but to hate those who loved them, and had noble virtues, though they had their errors. Their errors should have been lamented, and their doctrines refuted as much as possible; but there is no law, human or divine, that can release us from the law of love, and the command of seventy times seven forgiveness of injuries. Both these great men died in their exile of hatred—the world had its will for the time, and the spirits of these dead outcasts must now have their will, in their deathless volumes, to the end of time.

If any one would know what sort of a man this moral monster, Shelley, was, let him read the eloquent account of him and his life at Oxford, in the New Monthly Magazine for 1832, written by one who was his friend and companion, and who, Mrs. Shelley says, has described him most faithfully. There we find him full of zeal for learning; most zealous in accumulating knowledge; overflowing in kindness; indignant against all oppression to man or to animals. Never failing to rush in on witnessing any cruelty, or hearing of any calamity, to stop the one, and alleviate the other. Full of gaiety and fun as a child, sailing his paper boats on every pool and stream, or rambling far and wide over the country in earnest talk and deep love of all nature. He was ready to caress children, to smile even on gipsies and beggars, to run for refreshment for starving people by the wayside, pledging even his favourite microscope, his daily means of recreation, to assist a poor old man. Such was the dreadful creature that must be expelled from colleges, have his children torn from him to prevent the contamination of his virtues, and to be hooted out of his native land. Yet amid all the anguish that this inflicted on him, he was ever ready still to do a sublime good, or enter with the most boyish relish into the merest joke. Nothing can convey a more vivid idea of the latter disposition—which is not that of a man systematically malicious, which is the true spirit of wickedness—than to quote a joke related to him by the writer of these articles, and see the manner in which it was enjoyed.

"I was walking one afternoon, in the summer, on the western side of that short street leading from Long-acre to Covent-garden, where the passenger is earnestly invited, as a personal favour to the demandant, to proceed straightway to Highgate or Kentish town, and which is called, I think, James-street. I was about to enter Covent-garden, when an Irish labourer, whom I met bearing an empty hod, accosted me somewhat roughly, and asked why I had run against him I told him briefly that he was mistaken. Whether somebody had actually pushed the man, or he only sought to quarrel, and although he, doubtless, attended a weekly row regularly, and the week was already drawing to a close, he was unable to wait till Sunday for a broken head, I know not, but he discoursed for some time with the vehemence of a man who considers himself injured or insulted, and he concluded, being emboldened by my long silence, with a cordial invitation just to push him again. Several persons, not very unlike in costume, had gathered round him, and appeared to regard him with sympathy. When he paused, I addressed to him, slowly and quietly, and it should seem with great gravity, these words, as nearly as I can recollect them :—'I have put my hand into the hamper; I have looked upon the sacred barley; I have eaten out of the drum! I have drunk, and was well pleased; I have said, *κόγξ ὄμπαξ*, and it is finished!' 'Have you, Sir?' inquired the astonished Irishman; and his ragged friends instantly pressed round him with,—'Where is the hamper, Paddy?'—'What barley?' and the like. And ladies from his own country, that is to say, the basket-women, suddenly began to interrogate him :—'Now, I say, Pat, where have you been drinking ?—What have you had ?' I turned, therefore, to the right, leaving the astounded neophyte, whom I had thus planted, to expound the mystic words of initiation as he could to his inquisitive companions. As I walked slowly under the piazzas, and through the streets and courts towards the West, I marvelled at the ingenuity of Orpheus,—if he were indeed the inventor of the Eleusinian mysteries; that he was able to devise words that, imperfectly as I had repeated them, and in the tattered fragment that has reached us, were able to soothe people so savage and barbarous as those to whom I had addressed them, and which, as the apologists for those venerable rites affirm, were manifestly well adapted to incite persons who hear them for the first time, however rude they may be, to ask questions. Words that can awaken curiosity even in the sluggish intellect of a wild man, and can open the inlet of knowledge !"

"*Konx ompax;* and it is finished !" exclaimed Shelley, crowing with enthusiastic delight at my whimsical adventure. A thousand times, as he strode about the house, and in his rambles out of doors, would he stop and repeat the mystic words of initiation, but always with an energy of manner, and a vehemence of tone and gesture, that would have prevented the ready acceptance which a calm, passionless delivery had once procured for them. How often would he throw down his book, clasp his hands, and starting from his seat, cry suddenly, with a thrilling voice, "I have said, *Konx ompax;* and it is finished !"

This child-like, this great, and greatly kind, and if men would have let him, this light-hearted man, thus then quitted England. Like Byron, he sought a home in Italy. He lived in various cities, and wrote there his very finest works, amongst them Prometheus Unbound; The Cenci; Hellas; part of Rosalind and Helen; his Ode to Liberty, perhaps the very finest ode in the language, and certainly in its description of Athens never excelled in any piece of description in any language; Adonais, an elegy on the death of Keats, and those very melancholy verses written in the Bay of Naples. He was drowned, as is well known, by the sinking of his boat in a squall, in the Gulf of Spezia, in the summer of 1822, at the age of thirty.

Shelley would have enjoyed this portion of his life beyond all others, had he been in health and spirits. He was united to a woman worthy of him, and who could partake of all his intellectual pleasures. Children were growing around him, and he was living in that beautiful country, surrounded by the remains of former art and history, and under that fine sky, pouring out from heart and brain, glorious, and impassioned, and immortal works. But his health failed him, and the darts of calumny were rankling in his bosom, depressing his spirits, and sapping his constitution. I can only allow myself a few passing glances at his homes in Italy, of which Mrs. Shelley has given us such delightful sketches in the notes to her edition of her husband's poems.

They went direct to Milan, and visited the Lake of Como; then proceeding to Pisa, Leghorn, the baths of Lucca, Venice, Este, Rome, Naples, and back to Rome for the winter. There he chiefly wrote his Prometheus. In 1818, they were at the Baths of Lucca, where Shelley finished Rosalind and Helen. Thence he visited Venice, and occupied a house lent him by Lord Byron, at Este. "I Capucini was a villa built on the site of a Capuchin convent, demolished when the French suppressed religious houses. It was situated on the very overhanging brow of a low hill, at the foot of a range of higher ones. The house was cheerful and pleasant; a vine-trellised walk, or pergola, as it is called in Italian, led from the hall-door to a summer-house at the end of the garden, which Shelley made his study, and in which he began the Prometheus; and here also, as he mentioned in a letter, he wrote Julian and Maddalo. A slight ravine, with a wood in its depth, divided the garden from the hill, on which stood the ruins of the ancient castle of Este, whose dark massive wall gave forth an echo, and from whose ivied crevices owls and bats flitted forth at night, as the crescent moon sunk behind the black and heavy battlements. We looked from the garden over the wide plain of Lombardy, bounded to the west by the far Apennines; while to the east, the horizon was lost in misty distance. After the picturesque but limited view of mountain, ravine, and chestnut wood at the Baths of Lucca, there was something infinitely gratifying to the eye in the wide range of prospect commanded by our new abode."

Here they lost a little girl, and quitting the neighbourhood of Venice, they proceeded southward. Shelley was delighted beyond expression with the scenery and antiquities of Italy. "The aspect of its nature, its sunny sky, its majestic streams, the luxuriant vegetation of the country, and the noble marble-built cities, enchanted him. The first entrance to Rome opened to him a scene of remains of ancient grandeur that far surpassed his expectations; and the unspeakable beauty of Naples and its environs added to the impression he received of the transcendent and glorious beauty of Italy."

The winter was spent at Naples, where they lived in utter solitude, yet greatly enjoyed their excursions along its sunny sea, or into its beautiful environs. From Naples they returned to Rome, where they arrived in March, 1819. Here they had the old MS. account of the story of the Cenci put into their hands, and visited the Doria and Colonna palaces, where the portraits of Beatrice were to be found. Her beauty cast the reflection of its grace over her appalling story, and Shelley conceived the subject of his masterly drama. In Rome they lost their eldest child, a very lovely and engaging boy; and, quitting the eternal city, took the villa, Valsovano, between Leghorn and Monte Nero, where they resided during the summer. "Our villa," says Mrs. Shelley, "was situated in the midst of a podere; the peasants sang as they worked beneath our windows, during the heat of a very hot season; and in the evening the water-wheel creaked as the progress of irrigation went on, and the fire-flies flashed among the myrtle hedges; nature was bright, sunshiny, and cheerful, or diversified by storms of a majestic terror, such as we had never before witnessed.

"At the top of the house there was a sort of terrace. There is often such in Italy, generally roofed. This one was very small, yet not only roofed, but glazed. This Shelley made his study; it looked out on a wide prospect of fertile country, and commanded a view of the near sea. The storms that sometimes varied our day, showed themselves most picturesquely as they were driven across the ocean. Sometimes the dark, lurid clouds dipped towards the waves, and became water-spouts, that churned up the waters beneath, as they were chased onwards, and scattered by the tempest. At other times, the dazzling sunlight and heat made it almost intolerable to every other; but Shelley basked in both, and his health and spirits revived under their influence. In this airy cell he wrote the principal part of the Cenci."

They spent part of the year 1819 in Florence, where Shelley passed several hours daily in the Gallery, studying the works of art, and making notes. The summer of 1820 was spent chiefly at the Baths of Guiliano, near Pisa, where Shelley made a solitary journey on foot, during some of the hottest weather of the season, to the summit of Monte San Pelegrino,—a mountain on which stands a pilgrimage chapel, much frequented: and during this expedition he conceived the idea of The Witch of Atlas; and immediately on his return sate down and wrote it in three days. An overflowing of the Serchio inundated the house, and caused them to quit San Guiliano: they returned to Pisa.

In 1821, the Spanish revolution excited throughout Italy a similar spirit. In Naples, Genoa, Piedmont, almost everywhere, the spirit of revolt showed itself; and Shelley, still at Pisa, sympathised enthusiastically with these movements. Then came the news of the Greek insurrection, and the battle of Navarino, which put the climax to his joy; and in this exultation he wrote Hellas. These circumstances seem to have given a new life to him. He had now his new boat, and was sailing it on the Arno. It was a pleasant summer, says Mrs. Shelley, bright in all but Shelley's health; yet he enjoyed himself greatly. He was in high anticipation of the arrival of Leigh Hunt; and at this juncture, the now happy poet and his family made their last remove. Let us give the deeply interesting picture of Shelley's last home, in the words of his gifted wife.

"The bay of Spezia is of considerable extent, and is divided by a rocky promontory into a larger and a smaller one. The town of Lerici is situated on the eastern point, and in the depth of the smaller bay, which bears the name of this town, is the village of Sant Arenzo. Our house, Casa Magni, was close to this village; the sea came up to the door, a steep hill sheltered it behind. The proprietor of the estate was insane; he had begun to erect a large house at the summit of the hill behind, but his malady prevented its being finished, and it was falling into ruin. He had, and this to the Italians seemed a glaring symptom of decided madness, rooted up the olives on the hill-side, and planted forest trees. These were mostly young; but the plantation was more in English taste than I ever saw elsewhere in Italy. Some fine walnut and ilex trees intermingled their dark, massy foliage, and formed groups which still haunt my memory, as then they satiated the eye with a sense of loveliness. The scene was, indeed, of unimaginable beauty; the blue extent of waters, the almost land-locked bay, the near castle of Lerici, shutting it in to the east, and distant Porto Venere to the west; the various forms of precipitous rocks, that bound in the beach, near which there was only a winding rugged path towards Lerici, and none on the other side; the tideless sea, leaving no sands nor shingle,—formed a picture such as one sees in Salvator Rosa's landscapes only. Sometimes the sunshine vanished when the sirocco raged,—the ponente, the wind was called on that shore. The gales and squalls that hailed our first arrival, surrounded the bay with foam; the howling wind swept round our exposed house, and the sea roared unremittingly, so that we almost fancied ourselves on board ship. At other times sunshine and calm invested sea and sky, and the rich tints of Italian heaven bathed the scene in bright and ever-varying hues.

"The natives were wilder than the place. Our near neighbours, of Sant Arenzo, were more like savages than any people I ever before lived among. Many a night they passed on the beach, singing, or rather howling; the women dancing about among the waves that broke at their feet, the men leaning against the rocks, and joining in their loud, wild chorus. We could get no provisions nearer than Sarzana, at a distance of three miles and a half off, with the torrent of the Margra between; and even there the supply was deficient. Had we been wrecked on an island of the South Seas, we could scarcely have felt ourselves further from civilization and comfort; but where the sun shines, the latter becomes an unnecessary luxury, and we had enough society among ourselves. Yet, I confess housekeeping became rather a toilsome task, especially as I was suffering in my health, and could not exert myself actively."

To this wild region they had come to indulge Shelley's passion for boating. News came of Leigh Hunt having arrived at Pisa. Shelley, and his friend Captain Ellerker Williams, set out to welcome him, and were on their return to Lerici, when the fatal squall came on, and they went down in a moment. The particulars of that event, and the singular scene of the burning of the body by his friends, Byron, Hunt, Trelawney, and Captain Shenley, have been so vividly related by Mr. Hunt, as to be familiar to every one. Shelley had gone down with the last volume of Keats, the Lamia, &c., in his jacket pocket, where it was found open. The bodies came on shore near Via Reggio; but had been so long in the sea as to be much decomposed. Wood was, therefore, collected on the strand, and they were burnt in the old classical style. The magnificent bay of Spezia, says Mr. Hunt, is on the right of this spot, Leghorn on the left, at equal distances of about twenty-two miles. The headlands projecting boldly and far into the sea, form a deep and dangerous gulf, with a heavy swell and a strong current generally running right into it.

So ended this extraordinary man his short, but eventful and influential life; and his ashes were buried near his friend John

Keats, under a beautiful ruined tower in the English burial-ground at Rome. It was remarkable, that Shelley always said that no presentiment of evil ever came to him, except as an unusual elevation of spirits. When he was last seen, just before embarking for his return, he was said to be in most brilliant spirits. On the contrary, Mrs. Shelley says,—"If ever shadow of evil darkened the present hour, such was over my mind when they went. During the whole of our stay at Lerici an intense presentiment of coming evil brooded over my mind, and covered this beautiful place and genial summer with the shadow of coming misery. * * A vague expectation of evil shook me to agony, and I could scarcely bring myself to let them go." The very beauty of the place, she says, seemed unearthly in its excess; the distance they were from all signs of civilisation, the sea at their feet, its murmurings or its roarings for ever in their ears, led the mind to brood over strange thoughts, and lifting it from every-day life, caused it to be familiar with the unreal. "Shelley," she adds, "had now, as it seemed, almost anticipated his own destiny; and when the mind figures his skiff wrapped from sight by the thunder-storm, as it was last seen upon the purple sea, and then as the cloud of the tempest passed away, no sign remained of where it had been,—who but will regard as a prophecy the last stanza of the Adonais?—

'The breath, whose might I have invoked in song,
Descends on me: my spirit's bark is driven
Far from the shore, far from the trembling throng,
Whose sails were never to the tempest given;
The massy earth and sphered skies are riven!
I am borne darkly, fearfully, afar;
Whilst burning through the inmost veil of heaven,
The soul of Adonais, like a star,
Beacons from the abode where the eternal are.'"

LORD BYRON.

In The Rural Life of England I have already recorded my visits to two of the most interesting haunts of Lord Byron,—Newstead Abbey and Annesley Hall. In this paper we will take a more chronological and consecutive survey of his haunts and abodes.

Lord Byron was, it appears, born in London, in lodgings in Holles-street, as his mother was on her way from France to Scotland. His mother, whose history and ill-starred marriage are well known through Moore's life of the poet, had accompanied her husband to France soon after their marriage, to avoid the swarm of claimants on her property, the creditors of her dissipated husband, which that marriage had brought upon her. The Byrons, who had inherited the estate of Newstead, in Nottinghamshire, since the reign of Henry VIII., when it was granted to Sir John Byron, generally called The Little Sir John Byron, had distinguished themselves greatly in the civil wars, but had of late years been much more conspicuous for their poverty and eccentricity. His grandfather was Commodore Byron, whose name will always be remembered from the narrative of the sufferings of himself and crew, in consequence of the wreck of the Wager, and who was still better known by the name of "Foul-weather Jack," from the singular fact that he never put to sea, even when holding the rank of admiral, and in command of the fleet for the protection of the West Indies, without encountering the most tempestuous weather. The father of Lord Byron, Captain Byron, appears to have been one of the most unprincipled and dissipated men of his day. He ran off with the wife of Lord Carmarthen to the continent; and this, of course, leading to a divorce, he married Lady Carmarthen, and had by her one daughter, the present Hon. Augusta Leigh, the wife of Colonel Leigh. Lady Carmarthen did not live long; and covered with debt, and pursued by hungry creditors, Captain Byron looked out for some woman of fortune to victimize to his own comfort. This species of legalized robbery, that is, of selecting a simple and unsuspecting woman to plunder under the sanction of the laws, instead of running the hazard of hanging or transportation by the more vulgar method of highway robbery, house-breaking, or forgery, is one so fashionable, that a man like Captain Byron was not likely to boggle at it. Of all species of theft, it is the most dastardly and despicable, because it is performed under the sacred name of affection. The vampire who means to suck the blood of the selected victim, makes his approach with flatteries and vows of the deepest attachment, of the most eternal tenderness, and protection from the ills of life. He wins the heart of the confiding woman by the basest lies, and then deliberately proceeds to the altar to pronounce before the all-seeing God the same foul falsehood, "to love and comfort," and "cherish till death," the helpless creature that is binding herself for life to ruin and deception. One would think it were enough for a man to feel, as he stands thus before God and man, that he is a mere seeker of creature comforts and worldly honour while he is wedding a rich wife; but knowingly to have picked out his prey under the pretence of loving her above all of her sex, in order to hand over her estate to his creditors, to defray the scores of his gambling and licentiousness, that characterises a monster of so revolting a kind, that nothing but the gradual corruption of society through the medium of conventionalism, could save him from the expatriating execrations of his fellows. There are cases of peculiar aggravation of this kind, those where the property of the victim is almost wholly demanded for the liquidation of the demon-lover's debts, and the wife is left to instantaneous beggary. The marriage of Captain Byron was one very much of this kind. His wife's most convertible property, as bank shares, salmon fisheries, money securities, were hastily disposed of; then went the timber from her estates, then the estates themselves, all amounting to probably £30,000, leaving her a mere annuity of £123! The property gone to this mite, the harpy husband still hung upon her, and upbraided her with the want of further means to contribute to his reckless riot. With cash extorted from her now severe poverty, he at length luckily departed again for the continent, and died at Valenciennes in 1791, when Byron was three years old.

Such were the circumstances in which Lord Byron entered the world. If he were the prey of violent passions; if he, too, had a tendency to dissipation; if he in future years followed his father's example, though not to so culpable a degree, and married an heiress,

> "And spoiled her goodly lands to gild his waste;"

there may be some excuse for him, drawn from hereditary taint. His father was not the solitary instance of irregularity, violent passions, and wastefulness. His great uncle, to whose title and diminished property he succeeded, was of the like stamp. His violence had led to his wife's separation from him; he had killed his next neighbour, Mr. Chaworth, in a duel; he had shot his coachman; he had felled extensive plantations on his estate, with the avowed purpose of preventing his son's enjoyment of their profit, because he had offended him. This son, and also his grandson, died before him, and the wifeless and childless old lord had led a moody and solitary life in the decaying abbey of Newstead, which threatened to drop about his ears, feeding a heap of crickets on the hearth, and feared by the whole peasant population of the country round.

Such was the paternal lineage of Lord Byron; his maternal one, if more moral, was not the less fiery and volcanic. His mother was a little fat woman, of a most excitable temperament,—an evil which no doubt was much aggravated by the outrage on her warm affections and trust in her husband, which the base object of his marriage with her revealed in all its blackness. She appeared all feeling and passion, with very little judgment to control them. She was fond to distraction of her child, and used to spoil him to the utmost extreme; at the same time that her passions occasionally broke out so impetuously against his freaks, that she would fling the tongs or poker at his head, when a mere child.

At the age of eleven brought to England, and, with all this ancestral fire in him, introduced to the ruinous and gloomy abode of his forefathers, with the stories of their recent doings rife all around him, no wonder that on his peculiarly sensitive mind the impression became deep. He grew up a Byron in the eccentricity and other characteristics of his life; like his father, his morals were not very nice, his habits were not very temperate; he, too, married to repair the waste of his lands, and quitted his wife to live abroad, and die there a comparatively early death. Happily there was implanted in him an ethereal principle, which gave a higher object to the exercise of his passions and energies than had of late distinguished his fathers. He was a born poet, and the divine gift of poetry converted, in some degree, his hereditary impetuosity into an ennobling instrument. His very dissipations extended his knowledge of life and human nature; and if they led him too frequently to seek to embellish sensuality, they compelled him to depict, in the strongest terms that language can furnish, the disgust and remorse which inevitably pursue vice. He was a strange mixture of the poet and the man of the world; of the radical and the aristocrat; of the scoffer at creeds, and the worshipper of the Divine Being in the sublimity of his works. Well was it for him and the world, that his early years were cast amidst the beauty and the solitude of nature, where he could wander wholly abandoned to the influences of heath and mountain, river and forest; and that the prospect of aristocratic splendour did not come in to disturb those influences till they had acquired a life-long power over him. The grandeur of nature cannot make a poet, thousands and millions live during their whole existences amidst its most glorious displays, and are little more sentient than the rocks that tower around them; but where the spark of poetry lies latent, it is sure to call it forth.

They who visit, then, the earliest scenes of Lord Byron's life, will not be surprised at the influence which they exercised upon him, nor at the fondness with which he cherished the memory of them. This is strongly expressed in one of his juvenile poems.

LACHIN-Y-GAIR.

"Away, ye gay landscapes, ye gardens of roses!
In you let the minions of luxury rove;
Restore me the rocks, where the snow-flake reposes,
Though still they are sacred to freedom and love:
Yet, Caledonia, beloved are thy mountains,
Round their white summits though elements war;
Though cataracts foam 'stead of smooth-flowing fountains,
I sigh for the valley of dark Loch na Garr.

"Ah! there my young footsteps in infancy wandered;
My cap was the bonnet, my cloak was the plaid;
On chieftains long perished my memory pondered,
As daily I strode through the pine-covered glade:
I sought not my home till the day's dying glory
Gave place to the rays of the bright polar star;
For fancy was cheered by traditional story,
Disclosed by the natives of dark Loch na-Garr."

Hours of Idleness, p. 111.

The feeling thus ardent in youth was equally vivid to the last. Only about two years before his death, he wrote thus in The Island:—

"He who first met the Highlands' swelling blue
Will love each peak that shows a kindred hue;
Hail in each crag a friend's familiar face,
And clasp the mountain in his mind's embrace.
Long have I roved through lands which are not mine,
Adored the Alp, and loved the Apennine;
Revered Parnassus, and beheld the steep
Jove's Ida, and Olympus crown the deep;
But 'twas not all long ages' lore, nor all
Their nature held me in their thrilling thrall;
The infant rapture still survived the boy,
And Loch na Garr with Ida looked o'er Troy;
Mixed Celtic memories with the Phrygian mount,
And Highland linns with Castalie's clear fount."

The city of Aberdeen was the place where the chief part of the earlier boyhood of Byron was spent. He went thither as an unconscious infant, and there, and in the neighbouring Highlands, he continued till in his eleventh year, when the title fell to him, and he was brought by his mother to England. Aberdeen is a city which must have been a very charming abode for a boy of Byron's disposition, ready either to mix in the throng of lads of his own age in all their plays, contentions, and enterprises, to shoot a marble, or box out a quarrel, or to stroll away into the country and enjoy nature and liberty with an equal zest. There are people who are inclined to think that a great deal of the sublime tone of some of Byron's poetry, as that of the Childe Harold, of the sentiment, almost sentimentality of his Hours of Idleness, and of many of his smaller poems throughout his works, were assumed by him at will and for effect. They do not see how these things could proceed from the same mind as the rhodomontade of many of his most familiar letters, or the slang and wild humour of many parts of Don Juan. How little do such persons know of the human mind! Did not Tam o' Shanter, and Mary in Heaven, and the Cotter's Saturday Night all proceed from the same mind, and one of the most earnest minds that ever lived? Did not the sublime scenes of the Iliad, and the battle of the beggars in the Odyssey, and the trick of Ulysses in the cave of Polypheme, when he called himself Noman—so that when Polypheme roared out as they put out his eye, and he told his neighbours who came running to inquire what was the matter, that Noman hurt him, they replied,

> "If no man hurt thee, why dost thou complain?"

and marched away without helping him—did not these proceed from the same mind? Did not the puns of Hood, and the sober ballad of Eugene Aram, and the Song of the Shirt, proceed from one and the same mind? Did not John Gilpin and the loftiest strains of pious poetry proceed from that of Cowper? Did not Chatterton write equally Sly Dick, and the tragedy of Ella? In fact, we might run through the whole circuit of poetic and prose literature, and show that the moods of our minds are as various and changeable as those of external nature. The very gravest, the most steadfast of us have our transitions from sad to gay, from frivolous to the highest tone of the highest purpose, with a rapidity that is supposed to belong only to the most changeful of us. There is, in fact, no such chameleon, no such kaleidoscope as the human mind. Light and shadow pass over us, and communicate their lustres or their glooms. Facts give us a turn up or down, and the images of our brain present new and ever new arrangements. But in all this change there is no mere chance, far less confusion; every movement depends on a fixed principle. Perhaps there have been few men in whom circumstances, circumstances of physical organization, of life, and education, cherished and made habitual so many varied moods as in Lord Byron. Thrown at a very early age into the bosom of a beautiful and solitary nature, he imbibed a profound and sincere love of nature and solitude. Sent early to public schools to battle his way amongst boys of his own age, and with a personal defect which often subjected him to raillery, his native spirit made him bristle up and show fight, as he did afterwards with his reviewers. Raised to rank and wealth, and, spite of his crooked foot, endowed with, in all other respects, a very fine person, he was led to plunge into the dissipations of young men of his class, and he thus acquired a tone of libertinism that ever afterwards, under the same circumstances, was sure to show itself. Led by his quick sense of right and wrong, and by his shrewd insight into character, to despise priestcraft and political despotism, and spurred on by the spirit of the time, especially abroad where he travelled, he imbibed a spirit of scepticism and radicalism as principles. From these causes he soon began to exhibit the most opposite phases of character. In solitude and nature he was religious in his tone—in society a scoffer; in solitude he was pensive, and even sentimental—in society he was convivial, fond of practical jokes, satirical. He wrote like a radical, and spoke like an aristocrat. In him Childe Harold and Don Juan, the sublime and the ludicrous, the noble and the mean, the sarcastic and the tender, the voluptuous and beautifully spiritual, the pious and the impious, were all embodied. He was all these by turns, and in all, for the moment, most sincere. Like an instrument of many strings, each had its peculiar tone, and answered faithfully to the external impulse. Multifarious as were his moods, you might in any given circumstances have predicated which of these would prevail. There would be no sensuality in the face of the Alps, there would be no sublimity in the city saloon. If he had to speak in the House of Lords, his speech by the spirit of antagonism would assuredly be radical; did he come in contact with the actual mob, he would case himself in the hauteur of the aristocrat. With Nature he was ashamed of men and his doings and sayings amongst them, with men he was ashamed of nature and poetry. He would laugh at his own flights of sentiment. He was a many-sided monster, showing now sublime and now grotesque, but with a feeling in the depths of his soul that he ought to be something greater than he was or dared to be.

To go back, however, from his character to himself. Aberdeen presented to the boy ample food for two of his propensities, those towards the enjoyment of nature and society. The country round, though not sublime, is beautiful. The sea is at hand, an ever grand and stirring object. The Dee comes winding from the mountains of the west through a vale of great loveliness, the Don from the north through scenes perhaps still more striking. There is an air of antiquity about the town, with its old churches, colleges, and towers, that is peculiarly pleasing; and the country has likewise a primitive look that wins at once on the spectator. To a traveller from the south, the approach to it by sea is very striking—I do not mean the immediate approach, for this is flat, but the coast voyage out from Edinburgh. The whole coast is bleak, yet green, and presenting to the sea bold and time-worn rocks. For a considerable part of the way they appear to be of red sandstone, and are therefore scooped out into the boldest caves, hollows, and promontories imaginable. Here and there are deep, dark caverns, into which the sea rushes as into its own peculiar dens; in other places it has cut out arches and doorways through insulated rocks, and you see the light through them displaying other rocks behind. One of these is noted for presenting, by effect of light behind it, the appearance of a lady in white, standing at the mouth of a cave, and beckoning with her hand. As you skim along the coasts of Fife, Forfar, Kincardine, and Aberdeen, these rocks and caverns present ever-new forms, while all the country above them is now green, smiling, and cultured, though formerly it must have been savage indeed, giving rise to strange superstitions and legends. Bleak little towns ever and anon stretch along the shore; though green, the country is very bare of trees. Dundee, Arbroath, Montrose, are good large towns; and there are the ruins of Arbroath Abbey and Dunnottar Castle, with others of less note. Dunnottar cannot be passed without thinking of Old Mortality, whom Scott found in the churchyard there, restoring the inscriptions on the gravestones of the Covenanters; nor can Uri, an old-fashioned house on the bare uplands above Stonehaven, as the abode of Barclay, the writer of the celebrated Apology for Quakerism, and in our day for that of his pedestrian descendant, Captain Barclay. How singular are the reflections which arise on human life and its combinations when gazing on such a place as this! What should induce a man at one time to go forth from a remote scene and solitary old house like this, to mingle with the ferment of the times—to become an active apostle of Quakerism, and the expositor of its faith; and another, nearly two centuries afterwards, to march out of the same house down into England, not for an exhibition of Quakerism, but of Pedestrianism—not of *reasoning* but of *walking* powers? Why should that house, just that house and its family, be destined to produce great Quakers, ending in great walkers and great brewers? How often in my boyhood had I read Barclay's preface to his Apology, dated from "Uri in Scotland, the Place of my Pilgrimage," and addressed to King Charles II, by "Robert Barclay, the servant of Jesus Christ, called by God to a dispensation of the Gospel revealed anew in this our age," &c. And there it stood, high, bare, and solitary, eliciting the oddest compound ideas of "hops and heresy," according to the phrase of a clergyman of the time, or rather of Quakerism, London porter, and walking matches against time!

Beyond this, the coast becomes more and more what is called iron-bound, and the rocks—probably of trap, or whinstone—as you advance northward stand up in the sea, black and curdled as it were, and worn into caverns and perpendicular indentures, exactly as you see them in Bewick's wood-cuts. Stepping then on land at Aberdeen, how agreeable is the change! The city, built of a grey and lustrous granite, has a look of cleanness and neatness almost inconceivable. Since the days of Byron's boyhood, great must have been the changes. The main streets are all evidently new; and on advancing into Union-street, the great street which traverses almost the whole length of the city, a mile in length, and seventy feet wide, you are struck with a pleasant surprise. The width and extent, the handsome yet plain buildings of clean granite, and the fine public buildings visible in different directions, are far more than you expected in a town so far north.* On the river you see an imposing assemblage of ships; you find the Marischal College now built in a very graceful style; and a market-house, I suppose, in extent, convenience of arrangement, and supply, inferior to none in the kingdom. The olden streets, such as were in existence in Byron's time, are much more like what you would have looked for—of a narrower and more ordinary character.

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* In the centre of the town is erected a granite statue of the late Duke of Gordon. Seeing a decent looking man near it, I asked him if he could tell me who executed that figure. "Sir!" replied the honest Aberdonian, with unfeigned surprise, "he never was *executed* at all. It is the Duke of Gordon!"

About a mile to the north of the new town lies Old Aberdeen. In advancing towards it you become every moment more aware of its far greater antiquity. It looks as if it had a fixed attachment to the past, and had refused to move. There is a quietness, a stationariness about it. One old house or villa after another stands in its garden or court, as it has done for centuries. The country about has an old Saxon look. It carried me away into Germany, with its unfenced fields of corn and potatoes; villages seen in the distance, also unfenced, but with a few trees clustered about them; and the country naked, except for its corn. To the right lay the sea, to the left this open country; and on before arose, one beyond the other, tower and spire of an antique character, as of a very ancient city. Presently I came to the college—King's College, with the royal crown of Scotland surmounting its tower, in fine and ample dimensions, and its courts and corridors seen through the ancient gateway. Then, on the other hand, the equally antique gateway to the park of Mr Powis Leslie, with its two tall round towers of most ancient fashion, with galleries and spires surmounted with crescents. Then, onwards, the ancient, massy cathedral, with its two stone spires, and tall western window of numerous narrow windowlets, and ponderous walls running along the roadside, with a coping of a yard high, and stuccoed. Everything had a heavy, ancient, and German character. I could have imagined myself in Saxony or Franconia; and, to augment the illusion, a woman at a cottage door, inquiring the time of day, received the answer, "half twa," as near as possible "half two" in Plat-deutsch. Still further to increase the illusion, the people talked of the bridge as "she." Truly, the repose of centuries and the fashion of a far-gone time, so far as relates to our country lay over the whole place.

I had now to inquire my way to the brig of Balgounie, a spot which makes a conspicuous figure in Byron's boyish history. "The brig of Don," says he himself in a note in Don Juan, Canto X. p. 309, "near the 'auld town' of Aberdeen, with its one arch, and its black deep salmon stream, is in my memory as yesterday. I still remember, though perhaps I may misquote, the awful proverb which made me pause to cross it, and yet lean over it with a childish delight, being an only son, at least by the mother's side. The saying as recollected by me was this, but I have never heard or seen it since I was nine years of age:—

> 'Brig of Balgounie, wight (strong) is thy wa',
> Wi' a wife's ae son on a mare's ae foal,
> Down shalt thou fa'.'"

How accurate was his recollection of this old bridge; a proof of the delight with which he had enjoyed this scenery. We are told that on holiday afternoons he would get down to the sea-side and find great amusement there. Here was the sea just below; and it will be seen that the whole way that he had to come from New Aberdeen was full of a spirit and an aspect to fall deep into the heart of an embryo poet. There is a new and direct way now from the city nearer to the sea, and from the new bridge of Don the view of the old bridge is very picturesque. It is one tall grey pointed arch, with cottages about it on both sides on the high banks of the Don, and mills, with masses of trees. On the low ground below the bridge at the left-hand end stands a white house, and little fishermen's huts or sheds scattered here and there. On the other bank of the river the ground is high and knolly. Clumps of trees seem to close in upon the bridge, and behind and above them is a little group of fishermen's houses called the huts of Balgounie. Below the bridge the river widens out into a broad expanse, and between high, broomy banks, comes down to the new bridge and thence to the sea meadows, where the white billows are seen chasing each other at its mouth. Above the bridge the river is dark and deep, and the high banks are overhung with wood. The valley of the Don above is very picturesque with woods and rocks, and is enlivened with mills and factories.

The view from the bridge itself down into the river is striking. I suppose it must be forty or fifty feet from its centre to the water, yet a man living close by told me that he once saw a sailor leap from it for a wager. The bridge is remarkably strongly built. It is said to have been built in the time of Bruce, yet it has by no means a very ancient look, and being of solid granite is not very likely to fulfil the prophecy of its fall. Yet Mr. Chambers, in his "Picture of Scotland," says this superstition has not always been confined to children, for our late Earl of Aberdeen, who was an only son, and rode a favourite horse, which was "a mare's ae foal," always dismounted on approaching this bridge, and used to have his horse led over at a little distance after him. The people near do not now seem to partake of it. "Fall!" say they, "ay, when the rocks on which it is based fall!" It is, in fact, like a solid piece of rock itself; and is in possession of funds left in 1605, by Sir Alexander Hay, which though then only producing five and forty shillings a year, have so accumulated that they are not only amply sufficient to maintain it in repair, but have built the new brig. At each end of the bridge you see several large iron rings in the wall. These, I was told, were to secure ropes or chains to, from which to suspend scaffolding for the repair of the bridge on the outside. Every care is thus taken of it. "She is verra rich, is the auld brig," said the man before mentioned. "She has been verra useful in her time, for before the new brig was built, she was the only means of getting to the north country—there was no fording the river. And the new brig has been built wi' her money, ay every sixpence of it, gran brig as the new ane is with her five granite arches; and the auld brig gives 100*l*. a-year to take care of her too. But she's verra well off in the world yet, for all that, she has plenty left for herself." Thus do they talk of the auld brig as if she were a wealthy old lady. If, however, any one should pay her a visit from New Aberdeen, I would counsel him to go by the old road for its picturesque effect, but to be careful to inquire the road in Old Aberdeen down to the brig, for it is particularly obscure. They must ask too for "The auld brig o' Don," for the name of the brig of Balgounie seems known to few of the younger generation.

In New Aberdeen, the admirer of Lord Byron will also naturally seek to take a glance at the different houses in which he lived as a child with his mother. These are in Queen-street, one at nearly each end of the street; one at the house in Broad-street, then occupied by Mr. Leslie, father of the present surgeon of that name; and one in Virginia-street, not far from the docks. The visitor will not be surprised to find that these are but ordinary houses in ordinary streets in general, when he recollects that Mrs. Byron was then reduced by the matrimonial robbery of her husband to an income of 123*l.* a year, and that her effects, that is, the furniture of the lodgings, &c., when sold on her setting out with her boy for England, amounted only to 74*l.* 17*s.* 7*d.* In these houses she was merely a lodger. The best situation which she occupied was in Mr. Leslie's house in Broad-street, over a shop. All these places are still well known. The schools to which Byron went in Aberdeen are also objects of interest. That in Long-acre, kept by a Mr. Bower, whom he calls *Bodsy* Bower, a name, he says, given him on account of his dapperness, was a common day-school, where little boys and girls were sent principally to be out of the way at home. This school has long been closed. The next school to which he went, and where he continued to go till he left Aberdeen, was the grammar school. This, of course, remains, and though it has been considerably enlarged since Byron was there, the room in which he studied continues exactly as it was at that time. It is an ordinary school-room, with benches and desks cut deep with hundreds of names, and hundreds of other names printed and written over them with ink, and the walls adorned in the like style, as well as with grotesque figures drawn with the pens of schoolboys. Amidst this multitude of names, the Rev. Dr. Melvin, the master at the time of my visit, assured me that diligent search had been made to discover that of Byron, but in vain. There are many of his old schoolfellows still living in the place, and all seem to recollect him as "a mischievous urchin." It must, however, be recollected that Byron was little more than ten years of age when he left Aberdeen, and that was then forty-seven years ago.

The place to which perhaps still more interest will attach, connected with the poet's boyhood in this part of the country, is Ballater, where his mother was advised to take him on recovering from the scarlet fever, in 1796. It would appear as if Mrs. Byron, as well as her child, was so delighted with the residence there, as to return thither the two following summers. These are all the opportunities there could possibly be, for they left for England in the autumn of 1798, on the death of the old Lord Byron. They were the summer residences here, however, that awoke the poetic feeling in him. He was here in the midst of the most beautiful mountain scenery, and so intensely did it operate upon him, that through his whole life he looked back to his abode here as the most delicious period in his memory.

The vale of the Dee, or the Dee-side, as they call it, all the way from Aberdeen, a distance of forty miles, is fine; beautifully wooded by places, the hills as you advance, become more and more striking. You pass the castle of Drum, one of the oldest inhabited castles in Scotland; a seat of the Burnets, of Bishop Burnet's line, finely situated on the right hand on rising ground, and various other interesting places. But it is as you approach Ballater that the scenery becomes most striking. It becomes truly Highland. The hills get lofty, bare, grey, and freckled. They are, in fact, bare and tempest-tinted granite, having an air of majestic desolation. Some rise peaked and splintered, and their sides covered with *débris*, yet, as it were, bristled with black and sharp-looking pine forests. Some of the hills run along the side of the Dee, covered with these woods, exactly as the steep Black Forest hills are in the neighbourhood of Wildbad.

As you approach Ballater, the valley expands. You see a breadth of green meadow, and a neat white village stretching across it, and its church lifting its spire into the clear air, while the mountains sweep round in a fine chain of peaked hills, and close it in. All up Dee-side there is well-cultivated land, but, with the exception of this meadow, on which Ballater stands, all is now hill, dark forest, and moorland; while below, on the banks of the winding and rapid Dee, birch woods present themselves in that peculiar beauty so truly belonging to the Highlands. On your right first looks out the dark height of Culbleen, mentioned by Byron in his earlier poems:—

> "When I see some dark hill point its crest to the sky,
> I think of the rocks that o'ershadow Culbleen;"

then "Morven, streaked with snow;" and Loch-na-garr lifts himself long and lofty over the lower chains that close the valley beyond Ballater.

Ballater, though a neat village now, did not exist when Byron was here. There were a few cottages for the use of visitors, near the other side of the present bridge, but those who came to drink the waters, generally located themselves in farm-houses as near as they could to "the wells," which are two miles down the opposite bank of the Dee. Mrs. Byron chose her summer residence in one of the most thoroughly secluded and out-of-the-world spots which it was possible to find, perhaps, in the whole island. It lies four miles below Ballater, on the same side of the river as the spring, that is, two miles beyond "the wells" as they call them, some chalybeate springs which issue from the hills, and which now bring many people to Ballater in summer. You proceed to them along the feet of the hills, and at the feet also of a dark pine wood. The river is below you; above you are these mountain forests, and the way lies sometimes through the wood. Under beeches, which shade the way, there are benches set at intervals, so that a more charming walk, with the noble mountain views opposite to you, cannot well be conceived. At about two miles on the road, after passing under stupendous dark cliffs that show themselves above the craggy and steep forest, you find a couple of rows of houses, and here are the waters issuing out of pipes into stone basins. Going still forwards, you come out upon the wild moorlands. Above you, on the right hand, rise the desolate hills; below, on the left, wanders on the Dee, amid its birch woods; and the valley is one of those scenes of chaotic beauty, which perhaps the Highlands only show. It is a sea of heath-clad little hills, sprinkled with the light green birch-trees, and here and there a dark Scotch fir. It is a fairy land of purple beauty, such as seems to belong to old romance, and where the people of old romance might be met without wonder. And through all goes the sound of the river like a distant ocean. Those who have been in the Highlands know and recollect such scenes, so carpeted with the crimson heather, so beautified with the light-hued fairy birch woods. Still the way leads on till you come down to the Dee, where it makes a wide and splendid sweep deep below the bank on which you are, and then you wonder where can be Bellatrich, the house you seek, for you see no house at all! In the birch wood, however, you now discern one white cottage, and that must be it. No! To that cottage I went, and out came a woman with spectacles on and her Bible open in her hand. I asked if she could tell me where Bellatrich was, and I expected her to say—"Here!" but she replied in a low, quiet voice—"I will show you, for it is not easy to find." And so on we went for another quarter of a mile; when coming to a little hidden valley running at right angles from the river up into the moorlands, she showed me a smoke rising above the trees, and told me there I should find the house.

And here was the place to which Byron's mother used to *retire* in the summer months from Aberdeen with her boy. The valley is divided by a wild brook hidden among green alders, and its slopes are hung with the native birch and a few oaks. At the upper end stands a farm-house, but this is new; and the farmer, to show me the house in which Byron lived, took me into his farm yard. The house Mrs. Byron inhabited is now a barn, or sort of hayloft rather, in his yard. It was exactly one of the one-storied, long Highland huts, and is now included in the quadrangle of his farm-yard; but the bed in which Byron used to lie is still there. It is one of the deal cupboard sort of beds that are common in Highland huts. There it stands amongst the straw. The farmer says many people come to see the place, and several have tried to buy the bed from him, but that he should think it quite a shame to sell it.

Imagine, then, Mrs. Byron living here half a century ago, and Byron a boy of about ten years of age; soon after which he left for England to be converted out of a poor Highland boy into a lord. There was probably another hut or so near, as there is now, but that was all. The house they lived in was but a hut itself. There was no Ballater then. That has sprung up under the management of Mr. Farquharson, the laird of Ballater. There was only the water issuing from the moorland rocks, and no house at it, but those few huts near Ballater bridge, where Lords Panmure and Kennedy, and some of their jovial companions, notorious up here, used to come and to drink the waters, in order to remedy their drinking too much whisky. There was no carriage road then. There was no cultivated meadow. All was moorland, and woods, and wild mountains. There was a rude road at the margin of the river, but so stony that no carriage could exist upon it. Nay, the present farmer says, that when he came to live here, there was no road into this little hidden valley. There was no bridge over the brook, but they went through amid the great stones, and that without taking any trouble to put them aside. There was no garden, and there was no field. Around rose, as they do now, dark moorland mountains, and the little black-faced sheep, and the black cattle roamed over the boggy, heathery, and birch scattered valley, as they do still, except within the little circle of cultivation that the present tenant has made.

What a place for a civilized woman and her only son! How he got so far around as he did is to me a miracle. He advanced up the valley quite to Braemar, and there was no carriage road thither! There was no turnpike road from Aberdeen further than to Banchory, half way to Ballater, fifty-six years ago, and that then made was the first turnpike road in Aberdeenshire. So a gentleman of Aberdeen assured me. Farther, all was a mere track, in which a horse could go. Yet the boy Byron, with his lame feet, and very lame he was, according to those who knew him, and plenty of such remain, rambled all about this wild region. The passion with which he traversed those scenes is expressed in his poem to Mary Duff, the equally beloved object of his boyish heart.

"When I roved a young Highlander on the dark heath,
And climbed thy steep summit, oh Morven! of snow,
To gaze on the torrent that thundered beneath,
Or the mist of the tempest that gathered below;
Untutored by science, a stranger to fear,
And rude as the rocks where my infancy grew,
No feeling, save one, to my bosom was dear,
Need I say, my sweet Mary, 'twas centred in you?

"Yet it could not be love, for I knew not the name.—
What passion can dwell in the heart of a child?
But still I perceive an emotion the same
As I felt, when a boy in the crag-covered wild.
One image alone on my bosom impressed,
I loved my bleak regions, nor panted for new;
And few were my wants, for my wishes were blessed,
And pure were my thoughts, for my soul was with you.

"I arose with the dawn; with my dog as my guide,
From mountain to mountain I bounded along;
I breasted the billows of Dee's rushing tide,
And heard at a distance the Highlander's song," &c.

That he was intensely happy here the poetry and memories of his whole life testify. That he must have strolled far and wide, and, as he says, with his dog for his guide, is no doubt true; but, lame as he was, it appears little less than miraculous. "I mind him weel," said a shepherd still living in the valley near the farm: "He was just such a boy as yon," pointing to a boy of eleven or twelve;

"and used to play about wi' us here. His feet were *both* turned in, and he used to lift one over the other as he walked; and when he ran he would sometimes catch one against the other, and tumble over neck and heels. We heard that in England he had got his feet straightened."

How such a boy could get about there, over the rough heath and up the distant mountains, is strange enough. We do not hear that he had any pony, and there was only his mother or the maid to accompany him. Mrs. Byron, by all accounts, was not well-fitted for much walking, far less climbing up hills; yet it is quite certain that he rambled far and wide, and, it is most probable, alone. Loch-na-garr, Morven, and Culbleen, are the grand features of the mountain scenery, and it is evident that the wild and beautiful solitudes of the Dee-side, and the mountains around, had made a deep and indelible impression on his imagination. It is just the scenery to awake the poet, where the soul and the organization of the poet exist. The deep solitude; the stern mountains, with all their changes of storm and sunshine—now blazing and burning out in all the brightness of a clear sun, now softly beaming beneath the slanting light of evening, and now black as midnight beneath a gloomy sky, looking awfully forth from their sable and yet transparent veil of shadow. These, and the sound of waters, and the mild beauty of the low, heath-clad hills and soft glens, where the birch hangs its weeping and fragrant branches over the lovely harebell and the secret nest of the grouse, were the imagery which surrounded the boy Byron during the summer months; and the boy "was father to the man," seeking out ever afterwards, from land to land, all that was lovely and sublime in nature.

But he was now called upon to say—

'Adieu, then, ye hills, where my childhood was bred,
Thou sweet flowing Dee, to thy waters adieu!"

and the scene changed to England; solitude to cities; poverty to fortune; and the nameless obscurity of the juvenile mountain wanderer to title and unimagined fame.

Before, however, quitting this favourite scene of the early life of Byron, which he never again visited, I must notice it under the aspect which it happened to present to me from the particular time of my arrival. It was on the 18th of August, just one week after the commencement of the grouse-shooting season, and every inn on the road was crowded with sportsmen and their servants. Lord Castlereagh, on his way to his shooting ground in Braemar, was my next neighbour on the mail from Aberdeen; and his wide acquaintance with the sports of various countries, the *capercailzie* and bear-shooting of the north of Europe, in particular of Russia, made his descriptions of them, as well as of the deer-shooting of Braemar—his particular sport—very interesting. But the weather of that wet summer was at this time outrageously rainy, and from every wayside inn the lugubrious faces of sportsmen were visible. As we drew up at the village of Banchory, the door was thronged with livery servants, and a gentleman at an open upper window, eyeing anxiously the showery clouds hanging upon the hills, caught sight of Lord Castlereagh, and called out, in a tone of momentary animation quickly relapsing into melancholy,—"Ha! Cass! are you there? Here I have been these four days, and nothing but this confounded rain. Not a foot have I yet been able to set upon the heath. There are six of us."

"Who is that who addresses you so familiarly?"

"Oh! it is Sir John Guest!" Poor Sir John! What a purgatory!

On went the coach. At Ballater, again, the door was thronged with livery servants; the rain was falling in torrents; there were nine shooting gentlemen in the house, not one of whom could stir out. After taking luncheon, Lord Castlereagh went with the mail to Braemar, and I, with expanded umbrella, issued forth to explore the neighbourhood as well as I might, but was speedily driven back again by the deluging rains, which made every highway an actual river. The next day was Sunday, and the sun rose with a beauty and warmth which seemed to say—"Gentlemen sportsmen, you shall at least have fair weather for church." A more glorious day never was sent down over mountain and moorland; and few are the scenes on which fine summer weather confers a greater beauty than on those around Ballater. Along these pleasant valleys the country people, all health and animation, in cordial conversation streamed along to and from church. I climbed the dark moorland hills, where the wild flocks scudded away at the presence of a stranger, and the grouse rose up in whole coveys, with a startling whirr and strange cries, and gazed down into the vales on the most lovely little homesteads, on their crimson heathery knolls, amid their beautiful little woodlands of birch. Above arose on every side the solemn and dreary bulks of Loch-na-garr, Morven, and Culbleen. It was a day and a scene amongst a thousand. Night fell; morning again rose—Monday morning! Hundreds of anxious sportsmen throughout the Highlands, and thousands of their anxious attendants, eager for the hills—

> "And the rain fell as though the world would drown!"

When I looked out of my bedroom window, there were men and boys standing in front of the inn, casting dreary looks at the ragged and low-sweeping curtains of clouds that shrouded every hill, and then longing looks at the windows, if the slightest possible breaks in those clouds occurred, hoping to be called and engaged as guides and game-carriers on the hills. Keepers were walking about, and bringing bags of shot in. Men and boys, already looking wet and dirty, as if they had tramped with their strong shoes some distance out of the country to come hither, asked them if they thought it would take up; and they cast knowing looks at the clouds and shook their heads. But anon! as if in very desperation, there were dogs let loose, which ran helter skelter over the bridge towards the hills, full of eager life for the sport; and gigs full of gentlemen, three or four together, packed close, in white hats, or glazed and turned-up wide-awakes, and thick shooting-jackets, close buttoned up, with their guns erect at their sides, setting off for their shooting grounds. They were determined to be at their stations, perhaps some ten miles off, and take the chance of a change in the weather. Good luck to them!

I took my way back again to Aberdeen; and lo! at Banchory, the inn-door still crowded with livery servants, and poor Sir John Guest still seated at the selfsame window, with long and melancholy face, watching the clouds! Truly the sporting, not less than the Christian life, has its crosses and its mortifications.

Lord Byron's first journey into England was with his mother, to see his ancestral abode—his abbey and estate of Newstead. It was a considerable step from the rooms over the shop at Aberdeen, or the little hut at Bellatrich, with 123*l.* a-year. But yet for a lord it was no very magnificent subject of contemplation. The estate had been dreadfully denuded of wood, and showed a sandy nakedness of meagre land, the rental of a great part of which would be high at ten shillings an acre. The old abbey was dilapidated, and menacing in various places to tumble in. The gardens were a wilderness of neglect.

> "Through thy battlements, Newstead, the hollow winds whistle;
> Thou, the hall of my fathers, art gone to decay;
> In thy once smiling garden, the hemlock and thistle
> Have choked up the rose which late bloomed in the way."

The place was, after a time, leased to Lord Grey de Ruthyn, who let ruin take its course, as the old lord had done. When the old lord died, the host of crickets which he had fed are said to have taken immediate flight, issuing forth in such a train that the servants could scarcely move without treading on them. When Lord Grey's lease was out, he and his hounds took their flight in like manner; but this was some years afterwards, and for the present Mrs. Byron betook herself to Nottingham, and placed her son under the care of Mr. Rogers, the principal schoolmaster there, and under that of a quack, one Lavender, to straighten his feet. Thence they removed to London, where they resided in Sloane-terrace, and Byron was sent to Dr. Glennie's school at Dulwich. Thence he was removed to Harrow; and during the years he spent there Mrs. Byron went to reside again at Nottingham, and afterwards at Southwell, with occasional visits to Bath and Cheltenham. Harrow and Cambridge were, of course, for the chief part of the years of his minority, his proper homes, but the vacations were chiefly spent at Southwell, with frequent visits to Newstead and Annesley. Before his minority, however, expired, Lord Grey de Ruthyn had quitted Newstead, leaving it in a deplorable state of dilapidation, and Lord Byron incurred great expense in repairing the abbey, much indeed beyond the reach of his resources. His income was small, for the best part of his ancestral property had been sold by the late lord, especially the Rochdale estate, which was afterwards recovered. The allowance for his education was all that he could claim from his trustees, and his mother's small income was eked out by a pension of 300*l.* per annum.

The debts incurred by him for the repairs of Newstead not being legally recoverable, as they were incurred by a minor, remained for years unpaid; and the importunity of his creditors was one of the strongest motives for his early travelling abroad. The failure of his hope of marrying Miss Chaworth, and adding her estate, which adjoined his own, to Newstead, was, both in affection and in point of fortune, a severe blow. His embarrassments finally compelled him to sell Newstead, and to make a *mariage de convenance*, which, to a person of his peculiar temperament, habits, and opinions, was certain to result in trouble and disunion. From these causes his life became unsettled and embittered; and scarcely had he reached the period at which his fame ought to have made his native land the proudest and happiest of all lands to him, when he abandoned it for ever, and

"In the wilds
Of fiery climes he made himself a home,
And his soul drank their sunbeams: he was girt
With strange and dusky aspects: he was not
Himself like what he had been: on the sea
And on the shore he was a wanderer."—*The Dream*, vol. x. p. 249.

Of Newstead and Annesley I have given a particular account in the Rural Life of England. To those I must refer, and have only to add that, in the hands of Lord Byron's old schoolfellow Colonel Wildman, Newstead is restored and maintained as all lovers of English genius would wish it to be, and is ever open to their survey. Since that account, too, the old hall of Annesley has undergone a renovation, and the scene of melancholy desertion and decay there described, exists now only in the volume which recorded it. In the present paper Southwell and Harrow will chiefly demand our attention.

Southwell, during the period of his Harrow school life, became a most favourite resort of his. His mother had settled down there. Body and mind were now in progress of expansion towards manhood. His relish for society, his love of fame, and his love of poetry, were every day more and more developing themselves. But his world yet was only the school world. He was shy in general society. Here, however, he formed a group of friends of superior taste and education, in whose quiet little circle he became speedily at home; and for a time into this circle he seemed to throw himself, with all his heart and youthful enthusiasm. The Pigotts, the Beechers, the Leacrofts, &c. were his friends. Here he used to spend his summer vacations; here it seems he spent nearly the whole of one year. His dogs, his horses, firing at marks, swimming, and private theatricals, were his amusements, and for a time Southwell was his world. The Pigotts were his great friends, and there he went in and out, spent his evenings or spent his days, to his great contentment. A wider and a gayer world had not yet opened upon him, and for a season Southwell and his friends there were everything to him. Of course, in this little circle he was the great hero; it is not often that a little cathedral town can catch a live lord: nothing could be done without him! every flattering attention awaited him; and for a time he was not enough conversant with the great world, for the little one of Southwell to be spoiled to him. Hence he made occasional visits to Newstead and Annesley, with whose heiress he had fallen deeply in love. Here he began to cultivate more sedulously the composition of poetry, in which he was warmly encouraged by his most intimate friends, the Pigotts and Mr. Beecher,—all persons of very refined taste,—and here, eventually, he put his first volume to press, with Ridge, a printer at Newark. It was from Southwell that he made an excursion to Scarborough with his young friend Mr., since Dr. Pigott, and was much smitten with a fair quakeress, to whom he addressed the verses published in his Hours of Idleness. But he had not been long at Cambridge, and seen something too of London, before the charm of Southwell had vanished, and we find him protesting that he hated Southwell. "Oh! Southwell, Southwell, how I rejoice to have left thee; and how I curse the heavy hours I dragged along, for so many months, among the Mohawks who inhabit your kraals!" During the time that he spent there, his hours certainly did not drag very heavily. It was only on looking back from a gay scene that they appeared so to him. No one who now visits that quiet little town will be surprised that a scene so still, though so naturally pleasant, could not long hold a spirit of so restless a caste. For, by his own experience,

"Quiet to quick spirits is a hell."

Most of his old friends had long left the place at the time of my visit; Dr. Pigott to practise at Nottingham: others were dead. Miss Pigott still lived in the house which her society and music made so agreeable to him. Mr. Beecher, too, was still living, and had not lived without setting the stamp of his mind on the age. To him and another clergyman we are, in fact, indebted for the experiments on which Lord Brougham based the New Poor Law. That, however, is not the reason of his name appearing here; here he is interesting as the early friend of Lord Byron, whose influence was so great with him as to induce him to commit his first volume to the flames.

It was in the summer of 1845 that I paid the visit already mentioned to Southwell. The day, for a wonder, was fine; for a more rainy or cold June never passed. The little town looked very pleasant in its quietness. Every one knows how a cathedral town does look; all asleep in the sunshine, if sunshine there be. A few shops, that seem to be expecting customers some time; a large inn, that must, too, have visitors sometimes, or it could not exist; a number of pleasant villas in their pleasant gardens, full of roses, and green plots not shaven quite so close as in greater and smarter places, amid a great deal of greenness everywhere in gardens, crofts, and meadows; the old minster standing aloft, in venerable and profoundly silent majesty, in its ample green burial-ground.

The minster at Southwell is fine, and presents specimens of various architecture, from the ancient Saxon to the Perpendicular. All is in perfect taste, according to the time in which the work was done, and is kept in excellent preservation. The inside is particularly neat;

and the reading-desk is a brass eagle, which, having been found at the bottom of the lake at Newstead, where it is supposed to have been thrown, at the dissolution of the abbey, by the monks, would be an object on which Lord Byron would look with great interest. It contained writings connected with the estate, which the angry monks might wish to destroy.

We looked into the ruins of the old palace, adjoining the minster-yard, where Cardinal Wolsey was entertained on his last journey to York, and found ourselves in a lovely garden, the walls of which were the grey and irregular ruins of this ancient fabric; and the house, running along one side of it, evidently, though old, built partly out of its material. Every one knows how charming such an old house looks;—its low range, its irregular windows, its front partly overhung with roses, jasmines, and figs; the open porch, and the peeps of goodly pictures, or rather the frames of the pictures, rich curtains, and furniture,—the attributes of wealth; and the green-sward of the court-garden, filling with its velvet the area between the old and rugged walls.

Under the obliging guidance of Dr. Calvert, I went round to see the people with whom Byron used to associate. Unfortunately, Miss Pigott was in London; we had a glimpse of her entrance-hall, and that was all. The house is one of those old-fashioned, rather darkish houses, that one sees in such places; and in the hall were heaps of busts, apparently phrenological specimens.

We went then to the house where Byron's mother lived. It is at the opposite end of the town, or village. It is called Burgage Manor, and stands on the top of a sloping green, called Burgage Green, and at the back looking over a pleasant stretch of country toward Farnsfield. The house is a good, large, and cheerful abode; but has it seems, been considerably enlarged since Mrs. Byron lived in it; in fact, another half built to it in front. Unluckily, the lady who now inhabits it was absent too; so that we could learn nothing particular about it. It was undergoing painting, and we entered it, and walked about the lower rooms, which are good modern rooms. The hall has a number of middling portraits, apparently belonging to the lady's family: a Mary Childers; a lady of the name of Mace; a Rev. Jackson, without a John or Thomas to his name, just thus—"Rev. Jackson," a sandy-haired schoolmaster-looking man, leaning on his elbow, and apparently trying to look very full of calculation. One picture was very funny; it was that of a little girl of about five or six years old, in a loose dress, and her hair arranged in a very wiggish fashion, with three ostrich feathers. She occupied the centre of the picture, and stood facing you, and on each hand a white rabbit was partly rearing up and looking at her; and under the figures stood the names—MARY BOOTH, MARY LAW, and MARY BECHER. You would imagine that two of the names were the names of the rabbits; but, in fact, they are all her own names, she having, in after years, been twice married.

In this mansion Byron probably wrote many of the poems in his Hours of Idleness, but not the English Bards and Scotch Reviewers, which the good lady of the house claims to have been written there, "every line of them." He never saw the attack of the Edinburgh Review till he had entirely left Southwell. The house where Byron used to join in private theatricals, that of Mr. Leacroft, was then occupied by a Mrs. Heathcote.

In going from one place to another, we went round by the Greet, the stream in which Byron used to bathe, and where he dived for a lady's thimble, which he took from her work-box and threw in. The Greet is a mere brook, and for the most part so shallow that a man would much sooner crack his skull in it than dive very deep, unless it were above the mill, where the water is dammed up, or just below the mill-wheel by the bridge, but that is too public, being in the high road. Such is Southwell, in Nottinghamshire, which will always be livingly associated with one of the happiest periods of the life of Lord Byron.

Harrow being so near the metropolis, will naturally draw many visitors, as another of the happiest scenes of Byron's youthful life. Here he represents himself to have been eminently happy; and always looked back to this period of his youth with particular affection. The schoolroom where he studied, the tomb where he used to sit in the churchyard, and the spot where his natural daughter, Allegra, is buried, will always excite a lively interest. This tomb is still called by the boys at Harrow, "Byron's tomb;" and its identity is very accurately fixed by himself in a letter to Mr. Murray, when giving direction for the interment of his daughter. "There is a spot in the churchyard, near the footpath, on the brow of the hill looking towards Windsor, and a tomb, under a large tree, bearing the name of Peachie or Peachy, where I used to sit for hours and hours when a boy. This was my favourite spot; but as I wish to erect a tablet to her memory, the body had better be deposited in the church. Near the door on the left hand as you enter, there is a monument, with a tablet containing these words:—

'When Sorrow weeps o'er Virtue's sacred dust,
Our tears become us, and our grief is just:
Such were the tears she shed, who grateful pays
This last sad tribute of her love and praise.'

I recollect them after seventeen years, not from anything remarkable in them, but because, from my seat in the gallery, I had generally my eyes turned towards that monument. As near as convenient I could wish Allegra to be buried, and on the wall a marble tablet placed, with these words:—

In Memory of
Allegra,
Daughter of G. G. Lord Byron,
Who died at Bagna Cavallo,
In Italy, April 20th, 1822,
Aged five years and three months.
'I shall go to her, but she shall not return to me.'
2 Samuel xii. 23."

These are interesting landmarks to the visitor, who will find the path to the tomb beneath the large elm well tracked, and the view there over the far stretching country, such as well might draw the musing eyes of the young poet. Captain Medwin says he saw the name of Byron "carved at Harrow, in three places, in very large characters—a presentiment of his future fame, or a pledge of his ambition to acquire it." The play-ground and cricket-ground will also be visited with equal interest. There we see a new and eager generation of fine lads at play, and then have a lively idea of what Byron and his cotemporaries were in their time. No one was a more thorough schoolboy, in all the enjoyment of play and youthful pranks, than Lord Byron, as he himself in verses addressed to one of his school-comrades shows us, and as all his schoolfellows testify of him.

> "Yet when confinement's lingering hour was done,
> Our sports, our studies, and our souls were one:
> Together we impelled the flying ball,
> Together waited in our tutor's hall;
> Together joined in cricket's manly toil,
> Or shared the produce of the river's spoil;
> Or plunging from the green declining shore,
> Our pliant limbs the buoyant billows bore:
> In every element, unchanged, the same,
> All, all that brothers should be, but the name."

But the whole of this poem, called Childish Recollections, published in the Hours of Idleness, is filled by the charms of recollected school delights at Harrow. Here his schoolfellows, amongst others, were Lord Clare, for whom through life he retained the warmest attachment, Lord Delaware, the Duke of Dorset, to whom he addressed one of his early poems, Colonel Wildman, who afterwards purchased Newstead, Lord Jocelyn, the Rev. William Harness, &c. He says, "P. Hunter, Curson, Long, Tattersall, were my principal friends. Clare, Dorset, Colonel Gordon, De Bath, Claridge, and John Wingfield, were my juniors and favourites." Last, and not least, the late Sir Robert Peel was his cotemporary, and it is now with very odd feelings that we read the anecdote in Byron's life, that when a great fellow of a boy-tyrant, who claimed little Peel as a fag, was giving him a castigation, Byron came and proposed to share it. "While the stripes were succeeding each other, and poor Peel writhing under them, Byron saw and felt for the misery of his friend; and although he knew that he was not strong enough to fight * * * * * * with any hope of success, and that it was dangerous even to approach him, he advanced to the scene of action, and with a blush of rage, tears in his eyes, and a voice trembling between terror and indignation, asked very humbly if * * * * * * would be pleased to tell him 'how many stripes he meant to inflict?'—'Why,' returned the executioner, 'you little rascal, what is that to you?'—'Because, if you please,' said Byron, holding out his arm, 'I would take half.'"

With Harrow, we take leave of the years of innocent boyhood. His removal to Cambridge, and his now long residences in London, led him into those dissipations and sensualities which continued to cast a sad foil on the greater part of his after life. To Cambridge he never appeared much attached, and rather *resided* there occasionally as a necessity for taking his degree, than from any pleasure he had in the place. His rooms in Trinity College, Cambridge, are nearly the sole locality which will there attract the attention of the admirers of the poet, except the Commoners' hall, in which the long tossed about statue of him by Thorwaldsen has been erected.

It was during his being a student of Cambridge that Newstead abbey fell into his hands, by the expiration of Lord Grey de Ruthyn's lease, and that he went thither, and repaired it to a certain extent, and furnished it at an expense far beyond his resources at the time. Here, with half-a-dozen of his fellow-collegians, amongst whom was the very clever and early lost Charles Skinner Matthews, he spent a rackety time. He had got a set of monks' dresses from a masquerade warehouse in London, and in these they used to sit up all night, drinking and full of uproarious merriment. "Our hour of rising," says Mr. Matthews himself, "was one. It was frequently past two before the breakfast party broke up. Then for the amusements of the morning, there were reading, fencing, single-stick, or shuttle-cock, in the great room; practising with the pistols in the hall; walking, riding, cricket, sailing on the lake, playing with the bear, or teasing the wolf. Between seven and eight we dined; and our evening lasted from that time till one, two, or three in the morning. The evening's diversions may easily be conceived. I must not omit the custom of handing round, after dinner, on the removal of the cloth, a human skull, filled with burgundy. After revelling on choice viands and the finest wines of France, we adjourned to tea, where we amused ourselves with reading, or improving conversation, each according to his fancy; and after sandwiches, &c. retired to rest."

It may well be imagined what a scandal this occasioned in the neighbourhood. During this time there were still work-people employed in the repairs of the house, and I recollect a master plasterer, who at the same time was doing work for my father a dozen miles off, relating to our astonishment the goings on of these gay roisterers. Byron himself says, that

> "Where Superstition once had made her den,
> Now Paphian girls were known to sing and smile."

And the person here referred to particularly mentioned one young damsel dressed in boy's clothes that Byron had there, no doubt the same who soon after lived with him at Brompton, and used to ride about on horseback with him at Brighton. Here at this time his dog Boatswain died, and had the well-known tomb raised for him in the garden where the poet himself proposed to lie. Here he employed himself with writing his scarifying English Bards and Scotch Reviewers, which appeared about the time that he came of age, and so amply avenged him of the Edinburgh reviewers. Being, as he informs us, about ten thousand pounds in debt, he left his mother in possession of Newstead and set out on his foreign tour. In two years he returned to England, not only triumphant by the great popularity of his satire over all his enemies, but having in his portfolio the two first cantos of his inimitable Childe Harold. From this moment he was the most celebrated man of his age, and that at the age of twenty-four. At one spring he ascended above Walter Scott with all his well-earned honours. From the most solitary and friendless, because unconnected, man of his rank, living about town in clubs and lodgings, for his few college friends were scattered abroad in the world, he became at once the great lion of all circles. Lord Holland, Rogers, Moore, &c. were his friends. He was besieged on all sides by aristocratic blue-stockings and givers of great parties. His life was for four or five years that of the most perfect Circean intoxication of worship and dissipation ; yet during this period he poured out the Giaour, the Bride of Abydos, the Corsair, and Lara, poems of great vigour and beauty, and new in scene and spirit, but by no means reaching that height of poetical wealth and glory which he afterwards mounted to. Then came his ill-starred marriage, and in one short year his utter and lasting separation from his wife.

This marriage proved the blight of his whole life. We have no desire to probe the mysteries with which it is still surrounded, but in justice to all parties we are bound to notice the extenuating facts which have been advanced on each side. We do not drag them from the sacred privacy of domestic life ; they are such as have been put into print voluntarily by the parties themselves.

To the last Lord Byron persisted in protesting that he never knew the cause of his wife's withdrawal from him : but Lady Byron, in a paper addressed to his biographer since his decease, has assigned as the reason that she believed him insane, or not safe to live with. There were causes which might give him an air of great violence and excitement. He has candidly avowed the fact, that he married an heiress in order to rid himself of a heavy weight of debt. He calculated on her wealth "to gild his waste." But though his wife eventually brought him a substantial fortune, there is reason to believe that it was not in immediate money. His creditors, however rushed upon him from all sides, in the supposition that such was the fact. They surrounded him like a swarm of hornets ; and instead of domestic repose, he tells us himself that in the first year of his marriage, he had nine executions levied on his goods, and was only saved from a prison by his peerage. No wonder, then, that his excitable temperament was lashed to a pitch of fury little short of madness.

In order to extricate him from this terrible condition, Lady Byron set out on a visit to her father, to endeavour to procure the sum necessary to appease the importunate creditors. From all that has appeared, they parted in the utmost harmony. Lady Byron even wrote to him while on the journey, with every mark of affection ; and yet instead of returning, a letter from her father assured him that she would come no more. Why not ? Lady Byron herself assigned to Thomas Moore as the reason, that she thought him insane, or feared to live with him. Did she assume a cheerful and even kindly air in order to escape from him in safety ? Here lies the mystery, which we desire not to penetrate, but it is easy to perceive the effect of this surprising, and clearly unexpected event, on his proud and sensitive nature. The hand that he believed stretched out to aid and thus to soothe him, was withdrawn: a furious storm of abuse fell immediately upon him from the public, and the finish was put to mortal endurance. Banished, as it were, by the abhorrence of his country, of that country which from worshipping turned so suddenly to denounce him, for the abandonment by a wife was taken as proof of some hideous guilt, he went forth never to return.

The limits of this work will necessarily confine any minute account of the homes and haunts of our poets to those only which lie within the British isles; I shall, therefore, only summarily trace the progress of Byron's wanderings and abodes from this period; and before doing this, I will point out in a few lines the residences which he occupied during the five years of his London life. Before he went abroad, Gordon's hotel, Durant's hotel, both in Albemarle-street, and 8, St. James's-street, were his homes. On his return from his first tour he took, on a lease for seven years from Lord Althorpe, a suite of rooms in the Albany. The year of his married life was chiefly spent at 13, Piccadilly-terrace. The clubs which he frequented were the Alfred, the Cocoa Tree, Watier's, and the Union.

In his first tour he traversed Portugal, Spain, Greece, and Turkey, tracking his way in light, by the composition of Childe Harold. Now, leaving behind him a desolated hearth, assailed bitterly by that public which had so recently devoured with avidity his splendid poems, regarded as an infidel and a desperado, he went from the field of Waterloo across Belgium, along the Rhine, through Switzerland into Italy, which became his second country, retaining him till a few months before his death. Every step of his progress was illustrated by triumphs of genius still more brilliant than before. From the moment that at Waterloo he exclaimed

"Stop, for thy tread is on an empire's dust,"

till that in which he concludes with his sublime apostrophe to the Ocean, he advances from Alp to Alp in the regions of genius. Every one that traces the banks of the Rhine is made to feel what additional charms he has scattered along them; and how infinitely inferior are all, even the most enthusiastic and elaborate, descriptions of its scenery, from other pens.

"The castled crag of Drachenfels
Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine,
Whose breast of waters broadly swells
Between the banks which bear the vine,
And hills all rich with blossomed trees,
And fields which promise corn and wine,
And scattered cities crowning these,
Whose fair white walls along them shine.

"And peasant girls, with deep blue eyes,
And hands which offer early flowers,
Walk smiling o'er this paradise;
Above, the frequent feudal towers
Through green leaves lift their walls of grey,
And many a rock which steeply lowers,
And noble arch in proud decay,
Look o'er this vale of vintage bowers."

Volumes of description could not give you so vivid a feeling of the characteristic features of the valley of the Rhine as these lines. And thus through the Alps, "The palaces of Nature," Byron advanced into Italy, the land of ancient art, heroic deeds, and elysian nature. At Geneva he fell in with Shelley for the first time, and henceforth these two great poets became friends. At Diodati, on the lake of Geneva, he spent the autumn, then advanced to Italy, and took up his abode in Venice, where, in the palace Mocenigo, on the Canal Grande, he lived till December, 1819, *i.e.* about three years. His next remove was to Ravenna, where he had splendid apartments in the Guiccioli palace. In the autumn of 1821 he quitted Ravenna, having resided there not two years, and took up his residence at Pisa, in the Lanfranchi palace on the Arno, which he describes as large enough for a garrison. In the autumn of 1822 he quitted Pisa for Genoa, having resided at Pisa a year. At Genoa he inhabited the villa Saluzzo at Albaro, one of the suburbs of that city, where he continued to live till the July of 1823, not quite a year, when he set sail for Greece, where in a few months his existence terminated.

Of Lord Byron's abodes and modes of life we have some graphic glimpses in Moore's life, in Shelley's and Captain Medwin's notices. Everywhere he remained true to his schoolboy habits of riding on horseback, swimming, firing with pistols; to his love of bull and Newfoundland dogs. Moore describes his house in Venice as a damp-looking mansion, on a dismal canal. "As we groped our way after him," he says, "through the dark hall, he cried out, 'Keep clear of the dog;' and before we had proceeded many paces farther, 'Take care, or that monkey will fly at you,' a curious proof of his fidelity to all the tastes of his youth, and of the sort of menagerie which visitors at Newstead had to encounter in their progress through his hall." Soon after he adds, "The door burst open, and at once we entered an apartment not only spacious and elegant, but wearing an aspect of comfort and habitableness which, to a traveller's eye, is as welcome as rare." Captain Medwin somewhere mentions meeting Lord Byron, travelling from one of his places of abode to another, with a train of carriages, monkeys, and whiskered servants, a strange procession; and Shelley, visiting him at Ravenna, says,—"Lord Byron has here splendid apartments in the palace of his mistress's husband, who is one of the richest men in Italy. There are two monkeys, five cats, eight dogs, and ten horses, all of whom, except the horses, walk about the house like the masters of it. Tita, the Venetian, is here, and operates as my valet—a fine fellow, with a prodigious black beard, who has stabbed two or three people, and is the most good-natured fellow I ever saw."

Of his house at Pisa, Byron himself says:—"I have got here a famous old feudal palazzo, on the Arno, large enough for a garrison, with dungeons below and cells in the walls; and so full of *ghosts*, that the learned Fletcher, my valet, has begged leave to change his room, and then refused to occupy his *new* room, because there were more ghosts there than in the other. It is quite true that there are most extraordinary noises, as in all old buildings, which have terrified the servants so as to incommode me extremely. There is one place where people were evidently *walled up;* for there is but one possible passage, broken through the wall, and then meant to be closed again upon the inmate. The house once belonged to the Lanfranchi family, the same mentioned by Ugolina in his dream, as his persecutor with Sismondi, and has had a fierce owner or two in its time."

The mode of spending his time appears by all accounts to have been pretty much the same everywhere. Rising about one o'clock at noon, taking a hasty breakfast, often standing. "At three or four," says the Guiccioli, "at Ravenna and Pisa, those who used to ride out with him agreed to call, and after a game at billiards they mounted and rode out." At the two latter places his resort was generally the forests adjoining the towns. At Ravenna, that forest rendered so famous by Danté and Boccaccio, especially for the story of the spectre huntsman in the Decamerone; and at Pisa the old pine forest stretching down to the sea. Latterly he used to proceed to the outside of the city, to avoid the staring of the people, especially English people; then mounted his horse, and rode on at a great rate. In the forest they used to fire with pistols at a mark. The forest rides of Byron near Pisa and Ravenna will always be scenes visited with deep interest by Englishmen, and Shelley's description of themselves, the two great poets, in Julian and Maddalo, as they rode

> "Upon the bank of land which breaks the flow
> Of Adria towards Venice, a bare strand
> Of hillocks, heaped from ever-shifting sand,
> Matted with thistles and amphibious weeds,"

is one of everlasting value. Returning to dinner at six or seven, he conversed with his friends till midnight, and then sat down to write.

Thus we have traced this great and singular man from the mountains of the Scottish Highlands, where he roamed as a boy, from land to land, till he stood as a liberator on the shores of Greece, and was seen for a few months riding forth with his long train of Suliote guards, and then was at once lost to Greece and the world. In no short life was there ever more to applaud and to condemn, to wonder at and to deplore. From those hereditary and other causes which we have already noticed, the temperament of Byron was passionate to excess; but this extreme sensibility, which was the food and foundation of his splendid genius, was at the same time the torture of his existence. Misunderstood where he ought to have been soothed with the deepest tenderness, attacked by the public where he should have been most closely sympathised with, he went forth, as it were, reckless of peace or of character. A series of adulterous connexions darkened his glorious reputation, and served to justify in the eyes of the public the accusations brought against him. But spite of the censures of the world, and reproaches of his own conscience, the powers of his genius continually grew, till they even forced into the silence of astonishment the most heartless of his detractors. To say nothing of those grand and sombre metaphysical dramas, Manfred, Cain, and the rest, which he wrote in Italy, the poem alone of Childe Harold, ever ascending in magnificent strength, richness, and beauty, as it advanced, was sufficient to give him an immortality second to no other. The wide and superb field of its action, that of all the finest countries of Europe; the great events, those of the most stirring and momentous age of the whole world; and the illustrious names which it wove into its living mass; the glorious remains of art, and the still more glorious features of nature in Italy and Greece;—all combined to render Childe Harold the great poem of his own and the favourite of every after age. Totally different as he was under different impressions, Childe Harold had the transcendent advantage of being the product of that mood which was inspired only by the contemplation of every object calculated to draw him away from the seductions of society, and the lower tones of his mind;—the mood inspired by the most august objects of heaven and of earth,—the midnight skies, the Alpine mountains, the sublimities of mighty rivers and oceans, the basking beauties of southern nature, and the crumbling but unrivalled works of man. Filled with all these images of nobility and greatness, he gave them back to his page with a tone so philosophically profound, with a music so thrilling, with a dignity so graceful and yet so tender, that nothing in poetry can be conceived more fascinating and perfect. Every thought is so clearly and fully developed, every image is so substantial and so strongly defined, and the very scepticism which here and there betrays itself comes forth so accompanied by a pensive, earnest, and intense longing after life, that it resembles the melancholy tone which pervades the book of Job, and some of the prophets, more than that of any other human, much less modern, composition. We may safely assert that there are a hundred combining causes, in the subjects and the spirit of Childe Harold, to render it to every future age the most lovely and endearing gift from this. Don Juan, the reflex of Byron's ordinary, as this was of his solitary and higher life,—his life alone with Nature and with God,—has its wonderful and inimitable passages; but Childe Harold is one woven mass of beauty and intellectual gold from end to end.

In judging the errors of Lord Byron, there is one consideration calculated to disarm severity perhaps more than all others. The excesses in which he had indulged were made by Providence the means of the severest punishment that could befal him. The cause of Greece aroused his spirit, at that period of life when life should have been in its prime, and a new scene of most glorious ambition was opened to him,—that of adding to the unrivalled renown of the poet the still more grateful renown of becoming the saviour of a country and a people, whom the triumphs of ancient art, science, liberty, and literature, had made as it were kindred to the whole world. This august prospect was unveiled to him, and he rushed forward to secure it; but his constitution, sapped by vicious indulgence, gave way;—the brilliant promise of new and loftiest glories was snatched from him;—he sunk and perished. Reflecting on this

—the hardest moralist could not desire a sadder retribution; and they who love rather to seek in the corrupt mass of humanity for the original germs of the divine nature, will turn with Thomas Moore to the fair side, and acquiesce most cordially in the concluding words of his biography. "It would not be in the power, indeed, of the most poetical friend to allege anything more convincingly favourable of his character than is contained in the few simple facts, that, through life, with all his faults, he never lost a friend; that those about him in his youth, whether as companions, teachers, or servants, remained attached to him to the last; that the woman to whom he gave the love of his maturer years idolizes his name; and that, with a single unhappy exception, scarce an instance is to be found of any one once brought, however briefly, into relations of amity with him that did not feel towards him a kind regard in life and retain a fondness for his memory."

In his last moments his heart fondly turned to his wife and child; and he commissioned his old servant, Fletcher, to deliver to them messages of an affection which then rose sublimely above all the resentments of earth.

GEORGE CRABBE.

When a youth, with a voracious appetite for books, an old lady, who kindly supplied me with many, put one day into my hands Crabbe's Borough. It was my first acquaintance with him, and it occasioned me the most singular sensations imaginable. Intensely fond of poetry, I had read the great bulk of our older writers, and was enthusiastic in my admiration of the new ones who had appeared. The Pleasures of Hope, of Campbell; the West Indies and World before the Flood, of Montgomery; the first Metrical Romances of Scott; all had their due appreciation. The calm dignity of Wordsworth, and the blaze of Byron, had not yet fully appeared. Everything, however, old or new, in poetry had a certain elevation of subject and style, which seemed absolutely necessary to give it the title of poetry. But here was a poem by a country clergyman,—the description of a seaport town, so full of real life, yet so homely and often prosaic, that its effect on me was confounding. Why, I said to myself, it is not poetry, and yet how clever! There is certainly a resemblance to the style of Pope; yet what subjects, what characters, what ordinary phraseology! The country parson, certainly, is a great reader of Pope; but how unlike Pope's is the music of the rhythm—if music there be! What an opening for a poem in four-and-twenty books!

> "Describe the Borough—though our idle tribe
> May love description, can we so describe,
> That you shall fairly streets and buildings trace,
> And all that gives distinction to the place?

> This cannot be; yet moved by your request,
> A part I paint—let fancy form the rest.
> Cities and towns, the various haunts of men,
> Require the pencil; they defy the pen.
> Could he, who sang so well the Grecian Fleet,
> So well have sung of Alley, Lane, or Street?
> Can measured lines these various buildings show,
> The Town Hall Turning, or the Prospect Row?
> Can I the seats of wealth and want explore,
> And lengthen out my lays from door to door?"

No, good parson! how should you? I exclaimed to myself. You see the absurdity of your subject, and yet you rush into it. He who sang of the Greek Fleet certainly would never have thought of singing of Alley, Lane, or Street! What a difference from—

> "Achilles' wrath, to Greece the direful spring
> Of woes unnumbered, heavenly goddess, sing!"

Or—

> ' The man for wisdom's various arts renowned,
> Long exercised in woes, O Muse, resound!"

What a difference from—

> "Arms and the man I sing, who forced by fate,
> And haughty Juno's unrelenting hate!"

Cr from the grandeur of that exordium:—

> "Of man's first disobedience, and the fruit
> Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
> Brought death into the world, and all our woe,
> With loss of Eden, till one greater Man
> Restore us, and regain the blissful seat,
> Sing, heavenly Muse! that on the secret top
> Of Oreb, or of Sinai, didst inspire
> That shepherd, who first taught the chosen seed
> In the beginning, how the Heavens and Earth
> Rose out of chaos; or, if Sion-hill
> Delight thee more, and Siloa's brook, that flowed
> Fast by the Oracle of God, I thence
> Invoke thine aid to my adventurous song,
> That with no middle flight intends to soar
> Above the Aonian mount, while it pursues
> Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.
> And chiefly Thou, O Spirit! that dost prefer
> Before all temples the upright heart and pure.
> Instruct me, for Thou knowest: Thou from the first
> Wast present, and, with mighty wings outspread,
> Dove-like sat'st brooding on the vast abyss,
> And mad'st it pregnant; what in me is dark
> Illumine, what is low raise and support;
> That to the height of this great argument
> I may assert Eternal Providence,
> And justify the ways of God to men."

With this glorious sound in my ears, like the opening hymn of an archangel—language in which more music and more dignity were united than in any composition of mere mortal man, and which heralded in the universe, God and man, perdition and salvation, creation and the great sum total of the human destinies,—what a fall was there to those astounding words—

> "Describe the Borough!"

It was a shock to everything of the ideal great and poetical in the young and sensitive mind, attuned to the harmonies of a thousand great lays of the bygone times, that was never to be forgotten.

Are we then come to this? I asked. Is this the scale of topic, and is this the tone to which we are reduced in this generation? Turning over the heads of the different books did not much tend to remove this feeling. The Church, Sects, the Election, Law, Physic, Trades, Clubs and Social Meetings, Players, Almshouse and Trustees, Peter Grimes and Prisons! What, in heaven's name, were the whole nine Muses to do with such a set of themes! And then the actors! See a set of drunken sailors in their ale-house:—

"The Anchor, too, affords the seaman joys,
In small smoked room, all clamour, crowds, and noise;
Where a curved settle half surrounds the fire,
Where fifty voices purl and punch require;
They come for pleasure in their leisure hour,
And they enjoy it to their utmost power;
Standing they drink, they swearing smoke, while all
Call, or make ready for a second call."

But, spite of all, a book was a book, and therefore it was read. At every page the same struggle went on in the mind between all the old notions of poetry, and the vivid pictures of actual life which it unfolded. When I had read it once, I told the lender that it was the strangest, cleverest, and most absorbing book I had ever read, but that it was no poem. It was only by a second and a third perusal that the first surprise subsided; the first shock gone by, the poem began to rise out of the novel composition. The deep and experienced knowledge of human life, the sound sense, the quiet satire, there was no overlooking from the first; and soon the warm sympathy with poverty and suffering, the boldness to display them as they existed, and to suffer no longer poetry to wrap her golden haze round human life, and to conceal all that ought to be known, because it must be known before it could be removed; the tender pathos, and the true feeling for nature, grew every hour on the mind. It was not long before George Crabbe became as firmly fixed in my bosom as a great and genuine poet, as Rembrandt, or Collins, or Edwin Landseer are as genuine painters.

Crabbe saw plainly what was become the great disease of our literature. It was a departure from actual life and nature.

"I've often marvelled, when by night, by day,
I've marked the manners moving in my way,
And heard the language and beheld the lives
Of lass and lover, goddesses and wives,
That books which promise much of life to give
Should show so little how we truly live."

To this home-truth, succeeds that admirable satirical description of our novel literature, which introduces the sad story of Ellen Orford. My space is little, but I must give a specimen of the manner in which the Cervantes of England strips away the sublime fooleries of our literary knight-errantry.

"Time have I lent—I would their debt were less—
To flowing pages of sublime distress;
And to the heroine's soul-distracting fears
I early gave my sixpences and tears;
Oft have I travelled in these tender tales,
To *Darnley Cottages*, and *Maple Vales*.

* * * *

I've watched a wintry night on castle walls,
I've stalked by moonlight through deserted halls;
And when the weary world was sunk to rest,
I've had such sights—as may not be expressed.
"Lo! that chateau, the western tower decayed,
The peasants shun it, they are all afraid;
For there was done a deed! could walls reveal
Or timbers tell it, how the heart would feel.
Most horrid was it:—for, behold the floor
Has stains of blood, and will be clean no more.
Hark to the winds! which, through the wide saloon,
And the long passage, send a dismal tune,—
Music that ghosts delight in; and now heed
Yon beauteous nymph who must unmask the deed:
See! with majestic sweep she swims alone
Through rooms all dreary, guided by a groan.
Though windows rattle, and though tapestries shake,
And the feet falter every step they take,
Mid moans and gibing sprites she silent goes,
To find a something which shall soon expose
The villanies and wiles of her determined foes:
And having thus adventured, thus endured,
Fame, wealth, and lover, are for life secured.
"Much have I feared, but am no more afraid,
When some chaste beauty, by some wretch betrayed
Is drawn away with such distracted speed
That she anticipates a dreadful deed.
Not so do I. Let solid walls impound
The captive fair, and dig a moat around:
Let there be brazen locks and bars of steel,
And keepers cruel, such as never feel.
With not a single note the purse supply,
And when she begs let men and maids deny.
Be windows those from which she dare not fall,
And help so distant 'tis in vain to call;
Still means of freedom will some power devise,
And from the baffled ruffian snatch the prize."

From all this false sublime, Crabbe was the first to free us, and to lead us into the true sublime of genuine human life. How novel at that time, and yet how thrilling, was the incident of the sea-side visitors surprised out on the sands by the rise of the tide! Here was real sublimity of distress, real display of human passion. The lady, with her children in her hand, wandering from the tea-table which had been spread on the sands, sees the boatmen asleep, the boat adrift, and the tide advancing:—

"She gazed, she trembled, and though faint her call,
It seemed like thunder to confound them all.
Their sailor-guests, the boatman and his mate,
Had drunk and slept, regardless of their state;
'Awake!' they cried aloud! 'Alarm the shore!
Shout all, or never shall we reach it more!'
Alas! no shout the distant land can reach,
No eye behold them from the foggy beach:
Again they join in one loud, fearful cry,
Then cease, and eager listen for reply;
None came—the rising wind blew sadly by.
They shout once more, and then they turn aside
To see how quickly flowed the coming tide;
Between each cry they find the waters steal
On their strange prison, and new horrors feel.
Foot after foot on the contracted ground
The billows fall, and dreadful is the sound;
Less and yet less the sinking isle became,
And there was weeping, wailing, wrath, and blame."

It has been said that Crabbe's poetry is mere description, however accurate, and that he has not a spark of imagination. The charge arises from a false view of the poet and his objects. He saw that the world was well supplied with what are poems of the creative faculty, that it was just as destitute of the poetry of truth and reality. He saw human life lie like waste land, as worthless of notice, while our poets and romancers

"In trim gardens took their pleasure."

He saw the vice, the ignorance, the misery, and he lifted the veil and cried,—"Behold your fellow-men! Such are the multitude of your fellow-creatures, amongst whom you live and move. Do you want to weep over distress? Behold it there, huge, dismal, and excruciating! Do you wish for a sensation? Find it there! Follow the ruined gentleman from his gaming and his dissipation, to his squalid den and his death. Follow the grim savage, who murders his shrieking boy at sea. Follow the poor maiden to her ruin, and the parent weeping and withering under the curse of a depraved child. Go down into the abodes of ignorance, of swarming vice, of folly, and madness—and if you want a lesson, or a moral, there they are by thousands."

Crabbe knew that the true imaginative faculty had a great and comprehensive task, to dive into the depths of the human heart, to fathom the recesses and the springs of the mind, and to display all their movements under the various excitements of various passions, with the hand of a master. He has done this, and done it with unrivalled tact and vigour. Out of the scum and chaos of lowest life, he has evoked the true sublime. He has taught us that men are our proper objects of display, and that the multitude has claims on our sympathies that duty as well as taste demand obedience to. He was the first to dare these desperate and deserted walks of humanity, and to prove to us that still it was humanity. At every step he revealed scenes of the truest pathos, of the profoundest interest, and gave instances of the most generous sacrifices, the most patient love, the most heroic duty, in the very abodes of unvisited wretchedness. He made us feel that these beings were men! There are few pictures so touching in all the volumes of romance, as that of the dying sailor and his sweetheart. What hero breathed a more beautiful devotion, or clothed it in more exquisite language, than this poor sailor youth, when believing himself dying at sea:—

"He called his friend, and prefaced with a sigh
A lover's message—'Thomas, I must die.
Would I could see my Sally, and could rest
My throbbing temples on her faithful breast,
And gazing go!—if not, this trifle take,
And say till death I wore it for her sake:
Yes, I must die—blow on, sweet breeze, blow on!
Give me one look before my life be gone,
Oh! give me that and let me not despair,
One last fond look—and now repeat the prayer.'

* * * *

"She placed a decent stone his grave above,
Neatly engraved—an offering of her love;
For that she wrought, for that forsook her bed,
Awake alike to duty and the dead."

It was by these genuine vindications of our entire humanity, that Crabbe, by casting the full blaze of the sunshine of truth and genius on the real condition of the labouring population of these kingdoms, laid the foundations of that great popular feeling which prevails at the present day. He was not merely a poet, but a poet who had the sagacity to see into the real state of things, and the heart to do his duty—the great marks of the true poet, who is necessarily a true and feeling man. To him popular education, popular freedom, popular advance into knowledge and power, owe a debt which futurity will gratefully acknowledge, but no time can cancel.

George Crabbe was born on the borders of that element which he so greatly loved, and which he has so powerfully described in the first chapter of the Borough. He has had the good fortune to have in his son George a biographer such as every good man would desire. The life written by him is full of the veneration of the son, yet of the candour of the historian ; and is at once one of the most graphic and charming of books.

From this volume we learn that the poet was born at Aldborough, in Suffolk, on the Christmas eve of 1754. His birthplace was an old house in that range of buildings which the sea has now almost demolished. The chamber projected far over the ground floor ; and the windows were small, with diamond panes almost impervious to the light. A view of it by Stanfield forms the vignette to the biography.

Both the father and grandfather of Crabbe bore the name of George, as well as himself. The grandfather, a burgess of Aldborough, and collector of customs there, yet died poor. The father, originally educated for trade, had been in early life the keeper of a parochial school in the porch of the church at Orford. He afterwards became schoolmaster and parish clerk at Norton, near Loddon, in Norfolk ; and finally, returning to his native Aldborough, rose to the collection of the salt duties, as Salt-master. He was a stern but able man, and with all his sternness not destitute of good qualities. The mother of Crabbe was an excellent and pious woman. Besides himself there were five other children, all of whom, except one girl, lived to mature years. His next brother, Robert, was a glazier, who retired from business at Southwold. John Crabbe, the third son, was the captain of a Liverpool slave ship, who perished by an insurrection of the slaves. The fourth brother, William, also a seafaring man, was carried prisoner by the Spaniards into Mexico, and was once seen by an Aldborough sailor on the coast of Honduras, but never heard of again. This sailor brother, in his inquiries after all at home, had expressed much astonishment to find that *George* was become a *clergyman*, when he left him a *doctor ;* and on this incident Crabbe afterwards founded the sailor's story in The Parting Hour. His only surviving sister married a Mr. Sparkes, a builder of Aldborough, and died in 1827. Such were Crabbe's family. The scenery amongst which he spent his boyhood has been frequently described in his poetry, especially in the opening letter of his Borough. It is here given with equal life in his son's prose.

"Aldborough, or, as it is more correctly written, Alderburgh, was in those days a poor and wretched place, with nothing of the elegance and gaiety which have since sprung up about it, in consequence of the resort of watering-parties. The town lies between a low hill or cliff, on which only the old church and a few better houses were then situated, and the beach of the German Ocean. It consisted of two parallel and unpaved streets, running between mean and scrambling houses, the abodes of seafaring men, pilots, and fishers. The range of houses nearest to the sea had suffered so much from repeated invasions of the waves, that only a few scattered tenements appeared erect among the desolation. I have often heard my father describe a tremendous spring-tide of, I think, the 17th of January, 1779, when eleven houses here were at once demolished; and he saw the breakers dash over the roofs, and round the walls, and crush all to ruin. The beach consists of successive ridges—large rolled stones, then loose shingles, and, at the fall of the tide, a stripe of fine hard sand. Vessels of all sorts, from the large heavy troll boat, to the yawl and prame, drawn up along the shore—fishermen preparing their tackle, or sorting their spoil,—and, nearer, the gloomy old town-hall, the only indication of municipal dignity, a few groups of mariners, chiefly pilots, taking their quick short walks backwards and forwards, every eye watchful of the signal from the offing, —such was the squalid scene which first opened on the author of The Village!

"Nor was the landscape in the vicinity of a more engaging aspect; open commons and sterile farms, the soil poor and sandy, the herbage bare and rushy, the trees 'few and far between,' and withered and stunted by the bleak breezes of the sea. The opening picture of The Village was copied, in every touch, from the scene of the poet's nativity and boyish days:—

'Lo! where the heath, with withering brake grown o'er,
Lends the light turf that warms the neighbouring poor;
From thence a length of burning sand appears,
Where the thin harvest waves its withered ears;
Rank weeds, that every art and care defy,
Reign o'er the land, and rob the blighted rye;
There thistles spread their prickly arms afar,
And to the ragged infant threaten war.'

"The broad river, called the Ald, approaches the sea close to Aldborough, within a few hundred yards, and then turning abruptly, continues to run for about ten miles parallel to the beach, from which a dreary stripe of marsh and waste alone divides it, until it at length finds its embouchure at Orford. The scenery of this river has been celebrated as lovely and delightful, in a poem called Slaughden Vale, written by Mr. James Bird, a friend of my father's; and old Camden talks of 'the beautiful vale of Slaughden.' I confess, however, that though I have ever found an indescribable charm in the very weeds of the place, I never could perceive its claims to beauty. Such as it is, it has furnished Mr. Crabbe with many of his happiest and most graphic descriptions; and the same may be said of the whole line of coast from Orford to Dunwich, every feature of which has, somewhere or other, been reproduced in his writings. The quay of Slaughden, in particular, has been painted with all the minuteness of a Dutch landscape:—

'Here samphire banks and saltwort bound the flood,
There stakes and sea-weeds withering on the mud;
And higher up a ridge of all things base,
Which some strong tide has rolled upon the place. . .
Yon is our quay! those smaller hoys from town,
Its various wares for country use bring down,' etc.

* * * *

"For one destined to distinction as a portrayer of character," continues his son, "few scenes could have been more favourable than that of his infancy and boyhood. He was cradled among the rough sons of the ocean,—a daily witness of unbridled passions, and of manners remote from the sameness and artificial smoothness of polished society. At home, as has already been hinted, he was subject to the caprices of a stern and imperious, though not unkindly nature; and probably few whom he could familiarly approach but had passed through some of those dark tragedies in which his future strength was to be exhibited. The common people of Aldborough in those days are described as—

'A wild, amphibious race,
With sullen woe displayed in every face;
Who far from civil arts and social fly,
And scowl at strangers with suspicious eye.'"

Crabbe, though imbibing everything relating to the sea, and sailors, and fishermen, was by no means disposed to be one of this class himself. He early exhibited a bookish turn, and was reckoned effeminate; but his father saw his talent, and gave him a good education. He was then put apprentice to a surgeon, who was also a farmer; and George alternately pounded the pestle and worked in the fields, till he was removed to another surgeon at Woodbridge. Here he became a member of a small literary club, which gave a new stimulus to his love of poetry, already sufficiently strong; and in his eighteenth year he fell in love with the young lady who was destined to be his wife. Before the expiration of his apprenticeship, he had published a volume of poems. His apprenticeship terminated, he set out for London; but, unfurnished with money to attend the hospitals, he remained awhile in mean lodgings in Whitechapel, and then returned to Aldborough; and, after engaging himself as an assistant for a short time, commenced practice for himself. It would not do, however; and as he filled up his leisure time by botanizing in the country, the people got a notion that he gathered his medicine out of the ditches. At length, starved out, he resolved to return to London, as a literary adventurer. With 5*l*. in his pocket, a present for the purpose, from Dudley North, brother to the candidate for Aldborough, he took his passage in a sloop for town.

In thinking of Crabbe, we generally picture him to ourselves as the well-to-do clergyman, comfortably inditing his verse in a goodly parsonage; but Crabbe commenced as a regular hack-author about town, and went through all the racking distress of that terrible life, utterly without funds, without patrons, or connexions. Chatterton had perished in the desperate undertaking just before, and it appeared likely enough, for a long time, that Crabbe might perish too In vain he wrote—nobody would publish; in vain he addressed ministers of state in verse and prose—nobody would hear him. He maintained this fearful struggle for twelve months. He had lodgings at a Mr. Vickery's, a hairdresser, near the Exchange, who afterwards removed to Bishopsgate-street, whither he accompanied the family. They appeared to behave well to him, and gave him more trust than is usual with such people, though at length even their patience seems to have been exhausted, and he was threatened with a prison.

While he resided there, he often spent his evenings at a small coffee-house near the Exchange, where he became acquainted with several clever young men, then beginning the world, like himself. One of these was Bonnycastle, afterwards master of the military academy at Woolwich; another was Isaac Dalby, afterwards professor of mathematics in the military college of Marlowe; and a third, Reuben Burrow, who rose to high distinction in the service of the East India Company, and died in Bengal. To obtain healthy exercise, he used to walk much in the day time, and would accompany Mr. Bonnycastle on his visits to different schools in the suburbs; but more frequently stole off alone into the country, with a small edition of Ovid, Horace, or Catullus, in his pocket. Two or three of these little volumes remained in his possession in later days, and he set a high value on them, saying they were his companions in his adversity. His favourite haunt was Hornsey wood, where he sought for plants and insects. On one occasion he had strolled too far from town to return, and, having no money, he was compelled to lodge on a mow of hay, beguiling the time, while it was light, with reading Tibullus, and in the morning returned to town.

Of the depth of distress to which Crabbe was reduced, his journal kept through that dark time testifies, but nothing more so than this prayer:—

"My God, my God, I put my trust in thee; my troubles increase, my soul is dismayed; I am heavy and in distress; all day long I call upon thee; O be thou my helper in the needful time of trouble.

"Why art thou so far from me, O my Lord? why hidest thou thy face? I am cast down; I am in poverty and affliction: be thou with me, O my God; let me not be wholly forsaken, O my Redeemer!

"Behold, I trust in thee, blessed Lord. Guide me and govern me unto the end. O Lord, my salvation, be thou ever with me. Amen."

Unlike poor Chatterton, Crabbe had a firm trust in Providence, and was neither so passionate nor so reservedly haughty. He determined to leave no stone unturned; and at length he wrote to the only man of the age who was likely to lend him a kindly ear—that was Edmund Burke. From that moment his troubles were at an end, and his fortune made. Burke sent for him, looked at his manuscripts, perceived his claims to genius well founded, and received him to his own table. He then introduced him to Dr. Johnson, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and the surly old Lord Chancellor Thurlow; the last of whom, though he had paid no attention to a letter Crabbe had before written to him, nor to a stinger which he had sent him in consequence, now sent for him, and told him that he *ought* to have noticed the first letter, and that he forgave the second, and that there was his reply. He put a sealed paper into Crabbe's hand, which, on being opened, contained a bank-note, value one hundred pounds! Burke advised Crabbe to take orders, as they were walking together one day at Beaconsfield, whither Burke had invited him. This was soon managed; he was examined and admitted to priest's orders by the Bishop of Norwich, and was sent, to the astonishment of the natives, to officiate as curate in his native town. But Burke soon procured him the chaplaincy to the Duke of Rutland, and he went down to reside at Belvoir Castle. At this splendid establishment, and in a fine country, Crabbe did not enjoy himself. His son says: "The numberless allusions to the nature of a literary dependant's existence in a great lord's house, which occur in my father's writings, and especially in the tale of The Patron, are quite enough to lead any one that knew his character and feelings to the conclusion that, notwithstanding the kindness and condescension of the Duke and Duchess themselves,—which were, I believe, uniform, and of which he always spoke with gratitude,—the situation he filled at Belvoir was attended with many painful circumstances, and productive in his mind of some of the acutest sensations of wounded pride that have ever been traced by any pen." He was always delighted to get away from the cold stateliness of Belvoir, with its troops of insolent menials, to the small seat of Chevely, about the period of the Newmarket races; or to Croxton, another small seat near Belvoir, where the family went sometimes to fish in the extensive ponds. Here the servants were few, ceremony was relaxed, and he could wander in the woods after his insects and his plants. Thurlow gave him two small livings in Dorsetshire, Frome St. Quintin and Evershot; saying at the time, "By G—d, you are as much like Parson Adams as twelve to a dozen." He now published The Village, which was at once popular, and he married.

Miss Sarah Elmy, to whom he became engaged at eighteen, had, through all his strugles in the metropolis, with unswerving affection maintained the superiority of his talents, and encouraged him to persevere. The Duke of Rutland being appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, the ducal family quitted Belvoir for Dublin, and Crabbe being left behind, was, on his proposed marriage, invited to bring his wife to the castle, and occupy certain apartments there. This was done; but the annoyance of another man's, and a great man's, menials to attend on him, was too much for Crabbe, and he fled the castle, and took up his abode as curate of Stathern, in the humble parsonage there.

In this obscure parsonage Crabbe lived for years. He had three children born there—his two sons, George and John, and a daughter who died in infancy. There he published, too, his poem The Newspaper, which also was well received; and then he laid by his poetic pursuits for *two and twenty years!* Nay, his son says, that after this period of two and twenty years he published The Parish Register, and again lay by from his thirty-first year till his fifty-second; and so completely did he bury himself in the obscurity of domestic and village life, that he was gradually forgotten as a living author, and the name of Crabbe only remembered through some passages of his poems in the Elegant Extracts.

Of the four years spent at Stathern he used to speak as the very happiest of his life. He had won a pleasant retreat after his desperate clutch at fortune. His perseverance was rewarded by the society of her who had been the one faithful and congenial friend of his youth, and they could now ramble together at their ease amid the rich woods of Belvoir, without any of the painful feelings which had before chequered his enjoyment of the place. At home, a garden afforded him healthful exercise and unfailing amusement; and, as a mere curate, he was freed from any disputes with the villagers around him. Here he botanized, entomologized, and geologized to his heart's content. At one time he was tempted to turn sportsman, but neither his feelings nor his taste would allow him to continue one; and he employed his leisure hours much more to his satisfaction in exercising his medical skill to relieve the pains of his parishioners.

At the instance of the Duchess of Rutland, Thurlow having exchanged the poet's Dorsetshire livings for those of Muston, in Leicestershire, and Allington, in Lincolnshire, but near each other, Mr. Crabbe, in 1789, left Stathern, and entered on his rectory at Muston. Here his life continued much the same, but the country around was open and uninteresting. "Here," says his son, "were no groves, nor dry green lawns, nor gravel roads, to tempt the pedestrian in all weathers; but still, the parsonage and its premises formed a pretty little oasis in the clayey desert. Our front windows looked full on the churchyard, by no means like the common forbidding receptacles of the dead, but truly ornamental ground; for some fine elms partially concealed the small beautiful church and its spire, while the eye travelled through their stems, and rested on the banks of a stream, and a picturesque old bridge. The garden enclosed the other two sides of the churchyard; but the crown of the whole was a gothic archway, cut through a thick hedge and many boughs, for through this opening, as in the deep frame of a picture, appeared, in the centre of the aërial canvas, the unrivalled Belvoir."

The home picture of Crabbe at this period is given by his son with a glow of grateful remembrance of the happiness of the time to himself, then a child, that is beautiful. "Always visibly happy in the happiness of others, especially of children, our father entered into all our pleasures, and soothed and cheered us in all our little griefs, with such overflowing tenderness, that it was no wonder we almost worshipped him. My first recollection of him is of his carrying me up to his private room to prayers, in the summer evenings, about sunset, and rewarding my silence and attention afterwards with a view of the flower garden through his prism. Then I recal the delight it was to me to be permitted to sleep with him during a confinement of my mother's—how I longed for the morning, because then he would be sure to tell me some fairy tale of his own invention, all sparkling with gold and diamonds, magic fountains and enchanted princesses. In the eye of memory I can still see him as he was at this period of his life; his fatherly countenance, unmixed with any of the less loveable expressions that, in too many faces, obscure that character—but preeminently *fatherly;* conveying the ideas of kindness, intellect, and purity; his manners grave, manly, and cheerful, in unison with his high and open forehead; his very attitudes, whether he sat absorbed in the arrangement of his minerals, shells, and insects, or as he laboured in his garden until his naturally pale complexion acquired a tinge of fresh healthy red, or as coming lightly towards us with some unexpected present, his smile of indescribable benevolence spoke exultation in the foretaste of our raptures.

"But I think even earlier than these are my first recollections of my mother. I think the very earliest is of her combing my hair one evening, by the light of the fire, which hardly broke the long shadows of the room, and singing the plaintive air of 'Kitty Fell,' till, though I could not be more than two or three years old, my tears dropped profusely."

Equally charming is the writer's recollection of a journey while a boy into Suffolk with his father. This was to Parham, the house of Mrs. Crabbe's uncle Tovell, with whom she had been brought up. The picture presented of the life and establishment of a wealthy yeoman is so vivid, that I must take leave to add it to the passage already quoted.

"My great-uncle's establishment was that of the first-rate yeoman of that period—the yeoman that already began to be styled by courtesy an esquire. Mr. Tovell might possess an estate of some eight hundred pounds per annum, a portion of which he himself cultivated. Educated at a mercantile school, he often said of himself, 'Jack will never make a gentleman;' yet he had a native dignity of mind and manners which might have enabled him to pass muster in that character with any but very fastidious critics. His house was large, and the surrounding moat, the rookery, the ancient dovecote, and the well-stored fishponds, were such as might have suited a gentleman's seat of some consequence; but one side of the house immediately overlooked a farm-yard, full of all sorts of domestic animals, and the scene of constant bustle and noise. On entering the house there was nothing, at first sight, to remind one of the farm: a spacious hall paved with black and white marble; at one extremity a very handsome drawing-room, and at the other a fine old staircase of black oak, polished till it was as slippery as ice, and having a chime clock and a barrel organ on its landing-places. But this drawing-room, a corresponding dining parlour, and a handsome sleeping apartment upstairs, were all *tabooed* ground, and made use of on great and solemn occasions only, such as rent days, and an occasional visit with which Mr. Tovell was honoured by a neighbouring peer. At all other times the family and their visitors lived entirely in the old-fashioned kitchen, along with the servants. My great-uncle occupied an arm-chair, or, in attacks of gout, a couch on one side of a large open chimney. Mrs. Tovell sat at a small table, on which, in the evening, stood one small candle, in an iron candlestick, plying her needle by the feeble glimmer, surrounded by her maids, all busy at the same employment; but in winter a noble block of wood, sometimes the whole circumference of a pollard, threw its comfortable warmth and cheerful blaze over the apartment.

"At a very early hour in the morning the alarum called the maids and their mistress also; and if the former were tardy, a louder alarum, and more formidable, was heard chiding the delay—not that scolding was peculiar to any occasion; it regularly went on through all the day, like bells on harness, inspiriting the work whether it was done ill or well. After the important business of the dairy and a hasty breakfast, their respective employments were again resumed; that which the mistress took for her especial privilege being the scrubbing the floors of the state apartments. A new servant, ignorant of her presumption, was found one morning on her knees, hard at work on the floor of one of these preserves, and was thus addressed by her mistress:—'*You* wash such floors as these? Give me the brush this instant, and troop to the scullery, and wash that, madam! . . . . As true as G—d's in heaven, here comes Lord Rochford to call on Mr. Tovell. Here, take my mantle,'—a blue woollen apron, —'and I'll go to the door.'

"If the sacred apartments had not been opened, the family dined in this wise: the heads seated in the kitchen at an old table; the farm-men standing in the adjoining scullery, with the door open; the female servants at a side table, called a *bouter;* with the principal at the table, perchance some travelling rat-catcher, or tinker, or farrier, or an occasional gardener in his shirt-sleeves, his face probably streaming with perspiration. My father well describes, in The Widow's Tale, my mother's situation, when living in her younger days at Parham:—

"But when the men beside their station took,
The maidens with them, and with these the cook;
When one huge wooden bowl before them stood,
Filled with large balls of farinaceous food;
With bacon, mass saline! where never lean
Beneath the brown and bristly rind was seen:
When, from a single horn, the party drew
Their copious draughts of heavy ale and new:
When the coarse cloth she saw with many a stain,
Soiled by rude hands who cut and came again;
She could not breathe, but with a heavy sigh,
Reined the fair neck, and shut the offended eye;
She minced the sanguine flesh in frustums fine,
And wondered much to see the *creatures* dine."

"On ordinary days, when the kitchen dinner was over, the fire replenished, the kitchen sanded and lightly swept over in waves, mistress and maids, taking off their shoes, retired to their chambers for a nap of one hour to a minute. The dogs and cats commenced their siesta by the fire. Mr. Tovell dozed in his chair; and no noise was heard, except the melancholy and monotonous cooing of a turtle-dove, varied with the shrill treble of a canary. After the hour had expired, the active part of the family were on the alert; the bottles—Mr. Tovell's tea equipage—placed on the table; and, as if by instinct, some old acquaintance would glide in for the evening's carousal, and then another and another. If four or five arrived, the punch-bowl was taken down, and emptied and filled again. But whoever came, it was comparatively a dull evening, unless two especial knights-companions were of the party. One was a jolly old farmer, with much of the person and humour of Falstaff, a face as rosy as brandy could make it, and an eye teeming with subdued merriment, for he had that prime quality of a joker, superficial gravity. The other was a relative of the family, a wealthy yeoman, middle-aged, thin, and muscular. He was a bachelor, and famed for his indiscriminate attachment to all who bore the name of woman—young or aged, clean or dirty, a lady or a gipsy, it mattered not to him; all were equally admired. Such was the strength of his constitution, that, though he seldom went to bed sober, he retained a clear eye and stentorian voice to his eightieth year, and coursed when he was ninety. He sometimes rendered the colloquies over the bowl peculiarly piquant; and as soon as his voice began to be elevated, one or two of the inmates—my father and mother, for example—withdrew with Mrs. Tovell into her own *sanctum sanctorum;* but I, not being supposed capable of understanding much that might be said, was allowed to linger on the skirts of the festive circle; and the servants, being considered much in the same point of view as the animals dozing on the hearth, remained to have the full benefit of their wit, neither producing the slightest restraint, nor feeling it themselves."

This jolly old Mr. Tovell being carred off suddenly, Mr. Crabbe, induced by the desire to be in his own county, and amongst his own relatives, placed a curate at Muston, and went to reside at Parham in Mr. Tovell's house. It was not a happy removal. It was a desertion of his proper flock and duty in obedience to his own private inclinations, and it was not blessed: his son says, that as they were slowly quitting Muston, preceded by their furniture, a person who knew them called out in an impressive tone—"You are wrong, you are wrong!" The sound, Crabbe said, found an echo in his own conscience, and rang like a supernatural voice in his ears through the whole journey. His son believes that he sincerely repented of this step. At Parham he did not find that happiness that perhaps the dreams of his youth—for there lived Miss Elmy during their long attachment—had led him first to expect. Mrs. Elmy, his wife's mother, and Miss Tovell, the sister of the old gentleman, were the coheiresses of their brother, and resided with him. The latter seems to have been a regular old-fashioned fidget. She used to stalk about with her tall ivory-tipped walking cane, and on any the slightest alteration made, were it but the removal of a shrub, or a picture on the walls, would say—"It was enough to make Jacky (her late brother) shake in his grave if he could see it," and would threaten to make a *cadicy* to her will."

Mr. Crabbe stood it for four years—memorable instance of patience! —and then found a residence to his heart's content. This was Great Glemham hall, belonging to Mr. North, and then vacant. He took it, and continued there five years. We may imagine these five of as happy years as most of Crabbe's life. The house was large and handsome. It stood in a small but well-wooded park, occupying the mouth of a glen; and in this glen lay the mansion. The hills that were on either hand were finely hung with wood; a brook ran at the foot of one of these, and all round were woodlands, "and those green dry lanes which tempt the walker in all weathers, especially in the evenings, when in the short grass of the dry sandy banks lies, every few yards, a glow-worm, and the nightingales are pouring forth their melody in every direction." Just at hand was the village; and the church at which he preached at Sweffling was convenient. At Parham, he was not more popular out of doors than he was in, because he was no jovial fellow like Mr. Tovell, and did not like much visiting. Here he was popular as a preacher, drew large congregations, and in Mr. Turner, his rector, had an enlightened and admiring friend. In such a place, too, a paradise to his boys, he was as busy in botany as ever; wrote a treatise on the subject, which, however, he was advised, to the public loss, not to publish, because such books had usually been published in *Latin!* He therefore burnt it, as he used to do novels, which it was his great delight to write, and then make bonfires of; his boys carrying them out to him by armfuls in the garden, and glorying in the blaze as he presided over it.

He returned in 1805 to Muston, to which he was called by the bishop. At the end of five years he had been obliged to quit his beautiful retreat at Glemham. It was sold, the house pulled down, and another built in its place. For the four further years that he continued in Suffolk he lived at the village of Rendham. At Muston, the shepherd being absent, all had gone wrong; the warning voice had been fulfilled. The Methodist and the Huntingtonian had, in the absence of the pastor, set up their tabernacles, and had become successful rivals. Crabbe was not destitute of professional feelings or zeal. He preached against these interlopers, and only increased the evil. The farmers here were shy of him, for they had heard that he was a Jacobin, of all things! that is, he was no advocate for the terrible war which was raging with France, and which kept up the price of their corn. In this cold, clayey, and farming county, he continued nine years. Here he issued to the world his Parish Register, and his Borough; perhaps, after all, his very best work, for it is full of such a variety of life, all drawn with the force and clearness of his prime; here also he published his Tales in verse; but here, too, he lost his wife, who had been an invalid for many years. It was therefore become to him a sad place. His health and spirits failed him; and it was a fortunate circumstance that at this juncture the living of Trowbridge was conferred on him by the Duke of Rutland. He removed thither in June, 1814.

From long before the time of Mr. Crabbe's removal to Trowbridge, he had been in the habit of making, during the season, occasionally a visit to London. His fame, especially after the publication of The Borough, was established. His power of painting human life and character, the bold and faithful pencil with which he did this, the true sympathies with the poor and afflicted and neglected which animated him, were all fully perceived and acknowledged; and he found himself a welcome guest in the highest circles of both aristocracy and literature. He who had been the humble curate at Belvoir, subject to slights and insults from pompous domestics, which are difficult to complain of but are deeply felt, had, long before quitting the neighbourhood of the castle, been the honoured guest in the midst of the proudest nobles. In London, all the literary coteries were eager to have him. Holland-house, Lansdowne-house, the Duke of Rutland's, and other great houses, found him a frequent guest amid lords and ladies, dukes and duchesses; and at Holland-house, and Mr. Rogers's, he was surrounded by all that was at the time brilliant and famous in the political and literary world. These visits, after the death of his wife, became annual, and the old man wonderfully enjoyed them. The extracts which his son has given from his journal teem with men and women of title and name. He is dining or breakfasting with Lady Errol, Lady Holland, the Duchess of Rutland. He meets Mr. Fox, Mr. Canning, Foscolo; Lords Haddington, Dundas, Strangford, &c.; Moore, Campbell, Sir Walter Scott, Sir James Mackintosh; Ladies Spencer and Besborough; the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland; in fact, everybody He became much attached to the Hoares, of Hampstead, and used to take up his quarters there, and with them make summer excursions to Hastings, the Isle of Wight, and the like places. With them he saw Miss Edgeworth, Joanna Baillie, &c. So popular was he become, that John Murray gave him 3,000*l.* for his Tales of the Hall; and he carried the bills for that sum home in his waistcoat pocket. His meeting with Sir Walter Scott caused him to accept a pressing invitation from him to Scotland, whither he happened to go at the time of George IV.'s visit to Edinburgh; by which means, though he saw all the gala of the time, and all Highland costumes, he missed seeing Scott at Abbotsford. At Scott's house, in Castle-street, occurred his adventure with the three Highland chiefs, which has caused much merriment. He came down one morning and found these three portly chiefs in full Highland costume, talking at a great rate, in a language which he did not understand; and not thinking of Gaelic, concluded that they were foreigners. They, on their part, seeing an elderly gentleman, dressed in a somewhat antiquated style, with buckles in his shoes, and perfectly clerical, imagined him some learned Abbé, who had come on a visit to Sir Walter. The consequence was, that Sir Walter, entering the breakfast-room with his family, stood a moment in amazement to hear them all conversing together in execrable French; and then burst into a hearty laugh, saying,—"Why, you are all fools together! This is an Englishman, and these Highlanders, Mr. Crabbe, can speak as good English as you can." The amazement it occasioned may be imagined.

Trowbridge is not the sort of place that you would imagine a poet voluntarily choosing as a place of residence. It is a manufacturing town of about 12,000 inhabitants, chiefly of the working class, with a sprinkling of shopkeepers, and wealthy manufacturers. It has no striking features, but to a person proceeding thither from London, has a mean, huddled, and unattractive aspect. The country round is a good dairy country, but is not by any means striking. Crabbe, however, found there families of intelligence and great kindness. His sons married well amongst them, and John acted as his curate; George, the writer of his biography, had the living, and occupied the parsonage of Pucklechurch, only about twenty miles distant. These were all circumstances, with a good parsonage, and a wide field of usefulness in comforting and relieving his poor parishioners, as well as in instructing them, which were calculated to make a man like Crabbe happy. By all classes he soon became much beloved; and was, in every sense, a most excellent pastor. In his own children he seems to have been peculiarly blest; his two sons, clergymen, being all that he could desire, and they and his grandchildren held him in the warmest and most reverential affection.

One of his great haunts were the quarries near Trowbridge, where he used to geologize assiduously; for, after his wife's death, he ceased to retain his taste for botany; her youthful botanical rambles with him no doubt now coming back too painfully upon him.

His parsonage was a good, capacious old house, of grey stone, and pointed gables, standing in a large garden surrounded by a high wall. It lies almost in the heart of the town, and within a hundred yards of the churchyard. In his time, I understand, the garden was almost a wood of lofty trees. Many of these have since been cut down. Still it is a pleasant and spacious retirement, with some fine trees about it. The church is a very old building, and threatening to tumble. At the time of my visit workmen were busy lowering the tower, and the northern aisle showed no equivocal marks of giving way. The churchyard was also undergoing the process of levelling; the turf was removed, and it altogether looked dismal. A very civil and intelligent sexton, living by the churchyard gate, in a cottage overhung with ivy, showed me the church, and appeared much interested in the departed pastor and poet. I ascended into the pulpit, and imagined how often the author of The Borough had stood there and addressed his congregation. There is a monument to his memory in the chancel, by Baily. The old man is represented as lying on his death-bed, by which are two celestial beings, awaiting his departure. The likeness to Crabbe is said to be excellent. The inscription is as follows:—"Sacred to the memory of the Rev. George Crabbe, LL.B., who died February the third, 1832, in the seventy-eighth year of his age, and the nineteenth of his services as rector of this parish. Born in humble life, he made himself what he was. By the force of his genius he broke through the obscurity of his birth ; yet never ceased to feel for the less fortunate. Entering, as his works can testify, into the sorrows and privations of the poorest of his parishioners ; and so discharging the duties of his station, as a minister and a magistrate, as to acquire the respect and esteem of all his neighbours. As a writer he is well described by a great cotemporary, as 'Nature's sternest painter, yet her best.'"

In the north aisle is also a tablet to the memory of the wife of his son George, who, it appears, died two years after Crabbe himself, and in the very year, 1834, in which her husband published his excellent and most interesting life of his father.

Trowbridge impressed me, as numbers of other places have done where men of genius have lived, with the fleeting nature of human connexions. Crabbe, so long associated with Trowbridge, was gone ; his sons were gone, neither of them succeeding him in the living, and all trace of him, except his monument, seemed already wiped out from the place. Another pastor occupied his dwelling and his pulpit, and the population seemed to bear no marks of a great poet having been among them, but were rich subjects for such a pen as that of Crabbe. The character of the place may be judged of by its head inn. It was a fair, and I found the court-yard of this old-fashioned inn set out with rows of benches, all filled with common people drinking. On one side of the yard was a large room, in which the fiddle went merrily, and a crowd of dancers hopped as merrily to it. At a window near that room, on the same side, a woman was delivering out pots of ale, as fast as somebody within could supply them, to the people in the yard. On the other side of the court lay, however, the main part of the inn. Here a gallery ran along which conducted to the different bedrooms, through the open air; and from this sundry spectators were surveying the scene below. All was noise, loud and eager talking, and odours not the most delectable, of beer, fish, and heaven knows what. The house was dirty, dark, and full of the same fumes. People of all sorts were passing up and down stairs, and in and out of the house in crowds. The travellers' room was the only place, I was informed, where there was space or comfort. Thither I betook myself, and while my dinner was preparing, I heard the fine strong, clear voice of a woman in an adjoining room, which I instantly recognised by the style of singing to be German. I walked into the said room to see who was the singer, and what was her audience. She was a strong-built, healthy-looking German girl, who was accompanying her singing on a guitar, in a little room closely packed with the ordinary run of people. To these she was singing some of the finest airs of Germany, with no mean skill or voice, but in a language of which they did not understand a syllable. My appearance amongst them occasioned some temporary bustle ; but this soon passed, and they politely offered me a chair. I stayed to hear several songs, and proposed some of the most rare and excellent that I knew, amongst them some Austrian airs, which, in every instance, the poor girl knew and sung with great effect. As I went out, two French women were entering with a tambourine, and I soon heard them, accompanied by a fiddle, also performing their parts. Thus through the whole day, the strolling musicians of the fair entered this little concert-room of the head inn of Trowbridge, and entertained the fair-going bacchanals. It was a scene which Crabbe would have made much of.

JAMES HOGG, THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

AMONGST the many remarkable men which the humble walks of life in Scotland have furnished to the list of poets, Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, is one of the most extraordinary. There have been Allan Ramsay, the barber, Burns, the ploughman, Allan Cunningham, the stonecutter, Tannahill and Thom, the weavers. Had there been no Burns, Hogg would have been regarded as a miracle for a rural poet; yet how infinite is the distance between the two! Burns's poetry is full of that true philosophy of life, of those noble and manly truths which are expressions for eternity of what lives in every bosom, but cannot form itself on every tongue.

> "His lines are mottoes of the heart,
> His truths electrify the sage."

Such a poet becomes at once and for ever enshrined in the heart of his whole country; its oracle and its prophet. To no such rank can James Hogg aspire. His chief characteristics are fancy, humour, a love of the strange and wonderful, of fairies and brownies, and country tradition, mixed up with a most amusing egotism, and an ambition of rivalling in their own way the greatest poets of his time. He wrote The Queen's Wake, in imitation of Scott's metrical romances, and bragged that he had beaten him in his own line. Byron, Wordsworth, Southey, Rogers, Campbell, all the great poets of the day he imitated, and that in a wonderful manner for any man, not simply for a poor shepherd of Ettrick. Scott had a poem on Waterloo, Hogg had a Waterloo too, and in the same metre; Byron wrote Hebrew Melodies, and Hogg wrote Sacred Melodies; and On Carmel's Brow, The Guardian Angels, The Rose of Sharon, Jacob and Laban, The Jewish Captive's Parting, &c., left no question as to the direct rivalry. His third volume was one published as avowed poems by Scott, Byron, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, and Wilson. He had conceived the scheme of getting a poem from each of these popular authors, and publishing them in a volume, by which to raise money for the stocking of a farm. Byron consented, and destined Lara for Hogg's benefit; but Scott at once refused, not approving the plan, for which Hogg most unceremoniously assailed him; and Byron being afterwards induced not to send Lara, Hogg set about at once, and wrote poems for them and the others named, and published them under the title of the Poetic Mirror. Of these poems, which were clever burlesques rather than serious forgeries, I need not speak; here I wish only to point out one of the most striking characteristics of Hogg, that of imitation of style. This was also shown in the famous Chaldee Manuscript, which appeared in Blackwood's Magazine, and created so much noise. But this great versatility of manner; this ambition of rivalling great authors in their own peculiar fields, marked the want of a prominent caste of genius of his own. There was an absence of individuality in him. There was nothing, except that singular egotism and somewhat extravagant fancy, which could lead you on reading a poem of his to say, that is Hogg, and can be no one else. His poems are generally extremely diffuse; they surprise and charm you on opening them, at the vigour, liveliness, and strength of the style, but they are of that kind that the farther you go the more this charm wears off; you grow weary, you hardly know why; you cannot help protesting to yourself that they are very clever, nay, wonderful; yet there wants a certain soul, a condensation, a something to set upon them the stamp of that genius which seizes on your love and admiration beyond question or control. Accordingly, while you find every man and woman in Scotland, the peasantry as much as the more cultivated classes, having lines and verses of Burns's treasured in their memories, as the precious wealth of the national mind, you rarely or never hear a similar quotation from Hogg. "A clever, ranting chiel was the shepherd," is the remark; his countrymen read and admire, and do justice to his genius, but with all his ambition, he never seated himself in their heart of hearts like Robert Burns.

There is nothing so amusing as Hogg's autobiography. His good-natured egotism overflows it. The capital terms on which he was with himself made him relate flatteries and rebuffs with equal *naïveté;* and the familiarity with which he treated the greatest names of modern literature, presenting the most grave and dignified personages as his cronies, chums, and convivial companions, is ludicrous beyond everything. He opens his narrative in this style:—"I like to write about myself; in fact, there are few things which I like better; it is so delightful to call up old reminiscences. Often have I been laughed at for what an Edinburgh editor styles my good-natured egotism, which is sometimes anything but that; and I am aware that I shall be laughed at again. But I care not; for this *important* memoir, now to be brought forward for the fourth time, at different periods of my life, I shall narrate with the same frankness as formerly; and in all relating either to others or myself, speak fearlessly and unreservedly out. Many of those formerly mentioned are no more; others have been unfortunate; but of all I shall speak the plain truth, and nothing but the truth."

Immediately afterwards he adds—"I must apprise you, that, whenever I have occasion to speak of myself and my performances, I find it impossible to divest myself of an inherent vanity." Of this no one can doubt either the truth or the candour of the confession. He tells us that he was the second of four sons of Robert Hogg and Margaret Laidlaw, the wife in Scotland often retaining her maiden name. That his father was a shepherd, but, saving money, had taken the farms of Ettrick-house and Ettrick-hall. At the latter place Hogg was born, he says, on the 25th of January, 1772 ; but he assigns this date to his birth out of his desire to resemble Robert Burns, so much as even to have been born on the same day and month. He used to boast of this, and even of some similar occurrence, as of having been in some sort of danger at his birth through a storm, and the necessary help for his mother being difficult to procure in night and tempest. He has related, in his life, that he was born on the same day of the month as Burns, but on referring to the parish registry it did not bear him out, but showed him to have been born on the 9th of December, 1770. He tells us that his father was ruined, and that they were turned out of doors without a farthing when he was six years old, but that a worthy neighbouring farmer, Mr. Brydon of Crosslie, took compassion on them, leased the farm of Ettrick-house, one of those Hogg's father had occupied, and put him as shepherd upon it. Here the embryo poet went to the parish school just by for a few months, and then at Whitsuntide was sent out to service to a farmer in the neighbourhood, as a herd-boy. The account that he gives of himself, as a lad of seven years old, in this solitary employment on the hills, is curious enough. "My wages for the half-year were a ewe lamb and a pair of new shoes. Even at that early age my fancy seems to have been a hard neighbour for both judgment and memory. I was wont to strip off my clothes, and run races against time, or rather against myself ; and in the course of these exploits, which I accomplished much to my own admiration, I first lost my plaid, then my bonnet, then my coat, and finally my hosen, for as for shoes, I had none."

The next winter, he tells us, he went to school again for a quarter, got into a class who read in the Bible, and "horribly defiled several sheets of paper with copy lines, every letter of which was nearly an inch long." This, he says, finished his education, and that he never was another day at school. The whole of his career of schooling he computes at about half-a-year, but says that his old schoolmaster even denied this, declaring that he never was at his school at all ! What a stock of education on which to set up shepherd, farmer, and poet !

Like Lord Byron, Sir Walter Scott, and other illustrious men, Hogg, of course, fell in love in his very childhood, and, to say truth, his relation of this juvenile passion is as interesting as that of any of theirs. "It will scarcely be believed that at so early an age I should have been an admirer of the other sex. It is, nevertheless, strictly true. Indeed, I have liked the women a great deal better than the men ever since I remember. But that summer, when only eight years old, I was sent out to a height called Broadheads, with a rosy-cheeked maiden, to herd a flock of new-weaned lambs, and I had my mischievous cows to herd besides. But as she had no dog, and I had an excellent one, I was ordered to keep close by her. Never was a master's order better obeyed. Day after day I herded the cows and lambs both, and Betty had nothing to do but to sit and sew. Then we dined together every day, at a well near to the Shiel-sike head, and after dinner I laid my head down on her lap, covered her bare feet with my plaid, and pretended to fall sound asleep. One day I heard her say to herself, 'Poor little laddie! he's joost tired to death:' and then I wept till I was afraid she would feel the warm tears trickling on her knee. I wished my master, who was a handsome young man, would fall in love with her, and marry her, wondering how he could be so blind and stupid as not to do it. But I thought if I were he, I would know well what to do."

By the time he was fifteen years of age, he says he had served a dozen masters, being only engaged for short terms and odd jobs. When about twelve years old, such was the flourishing state of his circumstances that he had two shirts, so bad that he could not wear them, and therefore went without, by this means falling into another difficulty, that of keeping up his trousers on his bare skin, there being no braces in those days. Yet he had a fiddle, which cost five shillings, with which he charmed the cow houses and stable lofts at night, after his work was done. In his eighteenth year he entered the service of Mr. Laidlaw, of Black-house, near St. Mary's Loch, on Yarrow. He had been in the service of two others of the same family, probably relatives by his mother's side, who was a Laidlaw, at Willensee, and at Elibank, on the Tweed; and he now continued with Mr. Laidlaw, of Black-house, ten years, as shepherd. William Laidlaw, the son of his master, and afterwards the bailiff of Sir Walter Scott, and also the author of the sweet song of "Lucy's Flitting," was here his great companion, and they read much together, and stimulated in each other the flame of poetry. These must have been happy years for Hogg. The year after Burns's death he first heard Tam o' Shanter repeated, and heard of Burns, as a ploughman, who had written beautiful songs and poems. "Every day," says he, "I pondered on the genius and fate of Burns. I wept, and always thought with myself, what is to hinder me from succeeding Burns? I, too, was born on the 25th of January, and I have much more time to read and compose than any ploughman could have, and can sing more old songs than ever ploughman could in the world. But then I wept again, because I could not write. However, I resolved to be a poet, and follow in the steps of Burns!" A brave resolve, to be a poet, in a man that could not write. Nevertheless, he composed songs, and one of these, called M'Donald, had the luck to get sung at a great masonic meeting at Edinburgh, and was taken up by a General M'Donald, who fancied it was written upon him, and had it sung every week at his mess. Hogg, now thirty-one years of age, resolved to astonish the world with his genius, and the account of the way he took is not a little amusing.

"In 1801, believing that I was then become a grand poet, I most sapiently determined on publishing a pamphlet, and appealing to the world at once. Having attended the Edinburgh market one Monday, with a number of sheep for sale, and being unable to dispose of them all, I put the remainder into a park until the market on Wednesday. Not knowing how to pass the interim, it came into my head that I would write a poem or two from my memory, and get them printed. The thought had no sooner struck me than it was put in practice; and I was obliged to select, not the best poems, but those that I remembered best. I wrote several of these during my short stay, and gave them all to a person to print at my expense; and having sold off my sheep on Wednesday morning, I returned to the forest. I saw no more of my poems until I received word that there were one thousand copies of them thrown off. I knew no more of publishing than the man in the moon; and the only motive that influenced me was, the gratification of my vanity by seeing myself in print. All of them were sad stuff, although I judged them to be exceedingly good. Notwithstanding my pride of authorship, in a few days I had discernment enough left to wish my publication heartily at the devil, and I had hopes that long ago it had been consigned to eternal oblivion, when, behold! a London critic had, in malice of heart, preserved a copy, and quoted liberally out of it last year, to my intense chagrin and mortification;" *i.e.* while Hogg was, but four years before his death, lionizing in London.

His adventures afterwards in Edinburgh, publishing his subsequent poems, are equally curious. How he published by subscription, and one-third of his subscribers took his books but never paid for them. How he set up a weekly literary paper, "The Spy," which he continued a year. How he became a great spouter at a debating club called "The Forum." How he wrote a musical farce, and a musical drama; all ending in ruin and insolvency, till he brought out the Queen's Wake, and won a good reputation. Here he with great simplicity tells us, that Mr. Jeffrey never noticed the poem till it had got into a third edition, and having given offence to Mr. Anster by comparing the two poets, he never afterwards took any notice of any of his writings. Whereupon, Hogg says, proudly, he thinks that conduct can do him no honour in the long run; and that he would match the worst poem he ever published with some that Mr. Jeffrey has strained himself to bring forward. But Hogg was now a popular man. His Queen's Wake went on into edition after edition. He was introduced to Blackwood, who became his publisher; and Hogg looked upon himself as on a par in fame with the first men of his time. The familiar style in which he relates his first acquaintance with Professor Wilson will excite a smile.

"On the appearance of Mr. Wilson's Isle of Palms, I was so greatly taken with many of his fanciful and visionary scenes, descriptive of bliss and woe, that it had a tendency to divest me occasionally of all worldly feelings. I reviewed this poem, as well as many others, in a Scottish review then going in Edinburgh, and was exceedingly anxious to meet with the author; but this I tried in vain for the space of six months. All I could learn of him was, that he was a man from the mountains of Wales, or the west of England, with hairs like eagles' feathers, and nails like birds' claws, a red beard, and an uncommon degree of wildness in his looks. Wilson was then utterly unknown in Edinburgh, except slightly to Mr. Walter Scott, who never introduces any one person to another, nor judges it of any avail. However, having no other shift left, I sat down and wrote him a note, telling him that I wished much to see him, and if he wanted to see me, he might come and dine with me at my lodgings in the road of Gabriel, at four. He accepted the invitation, and dined with Grieve and me; and I found him so much a man according to my own heart, that for many years we were seldom twenty-four hours asunder when in town. I afterwards went and visited him, staying with him a month at his seat in Westmoreland, where we had some curious doings among the gentlemen and poets of the lakes."

According to Hogg, he had the honour of being the projector and commencer of no less a periodical than Blackwood's Magazine—whether this was true or not, certain it is that he became and continued for many years one of its chief contributors, and figured most conspicuously in those admirable papers, the Noctes Ambrosianæ. In these, language the most beautiful and poetical was often put into the Shepherd's mouth; but, it must also be confessed, much oftener language of a very different kind. He was made to figure as a coarse toper and buffoon. That he was at once proud of figuring so largely in the Noctes, and yet felt acutely the degrading character fixed on him there, is evident from his own statement in his autobiography. In speaking of Professor Wilson, to whom he deservedly awards a noble nature, he says: "My friends in general have been of opinion that he has amused himself and the public too often at my expense: but, except in one instance, which terminated very ill for me, and in which I had no more concern than the man in the moon, I never discerned any evil design on his part, and thought it all excellent sport. At the same time, I must acknowledge that it was using too much freedom with any author, to print his name in full to poems, letters, and essays, which he himself never saw. I do not say that he has done this; but either he or some one else has done it many a time."—Memoir, p. 87.

But speaking of Blackwood, the publisher, he assumes a different tone. "For my part, after twenty years of feelings hardly suppressed, he has driven me beyond the bounds of human patience. That magazine of his, which owes its rise principally to myself, has often put words and sentiments into my mouth of which I have been greatly ashamed, and which have given much pain to my family and relations; and many of these, after a solemn written promise that such freedoms should never be repeated. I have been often urged to restrain and humble him by legal measures, as an incorrigible offender deserves. I know I have it in my power, and if he dares me to the task, I want but a hair to make a tether of."—Memoir, p. 107.

It must be confessed that no justification can be offered for such treatment. Such was my own opinion of Hogg, derived from this source, and from prints of him, with wide open mouth, and huge straggling teeth, in full roars of drunken laughter, that, on meeting him in London, I was quite amazed to find him so smooth, well-looking, and gentlemanly a person.

Of his cotemporary authors Hogg speaks in his life with the highest honour. He confesses that he used most unmeasured language towards both Sir Walter Scott and John Wilson, when they offended him, but records their refusal to be offended with him, and their cordial kindness. Of Southey, Lockhart, Sym, the Timothy Tickler of Blackwood, Galt, &c. his reminiscences are full of life and interest. Of Wordsworth's poetry he entertained the high notion that a true poet must do; but there occurred a scene at Rydal which James gives in explanation of his caricaturing Wordsworth, which, as it is his own account, is worth transcribing.

"I dined with Wordsworth, and called on himself several times afterwards, and certainly never met with anything but the most genuine kindness; therefore people have wondered why I should have indulged in caricaturing his style in the Poetic Mirror. I have often regretted that myself; but it was merely a piece of ill nature at an affront which I conceived had been put upon me. It was the triumphal arch scene. This anecdote has been told and told again, but never truly; and was likewise brought forward in the Noctes Ambrosianæ, as a joke; but it was no joke; and the plain, simple truth of the matter was this:—

"It chanced one night, when I was there, that there was a resplendent arch across the zenith, from the one horizon to the other, of something like the Aurora Borealis, but much lighter. It was a scene that is well remembered, for it struck the country with admiration, as such a phenomenon had never before been witnessed in such perfection; and, as far as I can learn, it had been more brilliant over the mountains and pure waters of Westmoreland than anywhere else. Well, when word came into the room of the splendid meteor, we all went out to view it; and on the beautiful platform at Mount Rydal, we were walking in twos and threes, arm-in-arm, talking of the phenomenon, and admiring it. Now, be it remembered, that there were present, Wordsworth, Professor Wilson, Lloyd, De Quincy, and myself, besides several other literary gentlemen, whose names I am not certain that I remember aright. Miss Wordsworth's arm was in mine, and she was expressing some fears that the splendid stranger might prove ominous, when I by ill luck blundered out the following remark, thinking that I was saying a good thing:—'Hout, me'em! it is neither mair nor less than joost a triumphal airch, raised in honour of the meeting of the poets.'

"'That's not amiss. Eh? eh?—that's very good,' said the Professor, laughing. But Wordsworth, who had De Quincy's arm, gave a grunt, and turned on his heel, and leading the little opium-chewer aside, he addressed him in these disdainful and venomous words:—'Poets? Poets? What does the fellow mean?—Where are they?'

"Who could forgive this? For my part, I never can, and never will! I admire Wordsworth, as who does not, whatever they may pretend? But for that short sentence I have a lingering ill will at him which I cannot get rid of. It is surely presumption in any man to circumscribe all human excellence within the narrow sphere of his own capacity. The '*Where are they?*' was too bad. I have always some hopes that De Quincy was *leeing*, for I did not myself hear Wordsworth utter the words."

Whether Wordsworth did utter these words, or De Quincy only quizzed Hogg with them, it is a great pity that poor Hogg's mind was suffered to the last to retain the rankling supposition of it. The anecdote appeared in the Noctes; it was made the subject of much joke and remark, and must have reached Wordsworth's ears. What a thousand pities then, that, by a single line to Hogg, or in public, he did not take the sting out of it! Nobody was so soon propitiated as Hogg. To have been acknowledged as a brother-poet by Wordsworth would have filled his heart with much happiness. Immediately after his death, Wordsworth hastened to make such a recognition; but of how little value is posthumous praise! Hogg died on the 21st of November, and on the 30th Wordsworth sent the following lines to the Athenæum, which I quote entire, because they commemorate other departed lights of the age.

THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

Extempore Effusion, upon reading, in the Newcastle Journal, the notice of the death of the poet, James Hogg

"When first descending from the moorland,
I saw the stream of Yarrow glide
Along a fair and open valley,
The Ettrick Shepherd was my guide.

"When last along its banks I wandered,
Through groves that had began to shed
Their golden leaves upon the pathways,
My steps the Border Minstrel led.

"The mighty minstrel breathes no longer,
'Mid mouldering ruins low he lies:
And death upon the braes of Yarrow
Has closed the shepherd-poet's eyes.

"Nor has the rolling year twice measured
From sign to sign his steadfast course,
Since every mortal power of Coleridge
Was frozen at its marvellous source.

"The rapt one of the god-like forehead,
The heaven-eyed creature sleeps in death;
And Lamb, the frolic and the gentle,
Has vanished from his lonely hearth.

"Like clouds that rake the mountain summits,
Or waves that own no curbing hand,
How fast has Brother followëd Brother,
From sunshine to the sunless land!

"Yet I, whose lids from infant slumbers
Were earlier raised, remain to hear
A timid voice that asks in whispers,
'Who next will drop and disappear?'

"Our haughty life is crowned with darkness,
Like London with its own black wreath,
On which with thee, O Crabbe, forth looking,
I gazed from Hampstead's breezy heath.

> “ As if but yesterday departed,
> Thou, too, art gone before; yet why
> For ripe fruit, seasonably gathered,
> Should frail survivors heave a sigh?
>
> “ No more of old romantic sorrows,
> The slaughtered youth and love-lorn maid;
> With sharper grief is Yarrow smitten,
> And Ettrick mourns with her their Shepherd dead.”

These extracts throw much light on the peculiar character of Hogg's mind. Simple, candid to an astonishment, vain without an attempt to conceal it, sensitive to an extreme, with such a development of self-esteem, that no rebuffs or ridicule could daunt him, and full of talent and fancy. But to estimate the extent of all these qualities, you must read his prose as well as his poetry; and these, considering how late he began to write, and that he did not die very old, are pretty voluminous. During the greater part of his literary life, he was a very popular contributor to various magazines. Of his collected works he gives us this list.

	VOL.		VOL.
The Queen's Wake	1	The Spy	1
Pilgrims of the Sun	1	Queen Hynde	1
The Hunting of Badlewe	1	The Three Perils of Man	3
Mador of the Moor	1	The Three Perils of Woman	3
Poetic Mirror	1	Confessions of a Sinner	1
Dramatic Tales	2	The Shepherd's Calendar	2
Brownie of Bodsbeck	2	A Selection of Songs	1
Winter Evening Tales	2	The Queer Book	1
Sacred Melodies	1	The Royal Jubilee	1
Border Garland	1	The Mountain Bard	1
Jacobite Relics of Scotland	2	The Forest Minstrel	1
Total	31.		

It may be imagined that while the produce of his literary pen was so abundant, that of his sheep-pen would hardly bear comparison with it. That was the case. Hogg continually broke down as a shepherd and a farmer. He

> “ Tended his flocks upon Parnassus hill;”

his imagination was in Fairyland, his heart was in Edinburgh, and his affairs always went wrong. To afford him a certain chance of support, the Duke of Buccleuch gave him, rent free for life, a little farm at Altrive in Yarrow, and then Hogg took a much larger farm on the opposite side of the river, which he called Mount Benger. From this, it will be recollected that he often dated his literary articles. The farm was beyond his capital, and far beyond his care. It brought him into embarrassments. To the last, however, he had Altrive Lake to retreat to; and here he lived, and wrote, and fished, and shot grouse on the moors. Let us, before visiting his haunts, take a specimen or two of his poetry, that we may have a clear idea of the man we have in view.

In all Hogg's poetry there is none which has been more popular than the Legend of Kilmeny in the Queen's Wake. It is the tradition of a beautiful cottage maiden, who disappears for a time, and returns again home, but, as it were, glorified and not of the earth. She has, for her purity, been transported to the land of spirits, and bathed in the river of immortal life.

"They lifted Kilmeny, they led her away,
And she walked in the light of a sunless day:
The sky was a dome of crystal bright,
The fountain of vision and fountain of light:
The emerald fields were of dazzling glow,
And the flowers of everlasting blow.
Then deep in the stream her body they laid,
That her youth and beauty never might fade;
And they smiled on heaven when they saw her lie
In the stream of life that wandered by.
And she heard a song, she heard it sung,
She kenned not where, but sae sweetly it rung,
It fell on her ear like a dream of the morn;
O! blest be the day Kilmeny was born.
Now shall the land of the spirits see,
Now shall it ken what a woman may be!
The sun that shines on the world sae bright,
A borrowed gleid frae the fountain of light;
And the moon that sleeks the sky sae dun,
Like a gowden bow, or a beamless sun,
Shall wear away, and be seen nae mair,
And the angels shall miss them travelling the air.
But lang, lang after baith night and day,
When the sun and the world have elyed away;
When the sinner has gaed to his waesome doom,
Kilmeny shall smile in eternal bloom!"

But Kilmeny longs once more to revisit the earth and her kindred at home, and—

"Late, late in a gloaming, when all was still,
When the fringe was red on the westlin hill,
The wood was sere, the moon i' the wane,
The reek o' the cot hung over the plain,
Like a little wee cloud in the world its lane;
When the ingle glowed with an eiry leme,
Late, late in the gloaming Kilmeny came hame!
'Kilmeny, Kilmeny, where have you been?
Lang hae we sought baith holt and den;
By linn, by ford, and greenwood tree,
Yet you are hailsome and fair to see.
Where gat you that joup o' the lily scheen?
That bonny snood o' the birk sae green?
And these roses, the fairest that ever were seen?—
Kilmeny, Kilmeny, where have you been?'
  Kilmeny looked up with a lovely grace,
But nae smile was seen on Kilmeny's face;
As still was her look, and as still was her ee,
As the stillness that lay on the emerant lea,
As the mist that sleeps on a waveless sea.
For Kilmeny had been she knew not where,
And Kilmeny had seen what she could not declare;
Kilmeny had been where the cock never crew,
Where the rain never fell, and the wind never blew!"

But on earth the spell of heaven was upon her. All loved, both man and beast, the pure and spiritual Kilmeny; but earth could not detain her.

"When a month and a day had come and gane,
Kilmeny sought the greenwood wene;
There laid her down on the leaves so green,
And Kilmeny on earth was never mair seen.
But O the words that fell from her mouth
Were words of wonder, and words of truth!
But all the land were in fear and dread,
For they kenned na whether she was living or dead.
It wasna her hame, and she couldna remain;
She left this world of sorrow and pain,
And returned to the land of thought again."

The Legend of Kilmeny is as beautiful as anything in that department of poetry. It contains a fine moral; that purity of heart makes an earthly creature a welcome denizen of heaven; and the tone and imagery are all fraught with a tenderness and grace that are as unearthly as the subject of the legend.

There is a short poem introduced into the Brownie of Bodsbeck, which is worthy of the noblest bard that ever wrote.

DWELLER IN HEAVEN.

"Dweller in heaven high, Ruler below!
Fain would I know thee, yet tremble to know!
How can a mortal deem, how it may be,
That being can ne'er be but present with thee?
Is it true that thou sawest me ere I saw the morn?
Is it true that thou knewest me before I was born?
That nature must live in the light of thine eye?
This knowledge for me is too great and too high!

"That, fly I to noonday or fly I to night,
To shroud me in darkness, or bathe me in light,
The light and the darkness to thee are the same,
And still in thy presence of wonder I am!
Should I with the dove to the desert repair,
Or dwell with the eagle in cleugh of the air;
In the desert afar—on the mountain's wild brink—
From the eye of Omnipotence still must I shrink!

"Or mount I, on wings of the morning, away,
To caves of the ocean, unseen by the day,
And hide in the uttermost parts of the sea,
Even there to be living and moving in thee!
Nay, scale I the clouds, in the heaven to dwell,
Or make I my bed in the shadows of hell,
Can science expound, or humanity frame,
That still thou art present, and all are the same?

"Yes, present for ever! Almighty! Alone!
Great Spirit of Nature! unbounded! unknown!
What mind can embody thy presence divine:
I know not my own being, how can I thine?
Then humbly and low in the dust let me bend,
And adore what on earth I can ne'er comprehend:
The mountains may melt, and the elements flee,
Yet an universe still be rejoicing in thee!"

The last poem that we will select is one which was written for an anniversary celebration of our great dramatist; yet is distinguished by a felicity of thought and imagery that seem to have sprung spontaneously in the soul of the shepherd-poet, as he mused on the airy brow of some Ettrick mountain.

TO THE GENIUS OF SHAKSPEARE.

"Spirit all limitless,
Where is thy dwelling-place?
Spirit of him whose high name we revere!
Come on thy seraph wings,
Come from thy wanderings,
And smile on thy votaries who sigh for thee here!

"Come, O thou spark divine!
Rise from thy hallowed shrine!
Here in the windings of Forth thou shalt see
Hearts true to nature's call,
Spirits congenial,
Proud of their country, yet bowing to thee

Here with rapt heart and tongue,
While our fond minds were young,
Oft thy bold numbers we poured in our mirth;
Now in our hall for aye
This shall be holiday,
Bard of all nature! to honour thy birth.

" Whether thou tremblest o'er
Green grave of Elsinore,
Stayest o'er the hill of Dunsinnan to hover,
Bosworth, or Shrewsbury,
Egypt, or Philippi;
Come from thy roamings the universe over.

" Whether thou journeyest far,
On by the morning star,
Dream'st on the shadowy brows of the moon,
Or lingerest in Fairyland,
'Mid lovely elves to stand,
Singing thy carols unearthly and boon:

' Here thou art called upon,
Come thou to Caledon!
Come to the land of the ardent and free!
The land of the lone recess,
Mountain and wilderness,
This is the land, thou wild meteor, for thee!

" O never, since time had birth,
Rose from the pregnant earth
Gems such as late have in Scotia sprung;
Gems that in future day,
When ages pass away,
Like thee shall be honoured, like thee shall be sung!

" Then here, by the sounding sea,
Forest, and greenwood tree,
Here to solicit thee, cease shall we never
Yes, thou effulgence bright,
Here must thy flame relight,
Or vanish from nature for ever and ever!"

Such strains as these serve to remind us that we go to visit the native scenes of no common man. To reach Ettrick, I took the mail from Dumfries to Moffat, where I breakfasted, after a fresh ride through the woods of Annandale. With my knapsack on my back, I then ascended the vale of Moffat. It was a fine morning, and the green pastoral hills rising around, the white flocks scattered over them, the waters glittering along the valley, and women spreading out their linen to dry on the meadow grass, made the walk as fresh as the morning itself. I passed through a long wood, which stretched along the sunny side of the steep valley. The waters ran sounding on deep below; the sun filled all the sloping wood with his yellow light. There was a wonderful resemblance to the mountain woodlands of Germany. I felt as though I was once more in a Swabian or an Austrian forest. There was no wall or hedge by the way,—all was open. The wild raspberry stood in abundance, and the wild strawberries as abundantly clothed the ground under the hazel bushes. I came to a cottage and inquired,—it was *Craigieburn Wood*,—where Burns met "The lassie wi' the lintwhite locks."

But the pleasure of the walk ceased with the sixth milestone. Here it was necessary to quit Moffat and cross over into Ettrick dale. And here the huge hills of Bodsbeck, more villanous than the Brownie in his most vindictive mood, interposed. I turned off the good road which would have led me to the Grey-Mare's-Tail, to the inn of Innerleithing (St. Ronan's well), and St. Mary's lake on Yarrow, and at Capel-gill forsook Moffat water and comfort at once.

And here, by-the-bye, as all the places in these dales are called gills and hopes and cleughs, as Capel-gill, Capel-hope, Gamel-cleugh, &c., I may as well explain that a hope is a sort of slight ravine aloft on the hill-side, generally descending it pretty perpendicularly; a cleugh, a more deep and considerable one; and a gill, one down which a torrent pours, continuing longer after rains than in the others. At least, this was the definition given me, though the different terms are not, it seems, always very palpably discriminative.

Turning off at Capel-gill, I crossed the foot-bridge at the farm of Bodsbeck, where the Brownie used to haunt, and began to ascend the hill, assuredly in no favour with the Brownie. These hills are long ranges, enclosing deep valleys between them; and there are but few entrances into the dales, except by crossing the backs of these great ridges. I found the ascent of the Bodsbeck excessively steep, rugged, boggy, stony, and wet, and far higher than I had anticipated. A more fatiguing mountain ascent I never made. I was quite exhausted, and lay down two or three times, resolving to have a good long rest and sleep on the grass, with my knapsack for a pillow; but the Brownie came in the shape of rain, and woke me up again. I suppose I was two hours in getting to the summit; and then I did lie down, and slept for a quarter of an hour, but the Brownie was at me again with a bluster of wind and rain, and awoke me.

Preparing to set forward, what was my astonishment to see a cart and horse coming over the mountain with a load of people! It was a farmer with his wife and child, and they were about to descend the rugged, rocky, boggy, steep hill-side, with scarcely a track! They descended from the cart; the man led the horse, the woman walked behind, carrying the child, and they went bumping and banging over the projecting crags, as if the cart was made of some unsmashable timber, the horse a Pegasus, and the people without necks to break. 'Tis to be hoped that they reached the bottom somehow.

I had supposed by my map that from Moffat to Ettrick kirk would be about six miles. Imagine, then, my consternation at the tidings these adventurous people gave me—that I had still eight miles to go! that, instead of six, it was sixteen from Moffat to Ettrick kirk! There was a new road made all down this side of the mountain; very fair to look at in the distance, but infamous for foot-travellers, being all loose, sharp cubes of new-broken whinstone. My feet were actually strained with coming up the mountain, and were now so knocked to pieces and blistered in going down it, that I suppose I crawled on at about two miles an hour. In fact, I was seven hours and a half between Moffat and Ettrick kirk on foot. Down, down, down I went for eight weary miles, one long descent, with nothing on either hand but those monotonous green mountains which extend all over the south of Scotland. Soft they can look as the very hills of heaven under the evening light, with their white flocks dotting them all over, and the shepherds shouting, and their dogs barking from afar. And dark, beautifully dark they can look beneath the shadow of the storm, or the thunder-cloud. Wild, drearily wild, they can look when the winds come sweeping and roaring like some broken-loose ocean, fierce and strong as ocean waters, and with this mighty volume fill the scowling valleys and rush, without the obstacle of house or tree, over the smooth round heights; and men at ease, especially if in want of a stroll, and in good company, may, and no doubt do, find them very attractive. But to me they were an endless green monotony of swelling heaps; and Ettrick dale, with its stream growing continually larger in its bottom, an endless vale of bare greenness, with but here and there a solitary white house, and a cluster of fir-trees, with scarcely a cultured field, even of oats or potatoes, for eight miles. It was one eternal sheep-walk, and for me eight miles too much of it. Yet the truth is, that every one of these hills, and every portion of this vale, and every house with its hope, or its cleugh, or its plantation, and every part of the river where the torrent has boiled and raged for a thousand years, till it has worn the iron-like whinstone into the most hideous channels and fantastic shapes, has its history and its tradition. There is Phaup, and Upper Phaup, and Gamelshope, and Ettrick-house, and all have their interest; but to me they were then only white houses with black plantations, many of them on the other side of the water, without bridge, or any visible means of access; and with huge flocks of sheep collected and collecting in their yards and pens, with the most amazing and melancholy clamour. It was the time when they prepare for the great lamb fairs, and were separating those they meant to sell; and here was one loud lamentation all through these hills. It is amazing what a sentiment of attachment and distress can exist in mutton!

But no sentimental piece of mutton was ever more in distress than I was. I was quite famished and knocked up; and when at length I saw the few grey houses at Ettrick kirk, I actually gave a shout of exultation. I shouted, however, before I was out of the wood; for Ettrick kirk was not, as I had fancied, a kirk Ettrick—that is, a village—it was Ettrick kirk, and nothing more. I knew that Hogg was born and buried here, and that here I must stop; but unluckily I saw no village, no stopping place. To my left hand stood the kirk, a little elevated on the side of the valley, and what was clearly the manse near it, in a garden. A little farther on was a farm-house, and then a cottage or two, and that was all. I saw a large, queer sign over a door, and flattered myself that that at least must be a public-house; but a gipsy with his stockings off in a little stream tickling trout, while his basket and his set of tea-trays stood on the road, soon told me my fortune. "Is that an inn?" "No, Sir, the inn is three miles further down!"

Three miles further down! It was enough to have finished all Job's miseries! "What! is it not a public-house even?" "No, it is a shop."

And a shop it was; and when I hoped at least to find a shop that sold bread, it turned out to be a tailor's shop!

Just as I was driven to despair, I fancied that the next building looked like a school; in I went, and a school it was. I had hopes of a Scotch schoolmaster. He is generally a scholar and a gentleman. The master was just hearing his last class of boys: I advanced to him, and told him that I must take the liberty to rest, for that I was outrageously tired, and hungry, and was told that it was three miles to the next inn. He said it was true, but that it was not three hundred yards to his house, and he would have much pleasure in my accompanying him to tea. Never, of all the invitations to tea which I have received in the course of this tea-drinking life, did I receive so welcome a one as that! I flung off my knapsack, laid up my legs quite at my ease on a bench, and heard out the class with great satisfaction. Anon, the urchins were dismissed, and Mr. Tait, the master, a tall and somewhat thin young man, with a very intelligent and thoughtful face, declared himself ready to accompany me. I told him I wanted to visit the birth-place and grave of Hogg, and presented my card. "Ha!" exclaimed he, on reading the name, "why, we are not strangers, I find—we are old friends. A hearty welcome, Mr. Howitt, to Ettrick!" Mr. Tait was an old friend of Hogg's, too—the very man of all others that I should have sought out for my purpose. We were soon at a very handsome new cottage, with a capital garden, the upper end full of flowers, and the lower of most flourishing kitchen-garden produce. Tired as I was, I could not avoid staying to admire this garden, which was the master's own work; and was then introduced to his mother and sister. The old lady was in a consternation that, by one of those accidents that sometimes in mountainous districts afflict a whole country, the baker had upset his cart, broken his leg, and by his absence deprived all the vales from Moffat to the very top of Ettrick, namely, Upper Phaup, of wheaten bread. It was a circumstance that did not in the least trouble me, except on account of the lady's housewifery anxiety. An old friend of mine said that he never knew the want of bread but once in his life, and then he made a good shift with pie-crust, and I made an actual feast on barley cake and tea.

The schoolmaster and I were now soon abroad, and on our way up the valley to Hogg's birthplace. Ettrick-house, where Hogg saw the light, according to the people, though according to his tombstone it was Ettrick-hall, on the opposite side of the valley, is now a new-built farm-house, standing within a square embankment, which is well grown with a row of fine trees. This marks the site of an old house, and no doubt was the site of Ettrick old house. But the house in which Hogg was born, or, if not born, where he lived as a child, was only a sort of hind's house, belonging to the old house. That, too, is now pulled clean down. Hogg, during his lifetime, never liked to hear its demolition proposed. Here he had lived as a child, and here he lived when grown up, and rented the farm, before going to Altrive. He used always to inquire of people from Ettrick, if the house really were yet destroyed. I believe it stood till after his death, but is now quite gone. The bricklayers? There is no such thing here; all is built of the iron-like, hard whinstone of the hills;—the builders, then, with a sentiment which does honour to them, were reluctant to pull down the birth-place and home of the shepherd-poet; and, when obliged to do so, to mark and commemorate the exact spot, when they built the wall along the front of the ground by the highway, built a large blue sort of stone upright in it. The stone is very conspicuous, by its singular hue and position, and on it they have inscribed the poet's initials, J. H. Ettrick-hall, as already said, lying on the opposite side of the valley, was in Hogg's father's hands. Afterwards, in Mr. Brydon's, of Crosslee, with whom Hogg was shepherd. This Mr. Brydon, who, Hogg says, was the best friend their family had in the world, died worth 15,000*l.*; and, indeed, these sheep-farmers generally do well. There was a Mr. Grieve here, who used to live up the valley, at a house where I saw a vast flock of sheep collected, who was also a most excellent friend of Hogg's. Hogg had lived as a herd-boy at most of the houses in this valley, and from that association he laid the scene of most of his poems and tales here,

Hogg's birthplace and his grave are but a few hundred yards asunder. The kirkyard of Ettrick is old, but the kirk is recent; 1824 is inscribed over the door. Like most of the country churches of Scotland, it is a plain fabric, plainly fitted up with seats, and a plain pulpit. Such a thing as "a kist full o' whistles" the Scotch cannot endure. It is a curious fact, that neither in Scotland nor Ireland do you find those richly-finished old parish churches that are so common in England. This is significant of the ancient state of these countries. Catholic though they all were, neither Scotland nor Ireland could at any age pretend to anything like the wealth of England. Hence, in those countries, the fine abbeys and cathedrals are rare, the parish churches are very plain; whilst in England, spite of all the ravages of puritanism, the country abounds with the noblest specimens of cathedral and conventual architecture, and the very parish churches, in obscure villages, are often perfect gems of architecture and carving, even of the old Saxon period.

Ettrick kirk lifts its head in this quiet vale with a friendly air. It is built of the native adamantine rock, the whinstone; has a square battlemented tower; and, what looks singular, has, instead of Gothic ones, square doorways, and very tall square sash windows. Hogg's grave lies in the middle of the kirkyard. At its head stands a rather handsome headstone, with a harp sculptured on a border at the top, and this inscription beneath it:—"James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, who was born at Ettrick Hall, 1770, and died at Altrive Lake, the 21st day of November, 1835."

After a wide space left for other inscriptions, as of the widow and children, this is added: "This stone is erected, as a tribute of affection, by his widow, Margaret Hogg."

As Hogg used to boast that he was born on the same day as Burns, and as this assertion was negatived by the parish register, we cannot but admire the thoughtful delicacy which induced the widow to omit the day of his birth altogether, though carefully inserting the day of his death.

On the right hand of the poet's headstone stands another, erected by the Shepherd himself, as follows: "Here lieth William Laidlaw, the far-famed Will o' Phaup, who, for feats of frolic, agility, and strength, had no equal in that day. He was born at Ettrick, A.D. 1691, and died in the eighty-fourth year of his age. Also Margaret, his eldest daughter, spouse to Robert Hogg, and mother of the Ettrick Shepherd, born at Over Phaup in 1730, and died in the eighty-third year of her age. Also Robert Hogg, her husband, late tenant of Ettrick Hall, born at Bowhill in 1729, and died in the ninety-third year of his age."

There are several curious particulars connected with these stones. Those which I have pointed out—Hogg's birthday being omitted; Ettrick-hall being given as his birthplace, yet the people asserting it to be Ettrick-house; and the much shorter life of the poet than those of his parents and ancestors. His father died at the age of ninety-three, his mother at eighty-three, his grandfather at eighty-four; he died at sixty-three. The poet had lived faster than his kindred. What he lost in duration of life he had more than made up in intensity. They held the quiet tenor of their way in their native vale; he had spread his life over the whole space occupied by the English language, and over generations to come. In his own pleasures, which were of a far higher character than theirs, he had made thousands and tens of thousands partakers. Many of Hogg's family and friends were not pleased at the memorial he thus gives to Will o' Phaup; but it is very characteristic of the Shepherd, who gloried as much himself in the sports, feats, and exploits of the Borders, as in poetry.

Hogg, in his younger years, displayed much agility and strength in the border games, and in his matured years was often one of the umpires at them. In Lockhart's Life of Scott are related two especial occasions in which James Hogg figured in such games. One was of a famous foot-ball match played on the classic mead of Carterhaugh, between the men of Selkirk and of Yarrow, when the Duke of Buccleuch, and numbers of other nobles and gentlemen, as well as ladies of rank, were present. When the different parties came to the ground with pipes playing, the Duke of Buccleuch raised his ancient banner, called the banner of Bellenden, which being given by Lady Ann Scott to young Walter Scott, he rode round the field displaying it; and then Sir Walter led on the men of Selkirk, and the Earl of Home, with James Hogg as his aide-de-camp, led on the men of Yarrow. The other occasion was at the annual festival of St. Ronan's Well, when James Hogg used to preside as captain of the band of border bowmen, in Lincoln green, with broad blue bonnets; and when, already verging on threescore, he used often to join at the exploits of racing, wrestling, or hammer-throwing, and would carry off the prizes, to universal astonishment; afterwards presiding, too, at the banquet in the evening with great *éclat*, supported by

Sir Walter Scott, Professor Wilson, Captain Adam Fergusson, and Peter Robertson.

Another curious thing is, that he states himself in his Life to be one of four sons, and, on the headstone, that his father and *three* sons lie there. Now he himself was living, of course, when he set up the stone, and his brother William still survives. There could then be but *two*, if he were one of *four*.

Hogg died at Altrive, but was buried here, as being his native parish; and, indeed, I question whether there be a nearer place where he could be buried, though Altrive is six miles off, and over the hills from one valley to another. His funeral must have been a striking thing in this solitary region—striking, not from the sensation it created, or the attendance of distinguished men, but from the absence of all this. The shepherd-poet went to his grave with little pomp or ceremony. Of all the great and the celebrated with whom he had associated in life, not an individual had troubled himself to go thus far to witness his obsequies, except that true-hearted man, Professor Wilson. An eye-witness says: "No particular solemnity seemed to attend the scene. The day was dull and dismal, windy and cloudy, and everything looked bleak, the ground being covered with a sprinkling of snow. Almost the whole of the attendants were relatives and near neighbours, and most of them, with stolid irreverence, were chatting about the affairs of the day. Professor Wilson remained for some time near the newly-covered grave after all the rest had departed."

I walked over this road to Altrive the day after my arrival in Ettrick. But before quitting Ettrick, I must remark, that every part of it presents objects made familiar by the Shepherd. At the lower end are Lord Napier's castle, Thirlstane, a quaint castellated house with round towers, and standing in pleasant woodlands; and the remains of the old tower of Tushielaw, and its hanging-tree, the robber chief of which stronghold James VI. surprised, and hanged on his own tree where he had hanged his victims, treating him with as little ceremony as he did Johnny Armstrong and others of the like profession. All these the hearty and intelligent schoolmaster pointed out to me, walking on to the three-mile-distant inn, and seeing me well housed there.

What is called Altrive Lake, the farm on the Yarrow, given for life by the Duke of Buccleuch to Hogg, and where he principally lived after leaving Ettrick, and where he died, stands in a considerable opening between the hills, at the confluence of several valleys, where the Douglas burn falls into the Yarrow. Thus, from some of the windows, you look up and down the vale of Yarrow, but where the vale has no very striking features. The hills are lower than on Ettrick, and at a greater distance, but of the same character, green and round. Shepherds are collecting their flocks; the water goes leaping along stony channels; you see, here and there, a small white farm-house with its clump of trees, and a circular enclosure of stone wall for the sheepfold. A solitary crow or gull flies past; there are black stacks of peat on the bogs, and on the hill-tops

—for there are bogs there too, and you perceive your approach to a house by the smell of peat. That is the character of the whole district.

Altrive Lake is, in truth, no lake at all. One had always a pleasant notion of Hogg's house standing on the borders of a cheerful little lake. I looked naturally for this lake in the wide opening between the streams and hills, but could see none. I inquired of the farmer who has succeeded Hogg, for this lake, and he said there never was one. Hogg, he said, had given it that dignified name because a little stream, that runs close past the house, not Douglas burn, but one still less, is called the Trive lake. The farmer at the time of my visit, who was an old weather-beaten Scotchman, eighty-two years of age, but hardy and pretty active, and well-off in the world, expressed himself as quite annoyed with the name, and said it was not Altrive Lake; he would not have it so called. It should be Aldenhope, for it was now joined to his farm, which was the Alden farm. I believe the Altrive farm is but about a hundred acres, including sheepwalk on the hills, and lets for 45*l.* a-year; but old Mr. Scott, the then tenant, had a larger and better farm adjoining; and in his old house, which was just above this, across the highway from Ettrick, but almost hidden in a hollow, he kept his hinds. Hogg's house is apparently two white cottages, for the roof in the middle dips down like it, but it is really but one. It stands on a mound, in a very good and pleasant flower garden. The garden is enclosed with palisades, and the steep bank down from the house, descending to the level of the garden, is gay with flowers. It has another flower garden behind, for the tenant has his kitchen garden at his other house; and around lie green meadows, and at a distance, slope away the green pastoral hills. As you look out at the front-door, the Yarrow runs down the valley at the distance of, perhaps, a quarter of a mile on the left hand, with a steep scaur, or precipitous earthy bank, on its further side, in full view, over the top of which runs the highway from Edinburgh to Galashiels. Down the valley, and on the other side of the water, lies, in full view also, the farm of Mount Benger, which Hogg took from the Duke of Buccleuch, after he came to Altrive. It is much more enclosed and cultivated in tillage than Altrive. The house where Hogg lived, however, is now pulled down, all except one ruinous white wall, and a very capital farm-house is built near it; with a quadrangle of trees, which must have been originally planted to shelter a house long ago gone.

An old farmer and his wife in the neighbourhood, who seemed the last people in the world to admire poets or poetry, though very worthy people in their way, blamed Hogg extremely for taking Mount Benger. He was more fitted for books than for farming, said they. "Perhaps," I observed, "he did not find that little farm of Altrive enough to maintain him." "Why should he not?" asked they. "He had nothing to do there but look after his little flock—that was all he had to care for—and that was the proper business of a man that called himself the Ettrick Shepherd—as though there was never a shepherd in Ettrick besides himself. And if he wanted more income, had not he his pen, and was not he very popular with the periodicals? But he was always wanting to take great farms, without any money to stock them. He was hand-and-glove with great men in Edinburgh, Professor Wilson, and Scott, and the like; he was aye going to Abbotsford and Lord Napier's; and so he thought himself a very great man too, and Mrs. Hogg thought herself a great woman, and looked down on her neighbours. These poets think nothing's good enough for them. Hogg paid the Duke no rent, but he caught his fish, and killed his game; he was a desperate fellow for fishing and shooting. If people did not do just what he wanted, he soon let them know his mind, and that without much ceremony. He wrote a very abusive letter to Sir Walter Scott, because he would not give him a poem to print when he asked him, and would not speak to him for months; and when he took Mount Benger he wrote to his generous friend Mr. Grieve, of Ettrick, and desired him to send him 350*l*. to stock the farm, which Mr. Grieve refused, because he knew that the scheme was a ruinous one; on which he wrote *him* a very abusive letter, and would not speak to him for years. The upshot was that he failed, and paid eighteenpence in the pound; and yet the Duke, though he got no rent, allows the widow the rental of Altrive."

It is curious to hear the estimation that a man is held in by his neighbours. It is generally the case, that a man who raises himself above those with whom he set out on equal or inferior terms in life, is regarded with a very jealous feeling. I found Grace Darling denied all merit by those of her own class in her own neighbourhood. Hogg, who is admired by the more intellectual of his countrymen, is still, in the eyes of the now matter-of-fact sheep farmers of Ettrick and Yarrow, looked upon only as an aspiring man, and bad farmer. They cannot comprehend why he should be so much more regarded than themselves, who are great at market, great on the hills, and pay every man, and lay up hard cash. Yet these men who pay eighteenpence in the pound, have farms for nothing, and their families after them, and associate with lords and dukes,—that is very odd, certainly.

For worldly prudence, I am afraid, we cannot boast of Hogg; and he confesses that he did rate Sir Walter soundly for not giving him a poem for his Poetic Mirror, and that he would not speak to him, till Scott heaped coals of fire on his head by sending the doctor to him when he was ill, and by Hogg finding out that Scott had come or sent daily to inquire how he was going on, and had told his friends not to let Hogg want for anything. Hogg was a creature of the quickest impulse; he resented warmly, and he was as soon melted again by kindness. He had the spirit of a child, sensitive, quick to resent, but forgiving and generous. His imprudence in taking Mount Benger is much lessened, too, when we learn that he expected 1,000*l*. from his wife's father, whose circumstances, however, became embarrassed, and Hogg had already, through the intervention of Scott, obtained possession of the farm, and incurred the debt for the stocking of it, before he became aware of the disastrous fact. In truth, he was probably too good a poet to be a good farmer; nor need we wonder at the opinion yet held of him by some of his neighbours, when we find him relating in his Life that, when leaving Edinburgh once because his literary projects had failed, he found his character for a shepherd as low in Ettrick, as it was for poetry in the capital, and that no one would give him anything to do. Such are the singular fortunes of men of genius!

It is said in his own neighbourhood, that his last visit to London hastened his death. That the entertainments given him there, and the excitement he went through, had quite exhausted him. That he never afterwards seemed himself again. That he was listless and feeble, and tried to rally, but never did. Probably his breach with Blackwood might prey upon his spirits; for, on Blackwood declining to give a complete edition of his works, he had entered into arrangements with Cochrane and Johnstone of London, who commenced his edition, but failed on the issue of the first volume. By the act of quitting Blackwood, all the old associations of his life, its happiest and most glorious, seemed broken up. After that, his name vanished from the magazine, and was no more seen there, and the new staff on which he leaned proved a broken reed. Truly many are the verifications of the melancholy words of Wordsworth:—

> "We poets in our youth begin in gladness;
> But thereof comes in the end, despondency and madness."

I have received the following account of his last days from one of his oldest and most intimate friends:—

"Innerleithen, 21st Feb. 1846.

"Mr. Hogg, although apparently in good health, had been ailing for some years previous to his death, with water in the chest. When this was announced to him by his friend, Dr. W. Gray, from India, a nephew of Mr. Hogg's, he seemed to laugh at the idea, and pronounced it impossible, as one drop of water he never drank. Notwithstanding, he very shortly after had a consultation with some of the Edinburgh medical folks, who corroborated Dr. Gray's opinion. Mr. Hogg, on his return from town, called upon me in passing, and seemed somewhat depressed in spirits about his health. The Shepherd died of what the country folks call black jaundice, on the 21st November, 1835, and was buried on the 27th, in the churchyard of Ettrick, within a few hundred yards of Ettrick-house, the place where he was born. It was a very imposing scene, to see Professor Wilson standing at the grave of the Shepherd, after every one else had left it, with his head uncovered, and his long hair waving in the wind, and the tears literally running in streams down his cheek. A monument has been erected to the memory of Hogg, by his poor wife. At this the good people of the forest should feel ashamed. Mr. Hogg was confined to the house for some weeks, and, if I recollect right, was insensible some days previous to his death. He has left one son and four daughters; the son, as is more than probable you are aware, went out to a banking establishment in Bombay, some two years ago. Mr. Hogg left a considerable library, which is still in the possession of Mrs. Hogg and family. With regard to the state of his mind at the time of his death, I am unable to speak. I may mention, a week or two previous to his last illness, he spent a few days with me in angling in the Tweed; the last day he dined with me, the moment the tumblers were produced, he begged that I would not insist upon him taking more than one tumbler, as he felt much inclined to have a tumbler or two with his friend Cameron, of the inn, who had always been so kind to him, not unfrequently having sent him home in a chaise, free of any charge whatever. The moment the tumbler was discussed, we moved off to Cameron's; and, by way of putting off the time until the innkeeper returned from Peebles, where he had gone to settle some little business matter, we had a game at bagatelle; but no sooner had we commenced the game, than poor Hogg was seized with a most violent trembling. A glass of brandy was instantly got, and swallowed; still the trembling continued, until a second was got, which produced the desired effect. At this moment the Yarrow carrier was passing the inn, on his way to Edinburgh, when Mr. Hogg called him in, and desired him to sit down until he would draw an order on the Commercial Bank for twenty pounds, as there was not a single penny in the house at home. After various attempts he found it impossible even to sign his name, and was, therefore, obliged to tell the carrier that he must of necessity defer drawing the order until next week. The carrier, however, took out his pocket-book, and handed the Shepherd a five-pound note, which he said he could conveniently want until the following week, when the order would be cashed. A little before the gloaming, Mr. Hogg's caravan cart landed for him, which he instantly took possession of; but, before moving off, he shook hands with me, not at all in his usual way, and at the same time stated to me that a strong presentiment had come over his mind that we would never meet again. It was too true. I never again saw my old friend, the Shepherd, with whom I had been intimately acquainted since the year 1802.

"Yours truly,

"P. Boyd."

I went over his house at Altrive with much interest. His little study is in the centre of the front of the house; and within that is the equally small bedroom where he died. The house has been much improved, as well as the garden about it, since his time, for all agree that Hogg was very slovenly about his place. However, as Lockhart has justly observed, there will never be another such a shepherd.

He had a brother still living, William Hogg, who had always been considered a very clever man. He lived somewhere in Peebleshire, as a shepherd. Hogg's widow and family were living in Edinburgh.

In many of my visits to the homes and haunts of the poets, I have fallen in with persons and things which I regret that I could not legitimately introduce, and which yet are so full of life that they deserve to be preserved. Exactly such a person did I meet with at Altrive Lake, at Mr. Scott's, the successor of Hogg. He was a jolly wool-buyer; a stout, fine, jovial-looking man, one of that class who seem to go through the world seeing only the genial side of it, and drawing all the good out of it, as naturally as the sun draws out of the earth flowers and fruit. The hearty fellow was sitting at luncheon with Mr. Scott as I went in, and I was requested to join them. His large, well-fed person, and large handsome face, seemed actually to glow and radiate with the fulness of this world's joyousness and prosperity. His head of rich bushy black hair, and his smooth black suit, both cut in town fashion, marked him as belonging to a more thronged and bustling region than these tawny, treeless, solitary hills. The moment I mentioned Hogg, and my object in visiting Altrive and Ettrick, the stranger's countenance lit up with a thorough high-flowing tide of rosy animation. "Eh, but ye should ha' had me in Ettrick wi' ye! I know every inch of all these hills and the country round. Haven't I bought the wool all over this country these twenty years? Hogg! why, Sir, I've bought his wool many a time, and had many a merry 'clash' and glass of toddy wi' him at this verra table." Nothing would do but I must accept half his gig thence to Galashiels that evening, a distance of twenty miles. It was a very friendly offer, for it saved me much time. Our drive was a charming one, and my stout friend knowing all the country, and apparently everybody in it, pointed out everything, and had a nod, a smile, a passing word, for every one that we met or passed in their cottages by the road-side. He pointed out the piece of a wall, the only remains of Hogg's old house at Mount Benger, adding—"Ay, I bought his wool!" We descended the vale of Yarrow, passing through the beautiful woods of *Hangingshaw.* "Ye'll remember," said he, "what was said by some English noblemen in the rising in '45, when they heard that the lairds of *Hangingshaw* and *Gallowshiels* were among the Scotch conspirators. These are ominous names, said they, we'll ha' naething to do with 'em; and withdrew, and thereby saved their own necks." So we went on, every few hundred yards bringing new histories of my jolly friend's wool-buying, and of matters which seemed nearly as important in his eyes. There was Newark tower—a beautiful object—standing on a lofty green mound on the other side of the Yarrow, the banks of which are most beautifully wooded. The tower, indeed, is included in the pleasure-grounds of Bowhill, a seat of the Duke of Buccleuch's, within sight; and you see neat walks running all along the river-side for miles amid the hanging woods, and looking most tempting. Opposite to Newark my friend pointed out a farm-house. "Do you know what that is?" "A farm-house," I replied. "Ay, but what farm-house, that's the thing? Why, Sir, that's the house where Mungo Park lived, and where his brother now lives." He then related the fact recorded in Scott's Life, of Sir Walter finding Mungo Park standing one day in an abstracted mood, flinging stones into the Yarrow; and asking him why he did that, he told Scott that he was sounding the depth of the river, it being a plan he had discovered and used on his African tour; the length of time the bubbles took coming to the top indicating the comparative depth, and showing whether he might venture to ford the stream or not. Soon after Park again set out for Africa, never to return. "There, too, I buy the wool," added my companion. "But do you see," again he went on, "the meadow there below us, lying between those two streams?"—"Yes."—"Well, there meet the Ettrick and Yarrow, and become the Tweed; and the meadow between is no other than that of *Carterhaugh;* you've heard of it in the old ballads. I buy all the wool off that farm." I have no doubt if the jolly fellow had fallen in with the fairies on Carterhaugh, he would have tried to buy their wool too.

Ever and anon, out of the gig he sprung, and bolted into a house. Here there was a sudden burst of exclamations, a violent shaking of hands. Out he came again, and a whole troop of people after him. "Well but, Mr. —, don't you take my wool this time?" "Oh! why not? What is it? what weight? what do you want?" "It is so and so, and I want so much for it." "Oh, fie, mon! I'll gi'e ye so much!" "That's too little." "Well, that's what I'll gi'e—ye can send it, if ye like the price;" and away we drove,—the man all life and jollity, giving me a poke in the side with his elbow, and a knowing look, with—"He'll send it! It won't do to spend much time over these little lots;" and away we went. At one house, no sooner did he enter, than out came a bonny lass with a glass and the whisky-bottle, most earnestly and respectfully pressing that I should take a glass! "What could the bonny girl mean by being so urgent that I should take some of her whisky?" "Oh," said he, laughing heartily, "it was because I told her that ye were a Free-kirk minister frae London, and they're mighty zealous Free-kirk folk here."

At Selkirk my jolly friend put himself and horse to a great deal of labour in ascending the steep hill into the town, which we might have avoided, that I might see the statue of Sir Walter Scott, by Ritchie, in the market-place. This, however, was but part of his object. Leaving the gig at the inn, he said we must just look in on a friend of his. It was at a little grocer's shop, and, in a little dusky parlour, he introduced me to a young lady, his wife's sister, and we must have some tea with her. The young lady was a comely, quiet, dark-complexioned person, who seemed to have a deal of quiet sense, and some sly humour; just such a person as Scott would have introduced into one of his stories as a Jenny Middlemass, or the like: and it was most amusing to sit and listen to all their talk, and jokes, and his mystifications, and her quick detection of them, and their united mirth over them. The good man finally landed me in Galashiels, and there I had no little difficulty in getting away to my inn; as he thought of nothing less than my staying to supper with him, and hearing a great deal more of all the country round, of Scott and Burns, Hogg and wool-buying, trading and tradition, the old glories of Border-reiving, and new glories of Galashiels, and its spinning and weaving, without end.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

COLERIDGE, whose simple, unworldly character is as well known as his genius, seems to have inherited his particular disposition from his father, the Rev. John Coleridge, the vicar of Ottery St. Mary, in Devonshire. He was a learned man, the head master of the free grammar-school at Ottery, as well as vicar. He had been previously head master of the school at South Molton, and was one of the persons who assisted Dr. Kennicott in his Hebrew Bible. "He was an exceedingly studious man," says Gillman, on the authority of Coleridge himself, "pious, of primitive manners, and the most simple habits: passing events were little heeded by him, and therefore he was usually characterised as 'the absent man.'" Coleridge was born October 21st, 1772, the youngest of thirteen children, of which nine were sons, one of whom died in infancy. Of all these sons, Coleridge is said to have most resembled his father in mind and habit. His mother was, except for education, in which she was deficient, a most fitting wife for such a man. She was an active, careful housekeeper and manager, looked well after worldly affairs, and was ambitious to place her sons well in the world. She always told them to look after good, substantial, sensible women, and not after fine harpsichord ladies. Coleridge used to relate many instances of his father's absence of mind, one or two of which we may quote. On one occasion, having to breakfast with his bishop, he went, as was the practice of that day, into a barber's shop, to have his head shaved, wigs being then in common use. Just as the operation was completed, the clock struck nine, the hour at which the bishop punctually breakfasted. Roused as from a reverie, he instantly left the barber's shop, and in his haste forgetting his wig, appeared at the breakfast-table, where the bishop and his party had assembled. The bishop, well acquainted with his absent manners, courteously and playfully requested him to walk into an adjoining room, and give his opinion of a mirror which had arrived from London a few days previously, and which disclosed to his astonished guest the consequence of his haste and forgetfulness.

The old gentleman, Coleridge also related, had to take a journey on some professional business, which would detain him from home for three or four days: his good wife, in her care and watchfulness, had packed a few things in a small trunk, and given them in charge to her husband, with strong injunctions that he was to put on a clean shirt every day. On his return home, his wife went to search for his linen, when, to her dismay, it was not in the trunk. A closer search, however, discovered that the vicar had strictly obeyed her injunctions, and had put on daily a clean shirt, but had forgotten to remove the one underneath. This might have been the pleasantest and most portable mode of carrying half-a-dozen shirts in winter, but not so in the dog-days.

The poor idolized him and paid him the greatest reverence ; and amongst other causes, for the odd practice of quoting the original Hebrew liberally in his sermons. They felt themselves particularly favoured by his giving them "the very words the Spirit spoke in;" the agricultural population flocked in from the neighbourhood with great eagerness to hear him on this account ; and such an opinion did they acquire of his learning, that they regarded his successor with much contempt, because he addressed them in simple English. This worthy man died when Coleridge was about seven years old only.

He seems to have been a delicate child, of timid disposition. Being so much younger than his brothers, he never came to be a playfellow of theirs, and thus to acquire physical hardihood and activity. "I was," he says, "in earliest childhood huffed away from the enjoyment of muscular activity in play, to take refuge at my mother's side, or on my little stool to read my book, and listen to the talk of my elders. I was driven from life in motion, to life in thought and sensation. I never played except by myself, and then only acting over what I had been reading or fancying ; or half one, half the other, with a stick cutting down weeds and nettles, as one of the seven champions of Christendom. Alas ! I had all the simplicity, all the docility of a child, but none of the child's habits. I never thought as a child, never had the language of a child. I forget whether it was in my fifth or sixth year, but I believe the latter, in consequence of some quarrel between me and my brother, in the first week in October, I ran away from fear of being whipped, and passed the whole night, a night of rain and storm, on a bleak side of a hill on the Otter; and was there found at daybreak, without the power of using my limbs, about six yards from the naked bank of the river."

This anecdote has been differently related by Cottle, and by the author of Pen and Pencil Sketches. They state that little Sammy Coleridge, as they call him, when between three and four years of age, had got a thread and a crooked pin from his elder sister Ann, and, unknown to the family, had set out to fish in the Otter. That he had wandered on and on, till, overtaken by fatigue, he lay down and slept. That he continued out all night, to the consternation of the family, and was found by a waggoner the next morning, who, going along the road at four o'clock, thought he heard a child's voice. He stopped and listened. He now heard the voice cry out, "Betty! Betty! I can't pull up the clothes." The waggoner went to the margin of the river, where he saw to his astonishment, a little child with a withy bough in his hand, which hung over the stream, pulling hard, and on the very point of dragging himself into the water. The child, when awakened as well as frightened, could only say his name was Sammy; and the waggoner carrying him into Ottery, joy indescribable spread through the town and the parsonage.

Which version of this story is the more correct, who shall decide? Little Coleridge, at the age of ten, was placed in Christ's Hospital, in London, through the influence of Judge Buller, who had been educated by his father. This school was then, it seems, conducted in a very miserable and unkind manner. Coleridge was half-starved there, neglected, and wretched. The first bitter experiences of children who have had happy homes, of such as have had loving parents or friends, is on going to school. There has, no doubt, been much improvement in these as in other respects of late years. Schoolmasters, like other men, have felt the growing influences of civilization and true feeling; but there is yet much to be done in schools. Let it be remembered that fagging and flogging still continue in our great public schools of Westminster, Eton, and others. Riding the other day on the top of an omnibus through London, we could, from that popular eminence, see the master of a naval and military school exercising his vocation with the cane on one of his unhappy scholars. This, I presume, is a part of what the boys are systematically taught there—the preparatory initiation into the floggings that they are likely to get in the army or navy. That is bad and brutalizing enough, but that we are not yet advanced beyond the absurd idea of driving learning into our gentlemen with the cudgel and the birch, says very little indeed for our advance in true social philosophy. Southey gives a very lively idea of the school change in a boy's life, in his Hymn to the Penates:—

> "When first a little one I left my home,
> I can remember the first grief I felt,
> And the first painful smile that clothed my front
> With feelings not its own. Sadly at night
> I sate me down beside a stranger's hearth;
> And when the lingering hour of rest was come,
> First wet with tears my pillow."

In The Retrospect he has still more clearly depicted his introduction to the school at Corston :—

“There now, in petty empire o'er the school,
The mighty master held despotic rule;
Trembling in silence, all his deeds we saw,
His look a mandate, and his word a law;
Severe his voice, severe and stern his mien,
And wondrous strict he was, and wondrous wise, I ween.

“Even now, through many a long, long year, I trace
The hour when first with awe I viewed his face;
Even now, recal my entrance at the dome,—
'Twas the first day I ever left my home!
Years, intervening, have not worn away
The deep remembrance of that wretched day.

‘Methinks e'en now the interview I see,
The mistress's glad smile, the master's glee.
Much of my future happiness they said,
Much of the easy life the scholars led;
Of spacious playground, and of wholesome air,
The best instruction, and the tenderest care;
And when I followed to the garden door
My father, till, through tears, I saw no more,—
How civilly they soothed my parting pain,
And how they never spake so civilly again.”

Bravo, Southey! In these lines how many feelings of how many oppressed little hearts you have given vent to! Improvement, I do believe, has found its way, in a great degree, since then into private schools; but in many of them still, how much remains to be done! How much more may the spirits of masters and mistresses be humanized! How much more the law of love be substituted for the law of severity! It cannot be too deeply impressed on the hearts of those who take the charge of children, often at a great distance, that there is no tyranny so cowardly and mean as that which is exercised, not over grown men, but over tender children.

Coleridge calls this change, being “first plucked up and transplanted;” and adds,—“Oh, what a change! I was a depressed, moping, friendless, poor orphan, half-starved;—at that time the portion of food to the Bluecoats was cruelly insufficient for those who had no friends to supply them.” For those who had friends to supply them, the distinction set up was of the most detestable kind. They had luxuries brought in and served up before these poor half-starved little wretches. Charles Lamb, under the title of Elia, describes his own case as one of these favoured ones. “I remember Lamb at school, and can well remember that he had some peculiar advantages, which I and others of his schoolfellows had not. His friends lived in town and were at hand, and he had the privilege of going to see them almost as often as he wished, through some invidious distinction which was denied us. The present treasurer of the Inner Temple can explain how it happened. He had his tea and hot rolls in the morning, while we were battening upon our quarter of a penny loaf; our *crug* moistened with attenuated small beer in wooden piggins, smacking of the pitched leathern jack it was poured from. On Mondays, milk porritch, blue and tasteless, and the pease soup of Saturday, coarse and choking, were enriched for him with a slice of 'extraordinary bread and butter' from the hot loaf of the Temple. The Wednesday's mess of millet, somewhat less repugnant—(we had three banyan to four meat days in the week)—was endeared to his palate with a lump of double-refined, and a smack of ginger, or the fragrant cinnamon, to make it go down the more glibly. In lieu of our *half-pickled* Sundays, or *quite fresh* boiled beef on Thursdays, strong as caro equina, with detestable marigolds floating in the pail to poison the broth; our scanty mutton crags on Fridays; and rather more savoury but grudging portions of the same flesh, rotten-roasted, or rare, on the Tuesdays—the only dish which excited our appetites, and disappointed our stomachs in almost equal proportion; he had his hot plate of roast veal, or the more tempting griskin, exotics unknown to our palates, cooked in the paternal kitchen."

"I," says Coleridge, giving us the other side of the case, "was a poor friendless boy; my parents, and those who should have cared for me, were far away. Those few acquaintances of theirs, which they could reckon on being kind to me in the great city, after a little forced notice, which they had the grace to take of me on my first arrival in town, soon grew tired of my holiday visits. They seemed to them to recur too often, though I thought them few enough; one after another, they all failed me, and I felt myself alone among six hundred playmates. O, the cruelty of separating a poor lad from his early homestead! The yearnings which I used to have towards it in those unfledged years! How in my dreams would my native town, far in the west, come back, with its churches, and trees, and faces! To this late hour of my life do I trace the impressions left by the painful recollections of those friendless holidays. The long warm days of summer never return, but they bring with them a gloom from the haunting memories of those *whole day's leave*, when, by some strange arrangement, we were turned out for the livelong day, upon our own hands, whether we had friends to go to or none. I remember those bathing excursions to the New River, which Lamb recals with such relish, better, I think, than he can, for he was a home-seeking lad, and did not care for such water parties. How we would sally forth into the fields, and strip under the first warmth of the sun, and wanton like young dace in the streams, getting appetites for the noon which those of us that were penniless had not the means of allaying; while the cattle, and the birds, and the fishes were at feed about us, and we had nothing to satisfy our cravings: the very beauty of the day, the exercise of the pastime, and the sense of liberty, setting a keener edge upon them! How faint and languid, finally, we would return, towards nightfall, to our desired morsel, half rejoicing, half reluctant, that the hours of uneasy liberty had expired!

"It was worse, in the days of winter, to go prowling about the streets objectless; shivering at cold windows of print-shops, to extract a little amusement; or, haply, as a last resort, in the hope of a little novelty, to pay a fifty-times-repeated visit to the lions in the Tower, to whose levee, by courtesy immemorial, we had a prescriptive right of admission, and where our individual faces would be as well known to the warden as those of his own charges."

What an amount of cruelty may be perpetrated even under the show of favour! what hard days for the stomach, under the guise of holidays! Coleridge was, from all accounts, at this time, "a delicate and suffering boy." His stomach was weak, his feet tender, so that he was obliged to wear very large easy shoes. This might be one cause why he more readily fell into sedentary reading habits. He was to be found during play-hours, often, with the knees of his breeches unbuttoned, and his shoes down at the heel, walking to and fro, or sitting on a step, or in a corner, deeply engaged in some book. The future author of the Ancient Mariner, and translator of Wallenstein, sitting on door-steps and at corners, with his book on his knee, was a very interesting object, if the Ancient Mariner and Wallenstein could have been seen seated in that head of black cropped hair; as it was, it did excite attention; and Bowyer, one of those clever brutes who, on the strength of a good store of Latin and Greek, think themselves authorized to rain a good store of blows on the poor children in their power, testified his hopes of Coleridge's progress by continually and severely punishing him. He was often heard to say that "the lad was so ordinary a looking lad, with his black head, that he generally gave him, at the end of a flogging, an extra cut; for," said he, "you are such an ugly fellow."

Books were the poor fellow's solace for the flagellations of the masters and the neglect of the boys, amongst whom Lamb was not to be reckoned, for he was very fond of him and kind to him. "From eight to fourteen I was a playless day-dreamer," he observes; "a *helluo librorum;* my appetite for which was indulged by a singular incident—a stranger who was struck by my conversation, made me free of a circulating library in King-street, Cheapside."

This incident, says Gillman, was indeed singular. Going down the Strand, in one of his day-dreams, fancying himself swimming across the Hellespont, thrusting his hands before him as in the act of swimming, one hand came in contact with a gentleman's pocket. The gentleman seized his hand, turned round, and looked at him with some anger, exclaiming—"What! so young and so wicked!" at the same time accusing him of an attempt to pick his pocket. The frightened boy sobbed out his denial of the intention, and explained to him how he thought himself Leander swimming across the Hellespont. The gentleman was so much struck and delighted with the novelty of the thing, and with the simplicity and intelligence of the boy, that he subscribed, as before stated, to the library, in consequence of which Coleridge was further enabled to indulge his love of reading.

It is stated that at this school he laid the foundation of those bodily sufferings, which made his life one of sickness and torture, and occasioned his melancholy resort to opium. He greatly injured his health, it is said, and reduced his strength by his bathing excursions; but is it not just as likely that the deficiency of food, and those holiday days when he was turned out to starvation, had quite as much to do with it? On one occasion he swam across the New River in his clothes, and dried them on his back. This is supposed to have laid the foundation of his rheumatic pains; but may not that lying out all night in the rain at a former day have been even a still earlier predisposing cause? However that might be, he says, that "full half the time from seventeen to eighteen was passed in the sick-ward of Christ's Hospital, afflicted with jaundice and rheumatic fever."

At an earlier day he had undergone a medical treatment which was, oddly enough, the cause of his breaking out into verse. He had a remarkably delicate white skin, which was once the cause of great punishment to him. His dame had undertaken to cure him of the itch, with which the boys of his ward had suffered much; but Coleridge was doomed to suffer more than his comrades, from the use of sulphur ointment, through the great sagacity of his dame, who with her extraordinary eyes, aided by the power of glasses, could see the malady in the skin, deep and out of power of common vision; and, consequently, as often as she employed this miraculous sight, she found, or thought she found, fresh reason for continuing the friction, to the prolonged suffering and mortification of her patient. This occurred when he was about ten years of age, and gave rise to his first attempt at making a verse, as follows:—

"O Lord, have mercy on me!
For I am very sad!
For why, good Lord? I've got the itch,
And eke I've got the *tad!*"

the school name for ringworm.

In classical study Coleridge made wonderful progress, though but little in mathematics He read on through the catalogue, folios and all, of the library in King-street, and was always in a low fever of excitement. His whole being was, he says, with eyes closed to every object of present sense, to crumple himself up in a sunny corner, and read, read, read; fancying himself on Robinson Crusoe's island, finding a mountain of plum-cake and eating a room for himself, and then eating out chairs and tables—hunger and fancy!

So little affection had Coleridge for the school, that he greatly wanted at fifteen to put himself apprentice to a shoemaker. It was of the same class of odd attempts as his future one at soldiering.

"Near the school there resided a worthy, and in their rank of life, a respectable middle-aged couple. The husband kept a little shop and was a shoemaker, with whom Coleridge had become intimate. The wife also had been kind and attentive to him, and that was sufficient to captivate his affectionate nature, which had existed from earliest childhood, and strongly endeared him to all around him. Coleridge became exceedingly desirous of being apprenticed to this man, to learn the art of shoemaking; and in due time, when some of the boys were old enough to leave the school and be put to trade, Coleridge, being of the number, tutored his friend Crispin now to apply to the head master, and not to heed his anger should he become irate. Accordingly, Crispin applied at the hour proposed to see Bowyer, who having heard the proposal to take Coleridge as an apprentice, and Coleridge's answer and assent to become a shoemaker, broke forth with his favourite adjuration:—'Ods my life, man, what d'ye mean?' At the sound of his angry voice Crispin stood motionless, till the angry pedagogue, becoming infuriate, pushed the intruder out of the room with such force, that Crispin might have sustained an action at law against him for the assault. Thus, to Coleridge's mortification and regret, as he afterwards in joke would say, 'I lost the opportunity of supplying safeguards to the understandings of those who, perhaps, will never thank me for what I am aiming to do in exercising their reason.'"

Disappointed in becoming a shoemaker, he was next on fire to become a surgeon. His brother Luke was now in London, walking the London hospitals. Here every Saturday he got leave and went, delighted beyond everything if he were permitted to hold the plasters or attend dressings. He now plunged headlong into books of medicine, Latin, Greek, or English; devoured whole medical dictionaries; then fell from physic to metaphysics; thence to the writings of infidels; fell in love, like all embryo poets, and wrote verse. He was, however, destined neither to make shoes nor set bones, but for the University; whither he went in 1791, at the age of nineteen, being elected to Jesus College, Cambridge.

Here his friend Middleton, afterwards Bishop of Calcutta, who had been his most distinguished schoolfellow at Christ's Hospital, had preceded him, and was an undergraduate at Pembroke College. Their friendship was revived, and Coleridge used to go to Pembroke College sometimes to read with him. One day he found Middleton intent on his book, having on a long pair of boots reaching to the knees, and beside him, on a chair next to the one he was sitting on, a pistol. Coleridge had scarcely sat down before he was startled by the report of the pistol. "Did you see that?" said Middleton. "See what?" said Coleridge. "That rat I just sent into his hole again. Did you feel the shot? It was to defend my legs that I put on these boots. I am frightening these rats from my books, which, without some precaution, I shall have devoured." Middleton, notwithstanding his hard studies, failed in his contest for the classical medal, and so in his hopes of a fellowship,—a good thing eventually for him, for it drove him out of college into the world and a bishopric.

Coleridge came to the University with a high character for talent and learning; and the Blues, as they are called, or Christ's Hospital boys, anticipated his doing great honour to their body. This he eventually did by his poetical fame, and might have done by his college honours, had he but been as well versed in mathematics as in the classics. In his first year he contested for the prize for the Greek ode, and won it. In his second year he stood for the Craven scholarship, and of sixteen or eighteen competitors, four were selected to contend for the prize; these were Dr. Butler, late bishop of Lichfield; Dr. Keate, the late head master of Eton; Mr. Bethell, and

Coleridge. Dr. Butler was the successful candidate, and Coleridge was supposed to stand next. But college honours were contingent on a good mathematical stand; this Coleridge, who hated mathematics, despaired of, and determined to quit the university. He was, moreover, harassed with debts, the most serious of which, it seems, was incurred immediately on his arriving at Cambridge. He was no sooner at his college, than a polite upholsterer accosted him, requesting to be permitted to furnish his rooms. The next question was, "How would you like to have them furnished?" The answer, prompt and innocent enough, was, "Just as you please, Sir,"—thinking the individual employed by the college. The rooms were therefore furnished according to the taste of the artisan, and the bill presented to the astonished Coleridge. On quitting the college, it seems that his debts were about one hundred pounds—no great matter, but to him as overwhelming as if they had been a thousand. Cottle, in his account of him, says, he had fallen in love, as well as into debt, with a Mary G——, who rejected his offer. He made his way to London, and there, of all things in the world, enlisted for a soldier. The story is very curious, and, as related both by Cottle and Gillman, who were intimate with him at different periods of his life, is no doubt true.

In a state of great dejection of mind, he strolled about the streets of London till night came on, when he seated himself on the steps of a house in Chancery-lane, speculating on the future. In this situation, overwhelmed with his own painful thoughts, and in misery himself, he had now to contend with the misery of others,—for he was accosted by various kinds of beggars importuning him for money, and forcing on him their real or pretended sorrows. To these applicants he emptied his pockets of his remaining cash. Walking along Chancery-lane, he noticed a bill posted on the wall—"Wanted a few smart lads for the 15th, Elliott's Light Dragoons;" he paused a moment, and said to himself, "Well, I have had all my life a violent antipathy to soldiers and horses, the sooner I cure myself of these absurd prejudices the better; and so I will enlist in this regiment." Forthwith, he went as directed to the place of enlistment. On his arrival, he was accosted by an old sergeant, with a remarkably benevolent countenance, to whom he stated his wish. The old man, looking at him attentively, asked him if he had been in bed? On being answered in the negative, he desired him to take his, made him breakfast, and bade him rest himself awhile, which he did. This feeling sergeant, finding him refreshed in his body, but still suffering apparently from melancholy, in kind words begged him to be of good cheer, and consider well the step he was about to take; gave him half-a-guinea, which he was to repay at his convenience, desiring him at the same time to go to the play, and shake off his melancholy, and not to return to him. The first part of the advice Coleridge attended to, but returned after the play to the quarters he had left. At the sight of him, this kind-hearted man burst into tears. "Then it must be so," said he. This sudden and unexpected sympathy from an entire stranger deeply affected Coleridge, and nearly shook his resolution; but still considering that he could not in honour even to the sergeant retreat, he kept his secret, and, after a short chat, they retired to rest. In the morning the sergeant mustered his recruits, and Coleridge, with his new comrades, was marched to Reading. On his arrival at the quarters of the regiment, the general of the district inspected the recruits; and looking hard at Coleridge, with a military air, said, "What's your name, Sir?" He had previously determined to give one thoroughly Kamtschatkan; but, having observed somewhere, over a door, Cumberbatch, he thought this sufficiently outlandish, and therefore gave it with a slight alteration, which implied a joke on himself as a horseman: Silas Tomken Comberbacke, as thus it is spelt in the books at the War-office. "What do you come here for?" said the officer, as if doubting that he had any business there. "Sir," said Coleridge, "for what most other persons come,—to be made a soldier." "Do you think," said the general, "you can run a Frenchman through the body?" "I don't know," replied Coleridge, "as I never tried; but I'll let a Frenchman run me through before I'll run away." "That will do," said the general; and Coleridge was turned into the ranks.

Here, in his new capacity, laborious duties devolved on Mr. Coleridge. He endeavoured to think on Cæsar, Epaminondas, and Leonidas, with other ancient heroes, and composed himself to his fate, remembering that in every service there must be a commencement; but still he found confronting him no imaginary difficulties. Perhaps he who had most cause of dissatisfaction was the drill-sergeant, who thought his professional character endangered; for, after using his utmost efforts to bring his raw recruit into anything like a training, he expressed the most serious fears, from his unconquerable awkwardness, that he never should be able to make *a proper soldier of him*. It appears that he never advanced beyond the awkward squad, and that the drill-sergeant was obliged continually to warn the members of this squad by vociferously exclaiming—"Take care of that Cumberback! take care of him, for he will ride over you!" and other such complimentary warnings.

Coleridge, or Cumberbatch, or Cumberback, could never manage to rub down his own horse. The creature, he said, was a vicious one, and would return kick or bite for all such attempts; but then, in justice to the poor animal, the awkwardness of the attempts should be taken into the account. Cumberback at this time complained of a pain at the pit of his stomach, accompanied with sickness, which totally prevented his stooping; and, in consequence, he could never rub the heels of his horse at all. He would very quietly have left his horse unrubbed, but then he got a good rubbing down himself from the drill-sergeant. Between sergeant and steed he was in a poor case; for when he mounted his horse, it, like Gilpin's nag,

> "What thing upon its back had got
> Did wonder more and more."

But the same amiable and benevolent conduct which was so interwoven in his nature, soon made him friends, and his new comrades vied with each other in their endeavours to be useful to him. They assisted to clean his horse, and he amply repaid the obligation by writing all their letters to their sweethearts and wives. Such an amanuensis, we may well affirm, no lucky set of soldiers ever had before. Their lasses and good wives must have wondered at the new burst of affectionate eloquence in the regiment.

Poor Cumberback's skill in horsemanship did not progress. He was always encountering accidents and troubles. So little did he often calculate for a due equilibrium, that in mounting on one side —perhaps the wrong stirrup—the probability was, especially if his horse moved, that he lost his balance, and if he did not roll back on this side, came down ponderously on the other! The men, spite of their liking for him, would burst into a laugh, and say to one another, "Silas is off again!" Silas had often heard of campaigns, but he never before had so correct an idea of hard service.

From his inability to learn his exercise, the men considered him a sort of natural, though of a peculiar kind—a talking natural. This fancy he stoutly resisted, but no matter—what was it that he could do cleverly?—therefore a natural he must be.

But now came a change. He had been placed as a sentinel at the door of a ball-room, or some public place of resort, when two of his officers passing in, stopped for a moment near Coleridge talking about Euripides, two lines being quoted by one of them as from that poet. At the sound of Greek the sentinel instinctively turned his ear, when, with all deference touching his cap, he said, "I hope your honour will excuse me, but the lines you have repeated are not quite accurately cited. These are the lines;" which he gave in their true form. "Besides," said Cumberback, "instead of being in Euripides they will be found in the second antistrophe of the Œdipus of Sophocles." "Why, who the d—l are you?" said the officer; "old Faustus ground young again?"—"I am only your honour's humble sentinel," said Coleridge, again touching his cap.

The officers hastened into the room, and inquired about that "odd fish" at the door; when one of the mess, the surgeon it is believed, told them that he had had his eye upon him, but he could neither tell where he came from, nor anything about the family of the Comberbacks. "But," continued he, "instead of an 'odd fish,' I suspect him to be a 'stray bird' from the Oxford or Cambridge aviary." They learned also the laughable fact that he was bruised all over by frequent falls from his horse. The officers kindly took pity on the poor scholar, and had him removed to the medical department, where he was appointed "assistant" in the regimental hospital. This change was a vast improvement in Mr. Coleridge's condition; and happy was the day also on which it took place, for the sake of the sick patients; for Silas Tomken Comberback's amusing stories, they said, did them more good than all the doctor's physic. If he began talking to one or two of his comrades,—for they were all on a perfect equality, except that those who were clever in their exercise lifted their heads a little above the awkward squad, of which Comberback was, by acclamation, the preeminent member,—if he began to talk, however, to one or two, others drew near, increasing momently, till by and by the sick beds were deserted, and Comberback formed the centre of a large circle. Many ludicrous dialogues occurred between Coleridge and his new disciples, particularly with the "geographer."

On one occasion he told them of the Peloponnesian war, which lasted twenty-seven years. "There must have been famous promotions there," said one poor fellow, haggard as a death's head. Another, tottering with disease, ejaculated, "Can you tell, Silas, how many rose from the ranks?"

He now still more excited their wonderment by recapitulating the feats of Archimedes. As the narrative proceeded, one restrained his scepticism till he was almost ready to burst, and then vociferated, "Silas, that's a lie!" "D'ye think so?" said Coleridge, smiling, and went on with his story. The idea, however, got amongst them that Silas's fancy was on the stretch, when, finding that this would not do, he changed his subject, and told them of a famous general called Alexander the Great. As by a magic spell, the flagging attention was revived, and several, at the same moment, to testify their eagerness, called out, "The general! the general!" "I'll tell you all about him," said Coleridge, and impatience marked every countenance. He then told them who was the father of this Alexander the Great,—no other than Philip of Macedon. "I never heard of him," said one. "I think I have," said another, ashamed of being thought ignorant. "Silas, wasn't he a Cornish man? I knew one of the Alexanders at Truro."

Coleridge now went on, describing to them, in glowing colours, the valour, the wars, and the conquests of this famous general. "Ah," said one man, whose open mouth had complimented the speaker for the preceding half hour—"Ah," said he, "Silas, this Alexander must have been as great a man as our colonel!" Coleridge now told them of the "Retreat of the Ten Thousand." "I don't like to hear of retreat," said one. "Nor I," said a second; "I'm for marching on." Coleridge now told of the incessant conflicts of those brave warriors, and of the virtues of "the square." "They were a parcel of crack men," said one. "Yes," said another, "their bayonets fixed, and sleeping on their arms day and night." "I should like to know," said a fourth, "what rations were given with all that hard fighting;" on which an Irishman replied, "To be sure, every time the sun rose, two pounds of good ox beef and plenty of whisky."

At another time he told them of the invasion of Xerxes, and his crossing the *wide* Hellespont. "Ah!" said a young recruit, a native of an obscure village in Kent, who had acquired a decent smattering of geography, knowing well that the earth went round, was divided into land and water, and that there were more countries on the globe than England, and who now wished to show off a little before his comrades—"Silas, I know where that 'Hellspont' is. I think it must be the mouth of the Thames, for '*tis* very wide."

Coleridge now told them of the heroes of Thermopylæ; when the geographer interrupted him by saying, "Silas, I know, too, where that there Moppily is; it's somewhere up in the north." "You are quite right, Jack," said Coleridge, "it is to the north of the line." A conscious elevation marked his countenance; and he rose at once five degrees in the estimation of his friends.

But the days of Comberback were drawing to an end. An officer, supposed to be Captain Nathaniel Ogle, who sold out of that regiment towards the end of the same year that Coleridge left it, had, it is said, had his attention drawn towards this singular private, by finding the following sentence written on the walls of the stable where Comberback's horse-equipage hung:—"*Eheu! quam infortunii miserrimum est fuisse felicem!*" He showed him particular distinction. When Captain Ogle walked the streets, Coleridge walked behind him as his orderly; but when out of town, they walked abreast, to the great mystification of his comrades, who could not comprehend how a man out of the awkward squad could merit this honour. It was probably Ogle who wormed the secret out of Coleridge, and informed his friends where he was. It has, however, been said to have been through a young man, who had lately left Cambridge for the army, and on his road through Reading to join his regiment, met Coleridge in the street, in his dragoon's dress, who was about to pass him; on which he said, "No, Coleridge, this will not do; we have been seeking you this six months. I must and will converse with you, and have no hesitation in declaring that I shall immediately inform your friends that I have found you."

Whether owing to one or both of these causes, as Comberback was sitting as usual at the foot of a bed, in the hospital, in the midst of one of his talks, and surrounded by his usual gaping auditors, the door suddenly opened, and in came two or three gentlemen, his friends, looking in vain some time for him, amid the uniform dresses. At length they pitched on their man, and taking him by the arm, led him in silence out of the room. As the supposed *deserter* passed the door, one of the astonished auditors uttered, with a sigh—"Poor Silas! I wish they may let him off with a cool five hundred!"

Comberback was no more! but his memory was long and affectionately preserved amongst his hospital companions, one of whom he had volunteered to attend during a most malignant attack of small-pox, when all others deserted him, and had waited on him, and watched by him, for six weeks. To prevent contagion, the patient and his noble-hearted nurse, and eventual saviour, were put into an out-house, where Coleridge continued all that time, night and day, administering medicine, guarding him from himself during violent delirium, and when again capable of listening, sitting by his bed, and reading to him. In the annals of humanity, that act must stand as one of the truest heroism.

Connected with this singular passage in Coleridge's life, an old friend of his told Cottle this anecdote. The inspecting officer of his regiment, on one occasion, was examining the guns of the men; and coming to one piece which was rusty, he called out in an authoritative tone, "Whose rusty gun is this?" "Is it *very* rusty, Sir?" asked Coleridge. "Yes, Comberbatch, it is," said the officer, sternly. "Then, Sir," replied Coleridge, "it must be mine!" The oddity of the reply disarmed the officer, and the "poor scholar" escaped without punishment.

There are various anecdotes abroad, at once illustrative of Coleridge's queer horsemanship and happy knack at repartee, of which a specimen or two may be given here, before we dismiss him as a trooper.

His awkwardness on horseback was so marked that it attracted general notice. Once riding along the turnpike road in the county of Durham, a wag approaching him, noticed his peculiarity, and thought the rider a fine subject for a little fun. Drawing near, he thus accosted Coleridge, "I say, young man, did you meet a *tailor* on the road?" "Yes," replied Coleridge, "I did, and he told me if I went a little further I should meet a *goose*." The goose trotted on, quite satisfied with what he had got.

Coleridge is represented as being at this time on his way to a neighbouring race-course; that a farmer, at whose house he was staying, knowing his sorry horsemanship, had put him on the least and poorest animal he had, with old saddle and bridle, and rusty stirrups. On this Rosinante, Coleridge went in a black dress coat, with black breeches, black silk stockings, and shoes. Two other friends, as better horsemen, were entrusted with better steeds, and soon left him on the road. At length, reaching the race-ground, and thrusting his way through the crowd, he arrived at the spot of attraction to which all were hastening. Here he confronted a barouche and four, filled with smart ladies and attendant gentlemen. In it was also seated a baronet of sporting celebrity, steward of the course, and member of the House of Commons; well known as having been bought and sold in several parliaments. The baronet eyed the figure of Coleridge, as he slowly passed the door of the barouche, and thus accosted him: "A pretty piece of blood, Sir, you have there." "Yes!" answered Coleridge. "Rare paces, I have no doubt, Sir!" "Yes," answered Coleridge, "he brought me here a matter of four miles an hour." He was at no loss to perceive the honourable baronet's drift, who wished to show off before the ladies: so he quietly waited the opportunity of a suitable reply. "What a free hand he has!" continued Nimrod; "how finely he carries his tail! Bridle and saddle well suited, and appropriately appointed!" "Yes," said Coleridge. "Will you sell him?" asked the sporting baronet. "Yes," was the answer, "if I can have my price." "Name your price, then, putting the rider into the bargain!" "My price," replied Coleridge, "for *the horse*, Sir, if I sell him, is *one hundred* guineas; as to the *rider*, never having been in parliament, and never intending to go, *his* price is not yet fixed." The baronet sat down more suddenly than he had risen —the ladies began to titter—while Coleridge quietly now moved on.

Coleridge returned to Cambridge, but only for a very short time. The French Revolution, in its early promise, had raised the spirit of enthusiasm for liberty in the bosom of all generous-natured young men. This had brought together Coleridge, Southey, and others of the like temperament. Coleridge now went to visit Southey, at Oxford, where they hit upon the Pantisocracy scheme, an offshoot from the root of Rousseau's visions of primitive life. Coleridge is said first to have broached it, and that it was eagerly adopted by Southey, and a college friend of his, George Burnet. These young men, soon after, set off to Bristol, Southey's native place, where they were soon joined by Coleridge. Here Southey, Coleridge, and Burnet occupied the same lodging; Robert Lovell, a young quaker, had adopted this scheme, and they all concluded to embark for America, where, on the banks of the Susquehannah, they were to found their colony of peace and perfection, to follow their own ploughs, harvest their own corn, and show forth to the world the union of a patriarchal life of labour, with the highest exercise of intellect and virtue. Luckily for them, the mainspring was wanting. Without the root of all evil, they could not rear this tree of all good fruits. They were obliged to borrow cash of Cottle even to pay for their lodgings; and the shrewd bookseller, while he listened to their animated descriptions of their future transatlantic Eden, chuckled to himself on the impossibility of their ever carrying it out. The dream gradually came to an end. Lovell died unexpectedly, being carried off by a fever, brought on through a cold, caught on a journey to Salisbury. Symptoms of jarring had shown themselves amongst the friends, which were rather ominous for the permanence of a pantisocracy. Coleridge had quarrelled with Lovell before he died, because Lovell, who was married to a Miss Fricker, opposed Coleridge's marriage with her sister till he had better prospects. Coleridge and Southey quarrelled about the pantisocracy afterwards. The most important results to Southey and Coleridge of this pantisocratic coalition were, that they eventually married the two sisters of Lovell's wife. Both these young poets, with their minds now fermenting with new schemes of politics and doctrines of religion, commenced at Bristol as lecturers and authors. The profits of the lectures were to pay for the voyage to America; they did not even pay the rent. Coleridge lectured on the English Rebellion and Charles I., the French Revolution, and on Religion and Philosophy; Southey, on General History: both displaying their peculiar talents and characters—Coleridge all imagination, absence of mind, and impracticability; Southey, with less genius, but more order, prudence, and worldly tact. Both of those remarkable men began by proclaiming the most ultra-liberalism in politics and theology—both came gradually back to the opinions which early associations and education had riveted on them unknown to themselves, but with very different degrees of rapidity, and finally with a very different tone. Coleridge ran through infidelity, unitarianism, the philosophy of Berkeley, Spinoza, Hartley, and Kant; and came back finally to good old Church-of-Englandism, but full of love and tolerance. Southey, more prudent, and notoriously timid, startled at once by the horrors which the French committed in the name of liberty, saw that the way of worldly prosperity was closed for life to him who was not orthodox, and became at once orthodox. But the consciousness of that sudden change hung for ever upon him. He knew that reproach would always pursue the suspicious reconversion, and on that consciousness grew bitterness and intolerance. Coleridge, having wandered through all opinions himself, was afraid to condemn too harshly those who differed from him. He contented himself with loving God, and preaching the true principles of Christianity:—

"He prayeth best who *loveth* best
All things, both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us
He made and loveth all."

Southey, on the contrary, stalked into the fearful regions of bigotry, assumed in imagination the throne and thunderbolts of Deity, and

"Dealt damnation round the land
On all he deemed his foes."

But this was the worst view of Southey's character. He had that lower class of virtues which Coleridge had not; and out of his prudence and timidity sprung that worldly substance which Coleridge was never likely to acquire, and by which he kindly made up for some of Coleridge's deficiencies. Coleridge could not provide properly for his family; Southey helped to provide for them, and invited Coleridge's wife and daughter to his house, where for many years they had a home. In all domestic relations Southey was admirable; he failed only in those which would have given him a name, perhaps, little short of Milton for glorious patriotism, had he proceeded to the end as he began.

Of the literary life of Southey, Coleridge, and Wordsworth, who soon after joined them in the west, I have yet to speak. We must now follow Coleridge.

The circumstances which had brought Coleridge to Bristol, though they did not end in pantisocracy, ended in marriage, which for some years fixed him in that part of the country. Cottle, who, a poet of some merit himself, saw the great talent of these young men, offered Southey fifty guineas for his Joan of Arc, and became its publisher. He also offered Coleridge thirty guineas for a volume of poems, the cash to be advanced when he pleased from time to time. On this slender foundation Coleridge began the world. He took a cottage at Clevedon, some miles from Bristol, and thither he took his bride. It appears truly to have been the poetic idea—love in a cottage, for there was love and little more. Cottle says it had walls, and doors, and windows; but as for furniture, only such as became a philosopher. This was not enough even for poetic lovers. Two days after the wedding, the poet wrote to Cottle to send him the following unpoetical, but very essential articles:—"A riddle-slice; a candle-box; two ventilators; two glasses for the wash-hand stand; one tin dust-pan; one small tin tea-kettle; one pair of candlesticks; one carpet brush; one flour-dredge; three tin extinguishers; two mats; a pair of slippers; a cheese-toaster; two large tin spoons; a Bible; a keg of porter;

coffee, raisins, currants, catsup, nutmegs, allspice, rice, ginger, and mace."

So Coleridge began the world. Cottle, having sent these articles, hastened after them to congratulate the young couple. This is his account of their residence. "The situation of the cottage was peculiarly eligible. It was in the extremity, not in the centre of the village. It had the benefit of being but one story high; and, as the rent was only five pounds per annum, and the taxes nought, Mr. Coleridge had the satisfaction of knowing that, by fairly mounting his Pegasus, he could make as many verses in a week as would pay his rent for a year. There was also a small garden, with several pretty flowers, and the 'tallest tree-rose' did not fail to be pointed out, which 'peeped at the chamber window,' and has been honoured with some beautiful lines."

The cottage is there yet in its garden; but Coleridge did not long inhabit it. He soon found that even Clevedon was too far out of the world for books and intellect; and returning to Bristol, took lodgings on Redcliff-hill. From this abode he soon again departed, being invited by his friend, Mr. Thomas Poole, of Nether Stowey, to visit him there. During this visit, he wrote some of his first volume of poems, including the Religious Musings; he then returned to Bristol, and started the idea of his Watchman, and made that journey through the principal manufacturing towns, to obtain subscribers for it, which he so amusingly describes in his Biographia Literaria. This was a failure; but about this time, Charles Lloyd, the eldest son of Charles Lloyd, the banker, of Birmingham, whom Byron has commemorated in the alliterative line of

" – ——— Lovell, Lamb, and Lloyd,"

was smitten with admiration of Coleridge's genius, and offered to come and reside with him. He, therefore, took a larger house on Kingsdown, where Lloyd was his inmate. Mr. Poole, of Stowey, however, was not easy to be without the society of Coleridge; he sent him word that there was a nice cottage there at liberty, of only seven pounds per annum rent, and pressed him to come and fix there. Thither Coleridge went, Lloyd also agreeing to accompany them. Unfortunately, Lloyd had the germs of insanity as well as poetry in him. He was subject to fits, which agitated and alarmed Coleridge. They eventually disagreed, and Lloyd left, but was afterwards reconciled, well perceiving that his morbid nervousness had had much to do with the difference.

This place became for two years Coleridge's home. Here he wrote some of his most beautiful poetry. "The manhood of Coleridge's true poetical life," has been observed by a cotemporary, "was in the year 1797." He was yet only twenty-five years of age, but his poetical faculty had now acquired a wide grasp and a deep power. Here he wrote his Tragedy of Remorse, Christabel, the Dark Ladie, the Ancient Mariner (which was published in the Lyrical Ballads jointly with Wordsworth's first poems), his Ode on the Departing Year, and his Fears in Solitude. These works are at once imbued with the highest spirit of his poetry, and the noblest sentiments of humanity. Here he was visited by Charles Lamb, Charles Lloyd, Southey, Hazlitt, De Quincey (who had previously presented him generously with 300*l*.), the two great potters, the Wedgwoods, and other eminent men. Wordsworth lived near him at Allfoxden, and was in almost daily intercourse with him. The foot of Quantock was to Coleridge, says one of his biographers, a memorable spot. Here his studies were serious and deep. They were directed not only to poetry, but into the great bulk of theological philosophy. Here, with his friend Thomas Poole, a man sympathising in all his tastes, and with Wordsworth, he roamed over the Quantock hills, drinking in at every step new knowledge and impressions of nature. In his Biographia Literaria, he says, "My walks were almost daily on the top of Quantock, and amongst its sloping coombs." He had got an idea of writing a poem called THE BROOK, tracing a stream which he had found, from its source in the hills amongst the yellow-red moss and conical glass-shaped tufts of bent, to the first break, or fall, where its drops become audible, and it begins to form a channel; thence to the peat and turf barn, itself built of the same dark masses as it sheltered; to the sheepfold; to the first cultivated spot of ground; to the lonely cottage, and its bleak garden won from the heath; to the hamlets, the market towns, the manufactories, and the sea-port. It will be seen that this was not *quite* on so fine a scale as Childe Harold, and that Wordsworth has carried out the idea in the Sonnets on the river Duddon, not quite so amply as the original idea itself. He says, when strolling alone he was always with book, paper, and pencil in hand, making studies from nature, whence his striking and accurate transcripts of such things. It will be noticed in the article on Wordsworth, that these rambles, in the ignorant minds of the country people, converted him and Coleridge into suspicious characters. Coleridge was so open and simple, that they said, "As to Coleridge, he is a whirlbrain, that talks whatever comes uppermost; but that Wordsworth! he is a *dark* traitor. You never hear *him* say a syllable on the subject!"

Coleridge himself, in his Biographia Literaria, tells us, that a certain baronet in the neighbourhood got Government to send down a spy to watch them. That this spy was a very honest fellow, for a wonder That he heard them, he said, at first, talking a deal of *Spy Nosey* (Spinoza), and thought they were up to him, as his nose was none of the smallest; but he soon found that it was all about books. Coleridge also gives the amusing dialogue between the innkeeper and the baronet, the innkeeper having been ordered to entertain the spy, but, like the spy, soon found that the strange gentlemen were only *poets*, and going to put Quantock into verse.

Many are the testimonies of attachment to this neighbourhood and the wild Quantock hills, to be found in the poems of Coleridge; and in the third book of the Excursion, Wordsworth describes the Quantock and their rambles with all the gusto of a fond memory.

In Coleridge's poem of Fears in Solitude, a noble-hearted poem, these hills, and one of these very dells, are described with graphic truth and affection.

> " A green and silent spot amid the hills,
> A small and silent dell! O'er stiller place
> No singing skylark ever poised himself;
> The hills are heathy, save that swelling slope,
> Which hath a gay and gorgeous covering on,
> All golden with the never bloomless furze
> Which now blooms most profusely; but the dell,
> Bathed by the mist, is fresh and delicate
> As vernal corn field, or the unripe flax,
> When through its half-transparent stalks at eve,
> The level sunshine glimmers with green light.
> Oh! 'tis a quiet, spirit-healing nook!
> Which all, methinks, would love: but chiefly he,
> The humble man, who, in his youthful years,
> Knew just so much of folly as had made
> His early manhood more securely wise!
> Here he might lie on fern or withered heath,
> While from the singing lark, that sings unseen
> The minstrelsy that solitude loves best,
> And from the sun, and from the breezy air,
> Sweet influences trembled o'er his frame;
> And he with many feelings, many thoughts,
> Made up a meditative joy, and found
> Religious meanings in the forms of nature!
> And so his senses gradually wrapt
> In a half sleep, he dreams of better worlds,
> And dreaming hears thee still, O singing lark,
> That singest like an angel in the clouds."

Here, buried in summer beauty from the world, in this green and delicious oratory, he lay and poured out those finely human thoughts on war and patriotism, which enrich this poem; which closes with a descriptive view of these hills, the wide prospects from them, and of little quiet Stowey lying at their feet.

> " But now the gentle dew-fall sends abroad
> The fruit-like perfume of the golden furze;
> The light has left the summit of the hill;
> Though still a sunny gleam lies beautiful
> Aslant the ivied beacon. Now farewell,
> Farewell, awhile, O soft and silent spot!
> On the green sheep-track, up the heathy hill,
> Homeward I wind my way; and lo! recalled
> From bodings that have well-nigh wearied me,
> I find myself upon the brow, and pause
> Startled! And after lonely sojourning
> In such a quiet and surrounded nook,
> This burst of prospect,—here the shadowy main,
> Dim-tinted, there the mighty majesty
> Of that huge amphitheatre of rich
> And elmy fields, seems like society
> Conversing with the mind, and giving it
> A livelier impulse and a dance of thought!
> And now, beloved Stowey! I behold
> Thy church-tower, and, methinks, the four huge elms
> Clustering, which mark the mansion of my friend;
> And close behind them, hidden from my view,
> Is my own lowly cottage, where my babe,
> And my babe's mother, dwell in peace! With light
> And quickened footsteps thitherward I tend,
> Remembering thee, O green and silent dell!
> And grateful that, by nature's quietness
> And solitary musings, all my heart
> Is softened, and made worthy to indulge
> Love, and the thoughts that yearn for humankind."

Stowey, like all other places where remarkable men have lived, even but a few years ago, impresses us with a melancholy sense of rapid change, of the swift flight of human life. There is the little town, there ascend beyond it the green slopes and airy range of the Quantock hills, scattered with masses of woodland, which give a feeling of deep solitude. But where is the poet, who used here to live, and there to wander and think? Where is his friend Poole? All are gone, and village and country are again resigned to the use of simple and little-informed people, who take poets for spies and dark traitors. The little town is vastly like a continental one. It consists of one street, which at an old market cross diverges into two others, exactly forming an old-fashioned letter Y. The houses are, like continental ones, white, and down the street rolls a little full stream, quite in the fashion of a foreign village, with broad flags laid across to get at the houses. It stands in a particularly agreeable, rich, and well-wooded country, with the range of the Quantock hills, at some half mile distance, and from them a fine view of the sea and the Welsh coast, on the other side of the Bristol channel.

The house in which Thomas Poole used to live, and where Coleridge and his friend had a second home, is about the centre of the village. It is a large old-fashioned house, with pleasant garden, and ample farm-yard, with paddocks behind. I found it inhabited by a medical man and his sister, who did all honour to the memory of Coleridge, and very courteously allowed me to see the house. The lady obligingly took me round the garden, and pointed out to me the windows of the room overlooking it, where so many remarkable men used to assemble.

Mr. Poole, who was a bachelor, and a magistrate, died a few years ago, leaving behind him the character of an upright man, and a genuine friend to the poor. On his monument in the church is inscribed, that he was the friend of Coleridge and Southey.

The cottage inhabited by Coleridge is the last on the left hand going out towards Allfoxden. It is now, according to the very common and odd fate of poets' cottages, a Tom and Jerry shop. Moore's native abode is a whisky shop; Burns's native cottage is a little public-house; Shelley's house at Great Marlowe is a beer shop; it is said that a public-house has been built on the spot where Scott was born, since I was in that city; Coleridge's house here is a beer shop. Its rent was about 7*l.* a-year, and it could not be expected to be very superb. It stands close to the road, and has nothing now to distinguish it from any other ordinary pot-house. Where Coleridge sate penning the Ode to the Nightingale, with its

"Jug, jug, jug,
And that low note more sweet than all;"

which the printer, by a very natural association, but to the poet's infinite consternation, converted into

"Jug, jug, jug,
And that low note more sweet than ale;"

sate, when I entered, a number of country fellows, and thought their ale more sweet than any poet's or nightingale's low notes. Behind the house, however, there were traces of the past pleasantness, two good large gardens, and the old orchard where Coleridge sate on the apple-tree, "crooked earthward;" and while Charles Lamb and his sister went to ascend the hills and gaze on the sea, himself detained by an accident, wrote his beautiful lines, "This Lime-tree Bower, my prison," including this magnificent picture:—

> "Yes, they wander on
> In gladness all: but thee, methinks, most glad,
> My gentle-hearted Charles! for thou hast pined
> And hungered after nature, many a year;
> In the great city pent, winning thy way,
> With sad yet patient soul, through evil and pain,
> And strange calamity! Ah! slowly sink
> Behind the western ridge, thou glorious sun!
> Shine in the slant beams of the sinking orb,
> Ye purple heath flowers! richlier beam, ye clouds!
> Live in the yellow light, ye distant groves!
> And kindle, thou blue ocean! So my friend,
> Struck with deep joy, may stand as I have stood,
> Silent with swimming sense: yea, gazing round
> On the wide landscape, gaze till all doth seem
> Less gross than bodily; and of such hues
> As veil the Almighty Spirit when yet he makes
> Spirits perceive his presence."

The woman in the house,—her husband was out in the fields,—and her sister, had neither of them heard of such a thing as a poet. When I asked leave to see the house and garden, on account of a gentleman who had once lived there, "Yes," said the landlady, quite a young woman, "a gentleman called one day, some time ago, and said he wished to drink a glass of ale in this house, because a great man had lived in it."

"A great man, did he say? Why, he was a poet."

"A poet, Sir, what is that?"

"Don't you know what a poet is?"

"No, Sir."

"But you know what a ballad-singer is?"

"Oh yes; to be sure."

"Well, a poet makes ballads and songs, and things of that kind."

"Oh, lauks-o' me! why, the gentleman said it was a great man."

"Well, he was just what I tell you—a poet—a ballad maker, and all that. Nothing more, I assure you."

"Good lauk-a-me! how could the gentleman say it was a great man! Is it the same man you mean, think you?"

"Oh! no doubt of it. But let me see your garden."

The sister went to show it me. There were, as I have said, two gardens, lying high above the house, so that you could see over part of the town, and, in the other direction, the upland slopes and hills. Behind the garden was still the orchard, in which Coleridge had so often mused. Returning towards the house, the remains of a fine bay-tree caught my attention, amid the ruins of the garden near the house, now defaced with weeds, and scattered with old tubs and empty beer barrels.

"That," said I, "was once a fine bay-tree."

"Ay, that was here when we came"

"No doubt of it. That poet planted it, as sure as it is there. That is just one of those people's tricks. Wherever they go they are always planting that tree."

"Good Lord, do they? what odd men they must be!" said the young woman.

Such is the intelligence of the common people in the west, and in many other parts of England. Is it any wonder that the parents of these people took Coleridge for a spy, and Wordsworth for a dark traitor? But these young women were very civil, if not very enlightened. As I returned through the house, the young landlady, evidently desirous to enter into further discourse, came smiling up, and said, "It's very pleasant to see relations addicting to the old place." Not knowing exactly what she meant, but supposing that she imagined I had come to see the house because the poet was a relation of mine, I said, "Very; but I was no relation of the poet's."

"No! and yet you come to see the house; and perhaps you have come a good way?"

"Yes; from London."

"From London! what, on purpose?"

"Yes, entirely on purpose."

Here the amazement of herself, her sister, and the men drinking, grew astoundingly. "Ah!" I added, "he was a great man—a very great man—he was a particular friend of Mr. Poole's."

"Oh, indeed!" said they. "Ay, he must have been a gentleman, then, for Mr. Poole was a very great man, and a justice."

Having elevated the character of Coleridge from that of a poet into the friend of a justice of the peace, I considered that I had vindicated his memory, and took my leave.

In September, 1798, Coleridge quitted Stowey and England, in company with Wordsworth, for a tour in Germany. His two wealthy friends, Thomas and Josiah Wedgwood, the great Staffordshire potters, had settled on him 150*l.* a-year for life, which, with other slight means, enabled him to undertake this journey, with Wordsworth and his sister. The Wedgwoods were Unitarians, and now looked on Coleridge as the great champion of the cause, for he preached at Taunton and other places in the chapels of that denomination; and in his journey on account of the Watchman had done so in most of the large manufacturing towns, entering the pulpit in a blue coat and white waistcoat, that not a rag of the woman of Babylon might be seen on him. These are his own words, in his Biographia Literaria. Thomas Wedgwood either died long before Coleridge, and so the annuity died with him, or he might have withdrawn his moiety when Coleridge ceased to fulfil his religious hopes: it did, however, cease; but the 75*l.* from Josiah Wedgwood was paid punctually to the day of his death.

From this journey to Germany we may date a great change in the tone of Coleridge's mind. He became more metaphysical, and a thorough Kantist. From this period, there can be no doubt, on looking over his poems, that his poetry suffered from the effects of his philosophy. But to this journey we owe also the able translation of Wallenstein, which was then a new production, the original being published only on the eve of Coleridge's return to England, September, 1799, and the translation appearing in 1800. In Coleridge's own account of his tour, the description of the ascent of the Brocken is one of the most living and graphic possible. Having gone over the ground myself, the whole scene, and feeling of the scene, has never since been revived by anything which I have read in any degree like the account of Coleridge. In that, too, is to be found the same story of their rude treatment at an inn in Hesse, which is given in the article on Wordsworth.

On Coleridge's return to England, he settled in London for a time, and brought out his translation of Wallenstein, which was purchased by the Messrs. Longman, on the condition that the English version, and Schiller's play in German, should be published simultaneously. Coleridge now engaged to execute the literary and political department of the Morning Post, to which Southey, Wordsworth, and Lamb were also contributors. In this situation he was accused by Mr. Fox, under the broad appellation of the Morning Post, but with allusion to his articles, of having broken up the peace of Amiens, and renewing the war. It was a war, said Fox, produced by the Morning Post. Coleridge's strictures on Buonaparte occasioned that tyrant to select him for one of the objects of his vengeance, and to issue an order for his arrest when in Italy. Coleridge, on quitting the Morning Post, went to reside near his friends Southey and Wordsworth. He was much at the houses of each. In 1801, he regularly took a house at Keswick, thinking, like his two great friends, to reside there permanently. The house, if not built for him, was expressly finished for him by a then neighbour, Mr. Jackson; but it was soon found that the neighbourhood of the lakes was too damp for his rheumatic habit. In 1803, his health was so much worse that it was considered necessary for him to seek a warmer climate; and he accepted an invitation from his friend Mr., since Sir John Stoddart, to visit him at Malta, which he accepted. Here he acted for some time as public secretary of the island. In 1805 he returned, not much benefited by his sojourn. He came back through Italy, and at Rome saw Allston, the American painter, and Tieck, the German poet. It was on this occasion that he was warned of the order of Buonaparte to arrest him; and hastening to Leghorn with a passport furnished him by the Pope, was carried out to sea by an American captain. At sea, however, they were chased by a French vessel, which so alarmed the American that he compelled Coleridge to throw all his papers overboard, by which all the fruits of his literary labours in Rome were lost.

On his return to England he again went to the lakes, but this time was more with Wordsworth than with Southey. Wordsworth was at this time living at Grasmere, and we have a humorous account of Coleridge, in his "Stanzas in my pocket copy of Thomson's Castle of Indolence," as "the noticeable man with large grey eyes." In another place Wordsworth has, in one line descriptive of him there, given us one of the most beautiful portraitures of a poet dreamer,—

"The brooding poet with the heavenly eyes."

At Grasmere he planned The Friend, Wordsworth and some other of his friends furnishing a few contributions. From this period till 1816, he appears to have been fluctuating between the Lakes, London, and the west of England. In 1807 we find him at Bristol; and then at Stowey again, at Mr. Poole's. It was at this time that De Quincey sought an interview with him. He went to Stowey, did not meet with Coleridge, but stayed two days with Mr. Poole, and describes him and his house thus: "A plain-dressed man, in a rustic old-fashioned house, amply furnished with modern luxuries, and a good library. Mr. Poole had travelled extensively, and had so entirely dedicated himself to his humbler fellow-countrymen who resided in his neighbourhood, that for many miles round he was the general arbiter of their disputes, the guide and counsellor of their daily life; besides being appointed executor and guardian to his children by every third man who died in or about the town of Nether Stowey."

De Quincey followed Coleridge to Bridgewater, and found him thus: "In Bridgewater I noticed a gateway, standing under which was a man, corresponding to the description given me of Coleridge, whom I shall presently describe. In height he seemed to be five feet eight inches; in reality he was about an inch and a half taller, though, in the latter part of life, from a lateral curvature in the spine, he shortened gradually from two to three inches. His person was broad and full, and tended even to corpulence; his complexion was fair, though not what painters technically style fair, because it was associated with black hair; his eyes were large and soft in their expression; and it was by a peculiar appearance of haze or dimness which mixed with their light, that I recognised my object. This was Coleridge. I examined him steadily for a moment or more, and it struck me that he neither saw myself, nor any other object in the street. He was in a deep reverie; for I had dismounted, made two or three trifling arrangements at the inn-door, and advanced close to him, before he seemed apparently conscious of my presence. The sound of my voice announcing my name first awoke him. He stared, and for a moment seemed at a loss to understand my purpose, or his own situation; for he repeated rapidly a number of words which had no relation to either of us. There was no *mauvaise honte* in his manner, but simple perplexity, and an apparent difficulty in recovering his position among daylight realities. This little scene over, he received me with a kindness of manner so marked that it might be called gracious."

Mr. De Quincey then tells us that Coleridge was at this moment domesticated with a most amiable and enlightened family, descendants of Chubb, the philosophic writer; and that, walking out in the evening with Coleridge, in the streets of Bridgewater, he never saw a man so much interrupted by the courteous attentions of young and old.

In 1809 we find him again at the Lakes; in 1810 he left them again with Mr. Basil Montague, and remained some time at his house. In 1811 he was visiting at Hammersmith with Mr. Morgan, a common friend of himself and Southey, whose acquaintance they had made at Bristol; and here he delivered a course of lectures on Shakspeare and Milton. While still residing with Mr. Morgan, his Tragedy of Remorse was brought upon the stage at Drury-lane, at the instance of Lord Byron, then one of the managing committee, with admirable success. After this he retired to the village of Calne, in Wiltshire, with his friend Morgan, partly to be near Lisle Bowles; where he arranged and published his Sibylline Leaves, and wrote the greater part of the Biographia Literaria. He also dedicated to Mr. Morgan the Zapolya, which was offered to Mr. Douglas Kinnaird, for Drury-lane, and declined. The effect of this refusal Coleridge has noticed in some lines at the end of the Biographia Literaria, quoted from this very play:—

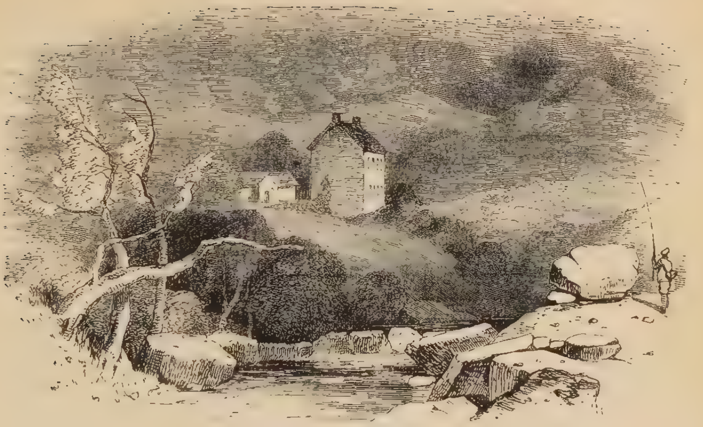
"O we are querulous creatures! Little less
Than all things can suffice to make us happy;
Though little more than nothing is enough
To make us wretched."

In 1816 he took refuge under the roof of Mr. Gillman, the surgeon, in the Grove, at Highgate. The motive for his going to reside with this gentleman was, that he might exercise a salutary restraint upon him as it regarded the taking of opium. His rheumatic pains had first led him to adopt the use of this insidious drug; and it had, as usual, in time, acquired so much power over him as to render his life miserable. He became the victim of its worst terrors, and so much its slave, that all his resolutions and precautions to break the habit, he regularly himself defeated. At one time a friend of his hired a man to attend him everywhere, and to sternly refuse all his solicitations for, or attempts to get opium; but this man he cheated at his pleasure. He would send the man on some trifling errand, while on their walks, turn into a druggist's shop, and secure a good stock of the article. Mr. Gillman, who had only himself and wife in his family, was recommended to him as the proper man to exercise a constant, steady, but kindly authority over him in this respect. Coleridge, at the first interview, was so much delighted with the prospect of this house, that he was impatient to get there, and came very characteristically with Christabel in his hand, to send to his host. With the Gillmans Coleridge continued till his death; and his abode here is too well known to need much mention of it. Here he held a species of soirée, at which numbers of persons were in the habit of attending to listen to his extraordinary conversations, or rather monologues. Those who heard him on these occasions used to declare that you could form no adequate idea of the intellect of the man till you had also heard him. Yet, by some strange neglect, or some wish of his own, these extraordinary harangues were never taken down; which, if they merited the praises conferred on them, is a loss to the world, as well as to his full fame.

Coleridge died on the 25th of July, 1834, being about three months short of sixty-two years of age. He lies buried in Highgate.

The house which Mr. Gillman occupied is now occupied by his successor, Mr. Brendon. There is nothing remarkable about the house except its view. Coleridge's room looked upon a delicious prospect of wood and meadow, with a gay garden full of colour, under the window. When a friend of his first saw him there, he said he thought he had taken his dwelling-place like an abbot. There he cultivated his flowers, and had a set of birds for his pensioners, who came to breakfast with him. He might be seen taking his daily stroll up and down near Highgate, with his black coat and white locks, and a book in his hand: and was a great acquaintance of the little children. He loved, says the same authority, to read great folios, and to make old voyages with Purchas and Marco Polo; the seas being in good visionary condition, and the vessel well stocked with botargoes.

In England there has been of late years a decided tendency to underrate his poetry, and we have even seen his claim to the character of a poet all but denied. There has been an industrious endeavour to trace almost every fine idea, and fine composition bearing his name, to some borrowed source, English or foreign. But while the "Hymn in the Vale of Chamouni," and similar poems remain, though Wordsworth always asserted that Coleridge "never was at Chamouni, nor near it," the character of Coleridge will still continue that of one of the noblest poets of any country. Though his philosophy is but little thought of in this country, it is highly estimated in America; some of his works are class-books in the Universities, and his "Aids to Reflection" has, perhaps, more than any other production, formed the minds of the studious young men of the United States. Such is the enthusiasm for the memory of Coleridge in the States, that numbers of Americans visit his last residence at Highgate, and one of them offered a large price for the very doors of his room, that he might set them up in his own house across the Atlantic.



FELICIA HEMANS.

If the lives of our poets had been written with the same attention to the placing of their abodes as clearly before you as that of Mrs. Hemans has been, both by Mr. Chorley and by her own sister, it might have saved me some thousand of miles of travel to visit and see them for myself.

Felicia Dorothea Browne, the future poetess, bearing the familiar name of Mrs. Hemans, was born in Duke-street, Liverpool, on the 25th of September, 1793. The house is still pointed out to strangers, but has nothing besides this event to give it a distinction from other town houses. Her father was a considerable merchant, a native of Ireland. There seems to have been a particular connexion with the state of Venice, for her mother was descended from an old Italian family. Her father was the Imperial and Tuscan Consul at Liverpool. The old name of Mrs. Hemans's maternal ancestry is said to have been Veniero, but had got corrupted to the German name of Wagner. Mrs. Hemans was the fifth of seven children, one of whom died in infancy. Before she was seven years old, her father, having suffered losses in trade, retired from business, and settled at Gwrych, near Abergele, in Denbighshire, close to the sea, in a large, old, solitary mansion, shut in by a range of rocky mountains. Here the family resided nine years, so that the greater and more sensitive part of her girlhood was passed here. She was sixteen when they removed.

Here, then, the intense love of nature and of poetry, which distinguished her, grew and took its full possession of her. How strong this attachment to the beauty and fresh liberty of nature had become by her eleventh year, was shown by the restraint which she felt in passing a winter in London, at that age, with her father and mother; and her intense longing to be back. Her rambles on the shore, and amongst the hills; her wide range through that old house, with a good library, and the companionship of her brothers and sisters, were all deeply calculated to call forth the spirit of poetry in any heart in which it lay. Her elder sister died; and she turned for companionship to her younger sister, since her biographer, and her younger brother, Claude Scott Browne, who also died young. Her two elder brothers, who with her younger sister only remain, became officers in the army; and this added a strong martial tendency to the spirit of her genius. Her mother, who was a very noble-minded and accomplished woman, bestowed great care on her education, and her access to books filled her mind with all the food that the young and poetical heart craves for. The Bible and Shakspeare were her two great books; and the traces of their influence are conspicuous enough in the genuine piety and the lofty imagery of her writing. She used to read Shakspeare amongst the branches of an old apple-tree. In this secret retreat, and in the nut wood, the old arbour and its swing, the post-office tree—a hollow tree, where the family put letters for each other,—the pool where they launched their little ships, used to be referred to by her as belonging to a perfect elysium of childhood. She was fond of dwelling on "the strange creeping awe with which the solitude and stillness of Gwrych inspired her." It had the reputation of being haunted—another spur to the imaginative faculty. There was a tradition of a fairy greyhound, which kept watch at the end of the avenue, and she used to sally forth by moonlight to get a sight of it. The sea-shore was, however, her favourite resort; and one of her biographers states that it was a favourite freak of hers, when quite a child, to get up of a summer night, when the servants fancied her safe in bed, and making her way to the water side, indulge in a stolen bathe. The sound of the ocean, and the melancholy sights of wreck and ruin which follow a storm, are said to have made an indelible impression upon her mind, and gave their colouring and imagery—

> "A sound and a gleam of the moaning sea,

to many of her lyrics. In short, a situation cannot be imagined more certain to call forth and foster all the elements of poetry than this of the girlhood of Mrs. Hemans. To the forms of nature, wild, lonely, and awful, the people, with their traditions, their music, and their interesting characteristics, added a crowning spell. The young poetess was rapidly springing in this delightful wilderness into the woman. She is described by her sister, at fifteen, as "in the full glow of that radiant beauty which was destined to fade so early The mantling bloom of her cheeks was shaded by a profusion of natural ringlets, of a rich, golden brown; and the ever-varying expression of her brilliant eyes gave a changeful play to her countenance, which would have made it impossible for any painter to do justice to it."

According to all accounts, at this period she was one of the most lovely and fascinating creatures imaginable; she was at once beautiful, warm-hearted, and enthusiastic. Her days had been spent in wandering through mountain and glen, and along the sea-shore, with her brothers and sister, or in brooding over the pages of Froissart and Shakspeare. Her mind was full of visions of romance, her heart of thrilling sensibilities; and at this moment the feeling of martial glory came to add a new enthusiasm to her character. Her two elder brothers were in the army, and one was fighting in Spain. There were many poetic and chivalrous associations with this country, which now were felt by her with double force, and which turned all her heart and imagination in this direction. In this critical hour, a young officer who was visiting in the neighbourhood was introduced to the family, and her fate was decided. It was Captain Hemans. The hero of the hour, he became completely so, when he also set sail for Spain. It was natural for so enthusiastic and poetic a damsel to contemplate him as a warrior doing battle for the deliverance of that land of Gothic and of Moorish romance, in the most delusive colouring. When he returned, it was to become her husband in an ill-fated marriage.

In the mean time, in 1809, and when she was about seventeen, her family quitted Gwrych, so long her happy home. Since then the greater part of the house has been pulled down, and a baronial-looking castle has arisen in its stead, the seat of Mr. Lloyd Bamford Hesketh. Bronwylfa, near St. Asaph, in Flintshire, became the residence of her family. Here she lived for about three years, or till 1812, when Captain Hemans returned, and they were married. For a short time she lived with her husband at Daventry, whence they returned to Bronwylfa, where they lived till 1818, or about six years, the whole period of their married life that they lived together. From that time till the death of Mrs. Hemans, seventeen years more, they lived apart—she in Wales, England, and Ireland, he in Italy.

At the time of Captain Hemans's first acquaintance with her, or in 1808, she was already an avowed poetess, having not only written much verse, but having already published a volume. While they lived together, though called upon to care for a rapidly-increasing family,—for at the time of Captain Hemans's departure for Italy he was the father of five boys,—she still pursued her studies, and wrote and published her poems. In 1812 appeared Domestic Affections and other Poems; and soon after, Tales and Historic Scenes. After her husband's departure she continued her writing with undaunted fortitude. In 1819 she contended for the prize for a poem on Sir William Wallace, and bore it away from a host of competitors. In 1820 she published The Sceptic; and the following year she won another prize from the Royal Society of Literature, for the best poem on Dartmoor. From this time Mrs. Hemans may be said to be fairly before the public; and her fame, from year to year, continued steadily to advance. There is something admirable in the manner in which Mrs. Hemans, as a deserted wife, her father also now being dead, and at such a distance from the literary world, marched on her way, and at every step won some fresh ground of honour. During this period she made a firm and fatherly friend of Dr. Luxmore, the bishop of St. Asaph, and, at his house, became acquainted with Reginald Heber. Her sister returning from a visit to Germany, where one of her brothers then was, brought with her a store of German books, and a great enthusiasm about German literature. This opened up to her a new field of intellectual life, and produced a decided effect on her poetic tone and style. From the hour of Mrs. Hemans's acquaintance with the German literature, you perceive that she had discovered her own *forte*, and a new life of tenderness and feeling was manifest in all she wrote. She became an almost constant writer in Blackwood's and Colburn's Magazines. Schiller, Goethe, Körner, and Tieck,—how sensibly is the influence of their spirit felt in The Forest Sanctuary; how different was the tone of this to all which had gone before! The cold classical model was abandoned, the heart and the fancy spoke out in every line, warm, free, solemn, and tenderly thoughtful. She dared the stage, in The Vespers of Palermo; and though the tragedy was cruelly used in London, she bore up bravely against the unkindness, and was afterwards rewarded by a reception of it in Edinburgh, as cordially rapturous, and which brought her the friendship of Sir Walter Scott.

In 1825 Mrs. Hemans made another remove, though but a short one. The house in which she lived at Bronwylfa had been purchased by her elder brother, who came to live in it; and she, with her mother, sister, and her children, removed about a quarter of a mile, to Rhyllon, yet in full view of the old house. This house at Rhyllon is described as being a tall, staring, brick building, almost destitute of trees, of creepers on the walls, or of shrubbery; while Bronwylfa, on the contrary, was a perfect bower of roses, peeping, says her sister, like a bird's nest out of the foliage in which it was embosomed. "In spite, however," continues the same sisterly biographer, "of the unromantic exterior of her new abode, the earlier part of Mrs. Hemans's residence at Rhyllon may, perhaps, be considered as the happiest of her life; as far, at least, as the term happiness could ever be fitly applied to any period of it later than childhood. The house, with all its ugliness, was large and convenient; the view from the windows beautiful and extensive; and its situation, on a fine green slope, terminating in a pretty woodland dingle, peculiarly healthy and cheerful. Never, perhaps, had she more thorough enjoyment of her boys than in witnessing and often joining in their sports, in those pleasant, breezy fields, where the kites soared so triumphantly, and the hoops trundled so merrily, and where the cowslips grew as cowslips never grew before. An atmosphere of home soon gathered round the dwelling; roses were planted, and honeysuckles trained; and the rustling of the solitary poplar near the window was taken to her heart, like the voice of a friend. The dingle became a favourite haunt, where she would pass many dream-like hours of enjoyment with her books, and her own sweet fancies, and her children playing around her. Every tree, and flower, and tuft of moss that sprung amidst its green recesses, was invested with some individual charm by that rich imagination, so skilled in—

> "Clothing the palpable and the familiar
> With golden exhalations of the dawn."

Here, on what the boys would call "mamma's sofa,"—a little grassy mound under her favourite beech-tree,—she first read The Talisman, and has described the scene with a loving minuteness, in her Hour of Romance:—

> "There were thick leaves above me and around,
> And low sweet sighs, like those of childhood's sleep,
> Amid their dimness, and a fitful sound,
> As of soft showers on water. Dark and deep
> Lay the oak shadows o'er the turf, so still,
> They seemed but pictured glooms; a hidden rill
> Made music—such as haunts us in a dream—
> Under the fern-tufts; and a tender gleam
> Of soft green light, as by the glow-worm shed,
> Came pouring through the woven beech-boughs down."

Many years after, in the sonnet, To a distant Scene, she addresses, with a fond yearning, this well-remembered haunt:—

> "Still are the cowslips from thy bosom springing,
> O far off grassy dell!"

How many precious memories has she hung round the thought of the cowslip, that flower with its "gold coat" and "fairy favours," which is, of all others, so associated with the "voice of happy childhood," and was, to her, ever redolent of the hours when her

> "Heart so leapt to that sweet laughter's tune!"

Another favourite resort was the picturesque old bridge over the Clwyd; and when her health admitted of more aspiring achievements, she delighted in roaming to the hills; and the announcement of a walk to Cwm, a remote little hamlet, nestled in a mountain hollow amidst very lovely sylvan scenery, about two miles from Rhyllon, would be joyously echoed by her elated companions, to whom the recollection of those happy rambles must always be unspeakably dear. Very often, at the outset of these expeditions, the party would be reinforced by the addition of a certain little Kitty Jones, a child from a neighbouring cottage, who had taken an especial fancy to Mrs. Hemans, and was continually watching her movements. This little creature never saw her without at once attaching itself to her side, and confidingly placing its tiny hand in hers. So great was her love for children, and her repugnance to hurt the feelings of any living creature, that she never would shake off this singular appendage, but let little Kitty rejoice in her "pride of place," till the walk became too long for her capacity, and she would quietly fall back of her own accord.

Those who only know the neighbourhood of St. Asaph from travelling along its highways, can be little aware how much delightful scenery is attainable within walks of two or three miles' distance from Mrs. Hemans's residence. The placid beauty of the Clwyd, and the wilder graces of its sister stream, the Elwy, particularly in the vicinity of "Our Lady's Well," and the interesting rocks and caves at Cefu, are little known to general tourists; though, by the lovers of her poetry, it will be remembered how sweetly she has apostrophized the

"Fount of the chapel, with ages grey;"

and how tenderly, amidst far different scenes, her thoughts reverted to the

"Cambrian river, with slow music gliding
By pastoral hills, old woods, and ruined towers."

This is a peep into the daily life of the poetess, which is worth a whole volume of ordinary biography. We see her here amid the lonely magnificence of nature; yet, at the same time, surrounded by those affectionate ties that make the only real society on earth. The affectionate mother, the beloved brother and sister, the buoyant hearts and voices of her own children. We see that there and then she was and must be happy. We see how wise was that instinctive love that drew the poetic heart from the flattering and worshipping things of the city, to dwell apart with God, with nature, and with family affection. What has all the society of ordinary city and literary life to equal that? The throng of drawing-rooms, where people stand and look at each other, and remain strangers as much as if they were sundered by half the globe! Nay, it is not half a globe, it is a whole world of fast-succeeding engagements; dissipations that beget indifference; flittings of the eye from face to face, and of the ear from gossip to gossip, where neither eye nor ear ever finds any power or wish for rest, but the heart yawns in insufferable weariness, if decorum keep the mouth shut. It is this dreary world which is thrust between man and man, and kills at once time and enjoyment. What has such a life, with all its petty scandals, and bitterness, and foul criticisms, and rankling jealousies, to compare with the breezy mountain, and the blue sky soaring high above; with the grey ruin, and the rushing river; with the dell and its whispering leaves, soothing down the mind to a peaceful consciousness, in which thoughts of eternity steal into it, and come forth again to the eternal page?

It is a deep consolation to know that the teachers and refiners of men do sometimes enjoy a life thus heavenly, and repose at once on the gracious bosom of nature, and on those of long-tried and beloved friends. Such was, for a time, the life of Mrs. Hemans here. For a time the elements of happiness seemed daily to augment themselves. Her younger brother, a man of a most genial nature, and his amiable wife, came from service in Canada, and settled down among them. The circle of affinity and social pleasure seemed complete; but time rapidly causes a change upon the completest combinations of earth. In rapid succession death and sorrow fell on the house of her elder brother; her mother sickened and died; her younger brother was called to an appointment in Ireland, and her sister was married, and was withdrawn to a distance. The fatal inroad was made into the circle of happiness; and from that time Mrs. Hemans began to contemplate quitting the scene of so many years' sojourn. She made a visit to Liverpool, which ended in her concluding to quit Wales, and settle there, for more congenial society and the education of her children. One of her last pleasures in Wales was the enjoyment of the society of Miss Jewsbury, afterwards Mrs. Fletcher, who passed part of the summer and autumn of 1828 in the neighbourhood of St. Asaph.

For about thirty years she had resided in Wales—the bulk of her life; for she was but about six years of age when her family went to reside there; and she survived her departure from it only the same number of years. The whole of her existence, therefore, excepting that twelve years, was spent in her favourite Wales. For the short remainder of her life she seemed rather a wanderer in the earth than a settled resident. She was at Liverpool, at the Lakes, in Scotland, in Ireland; and there, finally, seldom long in one place.

Her choice of Liverpool seemed to be determined by the consideration of education already mentioned, and by the desire to be near two families to which she was much attached—those of Mrs. Lawrence, of Wavertree-hall, and the Chorleys, of Liverpool. She took a house in the village of Wavertree, a little apart from the road. It must have been a dreary change from the fine, wild, congenial scenery of North Wales, to the flat, countryless neighbourhood of Liverpool. Nothing, surely, but the sense of maternal duty could have made such a change endurable to a mind like Mrs. Hemans's. This residence has been described by the author of Pen and Ink Sketches, who, though some of his relations have been much called in question, seems, in this instance, to have stated the simple facts. "The house," he says, "was one of a row, or terrace, as it was called, situated on the high-road, from which it was separated only by the footway, and a little flower-garden, surrounded by a white-thorn hedge. I noticed that all the other houses on either side of it were unadorned with flowers; they had either grass lawns or a plain gravel surface; some of them even grew cabbages and French beans —hers alone had flowers.

"I was shown into a very small apartment, but everything about it indicated that it was the home of genius and taste. Over the mantelpiece hung a fine engraving of William Roscoe, author of the Lives of the De Medici, with a presentation line or two in his own handwriting. The walls were decorated with prints and pictures, and on the mantel-shelf were some models in *terra cotta*, of Italian groups. On the table lay casts, and medallions, and a portfolio of choice prints and water-colour drawings."

The writer was first received by Miss Jewsbury, who happened to be there, and whom he truly describes as one of the most frank and open-hearted creatures possible. He then adds:—

"It was not long before the poetess entered the room. She held out her hand and welcomed me in the kindest manner, and then sat down opposite to me, first introducing Miss Jewsbury. I cannot well conceive a more exquisitely beautiful creature than Mrs. Hemans was; none of the portraits or busts I have ever seen do her justice, nor is it possible for words to convey to the reader any idea of the matchless, yet serene beauty of her expression. Her glossy waving hair was parted on her forehead, and terminated on the sides in rich and luxuriant auburn curls. There was a dove-like look in her eyes, and yet a chastened sadness in their expression. Her complexion was remarkably clear, and her high forehead looked as pure and spotless as Parian marble. A calm repose, not unmingled with melancholy, was the characteristic expression of the face; but when she smiled, all traces of sorrow were lost, and she seemed to be but 'a little lower than the angels,'—fitting shrine for so pure a mind!"

The writer says that he, some time after, paid a second visit to Wavertree. "Some time I stood before the well-remembered house. The little flower-garden was no more, but rank grass and weeds sprung up luxuriantly; the windows were many of them broken; the entrance-gate was off its hinges; the vine in front of the house trailed along the ground, and a board, with 'This house to Let' upon it, was nailed on the door. I entered the deserted garden, and looked into the little parlour—once so full of taste and elegance; it was gloomy and cheerless; the paper was spotted with damp, and spiders had built their webs in the corners. Involuntarily I turned away; and during my homeward walk mused upon the probable home and enjoyment of the two gifted creatures I had formerly seen there. Both were now beyond the stars; and as I mused on the uncertainty of human life, I exclaimed, with the eloquent Burke,—'What shadows we are, and what shadows, alas, do we pursue!'"

Spite of the warm and congenial friends Mrs. Hemans had at Liverpool, she soon found that it was not the location for her. She had lost all that her mind and heart had been accustomed to sustain themselves upon in a beautiful country; her hopes of educational advantages were not realized, and she was subjected to all the annoying interruptions which celebrity has to endure from idle curiosity, without any of its attendant advantages. To fly the evils and regain some of her old pleasures, she in 1829 made a journey into Scotland, to visit her friends Mr. Hamilton and his lady, at Chiefswood, near Abbotsford. This, of course, brought her into immediate contact with Sir Walter Scott. She was invited to Abbotsford, and the great minstrel showed her over his estate, and through the classic beauty of all that border-land which must from her early years have been regions of deepest romance to a mind like hers. The particulars of this visit, so cheering and delightful to her whole nature, are to be found in the biography written by her sister. She was, of course, received in Edinburgh with the cordial hospitality characteristic of that capital, and which was sure to be shown with double extent, in consequence of her great fame, and the pleasure which every one had derived from her productions. During this visit she was introduced, amongst other distinguished people, to Mrs.

Grant, of Laggan; Lord Jeffrey; Captain Basil Hall; Mr. Alison; Kirkpatrick Sharpe; Baron Hume; Sir Robert Liston, and the old literary veteran, Henry Mackenzie.

The advantage and the happiness of this visit to the north, determined her the next summer to pay a visit to the Lakes. Here she took up her abode for a fortnight with Wordsworth, at Rydal Mount, and there so charmed was she with the country, and so much did her health need the quiet refreshment of rural retirement, that she took for the remainder of the summer a small cottage overlooking Windermere, called Dove's Nest. But quiet as the spot appeared, secluded as it is, it was a great mistake to suppose that a woman of any reputation could escape the inroads of the Tourist Vandals so near Ambleside, and Lowood. "The soothing and healthful repose which had been so thoroughly and thankfully appreciated," says her sister, "was, alas! not destined to be of long continuance." Subsequent letters speak of the irruption of parties hunting for lions in Dove's Nest; of a renewal of "the Album persecution;" of an absolute mail storm of letters and papers, threatening "to boil over the drawer to which they were consigned;" till at last the despairing conclusion is come to that "one might as well hope for peace in the character of a shadowless man as of a literary woman."

The inundation was irresistible and overwhelming; in August she fled in desperation, and again made a journey into Scotland.

Mrs. Hemans had three of her boys with her at Dove's Nest, and they enjoyed the place to perfection. It was just the place for boys to be turned loose in; and with fishing, sketching, and climbing the hill above the Nest, they were in elysium. Her own health, however, was so far undermined now, that she complains in her letters that she cannot follow them as she would, though she is more a child in heart than any of them. Her own description of the Dove's Nest is this:—"The house was originally meant for a small villa, though it has long passed into the hands of farmers; and there is in consequence an air of neglect about the little demesne, which does not at all approach desolation, and yet gives it something of attractive interest. You see everywhere traces of love and care beginning to be effaced; rose trees spread into wildness; laurels darkening the windows with too luxuriant branches; and I cannot help saying to myself, 'Perhaps some heart like my own in its feelings and suffering, has here sought refuge and repose.' The ground is laid out in rather an antiquated style, which, now that nature is beginning to reclaim it from art, I do not at all dislike. There is a little grassy terrace immediately under the window, descending to a small court with a circular grass plat, on which grows one tall white rose-tree. You cannot imagine how I delight in that fair, solitary, neglected-looking tree. I am writing to you from an old-fashioned alcove in the little garden, round which the sweet-briar and moss-rose trees have completely run wild; and I look down from it upon lovely Windermere, which seems at this moment even like another sky, so truly is our summer cloud and tint of azure pictured in its transparent mirror."

This cottage is, in fact, a very simple affair. It is let by the people, farmers, who live in one end of it, and who have now built another house near it with farm buildings. It stands perhaps at half the elevation of Professor Wilson's house at Elleray, and not at such a distance from Windermere, and nearer to Lowood inn than to Ambleside. A considerable wild wood ascends above it to the top of the rocky hills, and it seems indeed to have had a place cut out of the front of the wood for it. You can ascend from Lowood by a steep, straight carriage road, all bordered with laurels luxuriantly grown, and overshadowed by forest trees; or you may, if coming from Ambleside, ascend a foot-path, which is by far the most charming way. Yes, a very charming way it is—a wild wood walk, reminding you of many of those in Germany. It is narrow, and overhung with hazels, at the time of my visit full of nuts in abundant and large clusters. Here water is running by the wayside, clear, and in fleet abundance. The wood opens its still solitudes, ever and anon; and far above you the rocks are seen lifting themselves into the heavens in a grey silence. This wood walk goes on and on, bordered with wild flowers, and odorous with the scent of meadow-sweet, till you arrive in about half a mile at the cottage.

This consists of but four rooms in front; two little sitting-rooms, and two bed-rooms over them. It is a little white battlemented affair, with a glass door. The woman of the house pointed out to me the chamber window, that on the right hand as you face the house, at which Mrs. Hemans, she said, used to write; and which commands a fine view of the lake and its encircling hills.

The woman is a character. She was very violent against steam, railroads, and all sorts of new-fangled things. She wondered what Parliament was about that they did not stop the steam. "What are your Sir Robert Peels, your Grahams, and your Stanleys good for, if they cannot stop the steam?" She would make them sit, if she could have her way, till they did some good, for they had done none yet. She almost preferred O'Connell to them, for he *did* get master of the queen!

"You seem to be a great radical," I said.

"Nay, nay!" she replied; "I'm naw radical. I stick fast to the Church, but I *am* a great Politic! And what *will* all those navvies do when the railways are all made? What *is* to become of the poor boatmen when there are nothing but steamers?"

"Well, but has not Mr. Wordsworth written against the railroads?"

"Ay, he may write; but there's more nor Mister Wordsworth now-a-days. People are got too clever now; and if he writes there's twenty ready to write against him."

All the time that the woman was getting on in this style, she had a sort of smile on her face as if she was merely talking for talking's sake; and, as she proceeded, she led the way to show me the garden, which is a very pleasant little retirement, looking down the hill, and towards Lowood upon the lake, and far across to its distant shores and mountains. We then passed into a second garden, at the top of which is the alcove mentioned by Mrs. Hemans. It is in the wall, arched above, and white-washed within, and with seats set round, and a most luxuriant Ayrshire rose climbing and mantling it about, high and thick. Here, said the woman, Mrs. Hemans sate in the fine weather generally to write. At the lower end of the garden stood the tall white rose-tree which Mrs. Hemans so much admired. From this the landlady plucked a flower, and begged me to send it to my wife; as well as a number of moss-roses growing about, which she said Mrs. Hemans admired, but not so much as this white rose. The strange woman, unpolished, but evidently full of strong independent feeling, and keen spirit of observation, was also as evidently possessed of tender feelings too. She declared it often made her melancholy to see that rose-tree and that alcove.

"Ah, poor thing!" said she, "it was a pity she did not open her situation sooner; but she did not open her heart enough to her rich relations, who were very fond of her. It was anxiety, Sir; it was anxiety, you may depend on it. To maintain five boys, and edicate 'em with one pen, it was too much, you are sure. Ay, I have thought a deal more of her since, than I did at the time; and so many ladies come here, and wish she had but opened her situation sooner, for when Government did something for her, it was too late!"

"Did she seem quite well here?"

"Oh, yes; she seemed pretty well, and she had three of her children with her, and well-behaved, nice children they were. Charles, they tell me, is turned Catholic, and Henry is gone abroad, and Claude is dead. Who could have believed it, when they were all so merry here! Poor thing! if she *had* but made known her situation—it was wearing her away. Mr. Graves, who was the tutor to the boys, and is now rector of Bowness, came here with the boys, when she went to Dublin, and she was to come back, and be with me by the year; and then the boys could have been still with Mr. Graves, for he got the living just then. He always comes to tell me when he hears anything about them—and her husband is dead too, I hear."

Such was the woman's information, and there may be more truth in it than we would like to believe. There can be no doubt that Mrs. Hemans taxed all her strength and power to maintain her family. It is not to be believed but that her brothers and sister, who were well off, did all she would allow them to do; but we know the honourable pride of a truly noble mind,—not to be burdensome when it can itself do its own work. How sensitive and shrinking it is! That Mrs. Hemans, in her praiseworthy endeavour to furnish the means of her boys' education, did overtax herself, and was obliged to write more than either her inclination or her true fame prompted, we have the evidence of herself in one of her very last letters to her friend Mrs. Lawrence. "You know into how rugged a channel the poor little stream of my life has been forced, and through what rocks it has wrought its way; and it is now longing for repose in some still valley. It has ever been one of my regrets that the constant necessity of providing sums of money to meet the exigencies of the boys' education has obliged me to waste my mind in what I consider mere desultory effusions:—

> Pouring myself away,
> As a wild bird, amidst the foliage, tunes
> That which within him thrills, and beats, and burns,
> Into a fleeting lay.

My wish ever was to concentrate all my mental energy in the production of some more noble and complete work, something of pure and holy excellence which might permanently take its place as the work of a British poetess. I have always hitherto written as if in the breaking times of storms and billows. Perhaps it may not even yet be too late to accomplish what I wish, though I sometimes feel my health so deeply penetrated that I cannot imagine how I am ever to be raised up again. But a greater freedom from these cares, *of which I have been obliged to bear up under the whole responsibility*, may do much to restore me; and though my spirits are greatly subdued by long sickness, I feel the powers of my mind in full maturity."

This is a plain enough confession; and it is the old melancholy story, of genius fighting for the world, and borne down by the world, which should be its friend. Once more, and for the ten thousandth time, under such circumstances, we must exclaim with Shakspeare—

> "O what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!"

We have here the bright, warm-hearted, fascinating girl of Bronwylfa, full of all the romance of life and the glorious visions of poetry, now sinking the martyr of the heart betrayed in its tenderest trust, doomed to labour like Pegasus in the peasant's cart and harness, perishing of exhaustion, and feeling that the unequal contest of life had yet left undeveloped the full affluence of the spirit. I could not avoid gazing again on the empty alcove,—the beautiful prospect, and the wildly-growing white rose, and feeling the full contagion of their and the good woman's melancholy.

But at once, out broke the strange creature with a different look and tone—"And we have now got another writer-lady down at Ambleside."

"A poet?"

"Nay, nothing of the sort; another guess sort of person, I can tell you."

"Why, who is that?"

"Who is that? Why, Miss Martineau they call her. They tell me she wrote up the Reform Bill for Lord Brougham; and that she's come from the Lambtons here; and that she's writing now about the taxes. Can she stop the steam, eh? can she, think you? Nay, nay, I warrant, big and strong as she is. Ha! ha! good lauk! as I met her the other day walking along the muddy road below here—'Is it a woman, or a man, or what sort of an animal is it?' said I to myself. There she came, stride, stride,—great heavy shoes, —stout leather leggins on,—and a knapsack on her back! Ha! ha! that's a *political comicalist*, they say. What's that? Do they mean that she can stop steam? But I said to my husband—goodness! but that *would* have been a wife for you. Why, she'd ha' ploughed! and they say she mows her own grass, and digs her own cabbage and potatoes! Ha! ha! well, we see some queer 'uns here. Wordsworth should write a poem on her. What was Peter Bell to a political comicalist?"

The good woman laughed outrageously at the images she had raised in her own mind, and infected by her mirth, as I had been by her melancholy, I bade her good bye. Her husband, a quiet man, sate all this time, and spite of all our talk, never for one moment looked up from his newspaper, nor uttered a syllable. Possibly he might be deaf; otherwise he was as impassive as an old Indian.

The warnings of failing health which often operate insensibly on the mind, seemed now to draw Mrs. Hemans towards the society of her younger brother and his amiable wife, who were then settled in Ireland, and were living at the Hermitage near Kilkenny, where Colonel Browne was acting as a stipendiary magistrate. Here she joined them and from this point visited Woodstock near Thomastown, the residence of Mrs. Tighe, and where she is buried. At these places we must not linger. Her brother removed to Dublin, as Commissioner of Police, and she went there also. It was in 1831 that she took up her abode in Dublin. She first resided in Upper Pembroke-street; then removed to 36, Stephen's-green, and finally to 20, Dawson-street, still within a hundred yards or so of Stephen's-green.

It is needless to say that in Dublin Mrs. Hemans received all the respect that was due to her genius and virtues; but her health was so delicate, as to oblige her to live as quietly as possible. Her boys were now a good deal off her hands, or, rather, did not require her immediate attention. And she was enabled, the first autumn of her abode in Dublin, to make an excursion to the mountains of Wicklow. Dawson-street was well situated for quietness and airiness. Stephen's-green is one of the largest squares in the world, far larger than any London one. While she resided in it, she had a set of back rooms, the noise of Upper Pembroke-street having been too much for her. The College grounds, of great extent, are at the bottom of Dawson-street, this spacious green at its top. And near are Merrion-square, and the gardens of what was once the palace of the Duke of Leinster; so that no part of Dublin could offer more openness. Her lodgings in Dawson-street consisted of the apartments over the shop of the proprietor, Mr. Jolliffe, a very respectable tailor. These could, London fashion, be thrown into one drawing-room, but were generally used as two rooms; and in the back room she nearly always sate and wrote.

In 1833, her sister and brother-in-law arrived in Dublin, and Mrs. Hemans and they met after a five years' separation. The ravages of sickness," says her sister, "on her worn and faded form were painfully apparent to those who had not seen her for so long; yet her spirits rallied to all their wonted cheerfulness, and the powers of her mind seemed more vivid and vigorous than ever. With all her own cordial kindliness, she busied herself in forming various plans for the interest and amusement of her visitors; and many happy hours of delightful converse, and old home communion, were passed by her and her sister in her two favourite resorts, the lawn of the once stately mansion of the Duke of Leinster, now occupied by the Dublin Society, and the spacious gardens of Stephen's-green."

In the gardens of the Dublin Society Mrs. Hemans took that cold which, seizing on an already enfeebled frame, terminated fatally. She had one day taken a book with her, and was so much absorbed by it, that she was thoroughly chilled by the autumnal fog; and, feeling a shudder pass through her frame, she hastened home, already filled with a strong presentiment that her hours were numbered.

In her illness, by which she was gradually wasted to a skeleton, she enjoyed all the consolations which affection can bestow. Her sister attended her assiduously, till she was called away by the serious illness of her husband. Her place was then tenderly supplied by her sister-in-law, the lady of Colonel Browne; and her son Charles was with her the whole time; George, now a prosperous engineer, for some days; and Henry, then a schoolboy at Shrewsbury, likewise, during the Christmas holidays. For a time she was removed to Redesdale, a seat of the Archbishop of Dublin, about seven miles from the city; but she returned and died in Dawson-street, on the 16th of May, 1835. During her last illness she wrote some of the finest poetry that she ever produced, especially that most soul-full effusion, Despondency and Aspiration; and the Sabbath Sonnet; which she dedicated to her brother, less than three weeks before her death, the last of her lays.

Her remains were interred in a vault beneath St. Ann's church, but a short distance from her house, on the same side of the street; where, on the wall under the gallery, on the right hand as you enter, you observe a tablet, bearing this inscription: "In the vault beneath are deposited the Mortal Remains of Felicia Hemans, who died May 16, 1835.

"Calm on the bosom of thy God.
Fair spirit, rest thee now;
Even while with us thy footsteps trod,
His seal was on thy brow.
Dust to its narrow house beneath.
Soul to its place on high!
They that have seen thy look in death
No more will fear to die."

The same vault, as nearly as possible three years afterwards, received the remains of her faithful and very superior servant, Anna Creer, a native of the Isle of Man, who had lived with her seven years, and, after her death, married Mr. Jolliffe, the master of the house. The worthy man was much affected in speaking of the circumstance, and bore also the highest testimony to the character of Mrs. Hemans, saying, "It was impossible for any one to know her without loving her." To such a tribute, what can be added? The perfection of human character is to excite at once admiration and lasting affection.

L. E. L.

THERE is not much to be said about the homes and haunts of Mrs. Maclean, or, as I shall call her in this article, by her poetical cognomen, L. E. L. She was a creature of town and social life. The bulk of her existence was spent in Hans-place, Sloane-street, Chelsea. Like Charles Lamb, she was so moulded to London habits and tastes, that that was the world to her. The country was not to her what it is to those who have passed a happy youth there, and learned to sympathise with its spirit, and enjoy its calm. In one respect she was right. Those who look for society alone in the country, are not likely to be much pleased with the change from London, where every species of intelligence concentrates,—where the rust of intellectual sloth is pretty briskly rubbed off, and old prejudices, which often lie like fogs in low still nooks of the country, are blown away by the lively winds of discussion. Though descended from a country family, and spending some time, as a child, in the country, she was not there long enough to cultivate those associations with places and things which cling to the heart in after-life. Her mind, naturally quick, and all her tastes, were developed in the city. City life was part and parcel of her being; and as she was one of the most brilliant and attractive of its children, we must be thankful to take her as she was. It robs us of nothing but of certain attributes of the picturesque in the account of her abodes.

Her ancestors, it seems, from Mr. Blanchard's memoir of her, were, about the commencement of the eighteenth century, settled at Crednall, in Herefordshire, where they enjoyed some landed property. A Sir William Landon was a successful participator in the

South Sea Bubble, but afterwards contrived to lose the whole patrimonial estates. A descendant of Sir William was the great grandfather of L. E. L. He was rector of Nursted and Ilsted, in Kent. and a zealous antagonist of all Dissent. His son was rector of Tedstone Delamere, near Bromyard, Herefordshire. At his death, the property of the family being exhausted, his children, eight in number, were left to make their way through the world as they could. Miss Landon's father, John Landon, was the eldest of these children. He went to sea, and made two voyages, one to the coast of Africa, and one to Jamaica. His friend and patron, Admiral Bowyer, dying, his career in the naval service was stopped. In the meantime, the next of his brothers, Whittington Landon, had acquired promotion in the Church, and eventually became Dean of Exeter. By his influence the father of the poetess was established as a partner in the prosperous house of Adair, army agents in Pall Mall. On this he married Catharine Jane Bishop, a lady of Welsh extraction, and settled at No. 25, in Hans-place. Here Miss Landon was born on the 14th of August, 1802. Besides her, the only other surviving child was a brother, the present Rev. Whittington Henry Landon.

In her sixth year she was sent to school to Miss Rowden, at No. 22, Hans-place, the house in which she was destined to pass the greater part of her life. This lady, herself a poetess, afterwards became Countess St. Quentin, and died near Paris. In this school Miss Mitford was educated, and here Lady Caroline Lamb was for a time an inmate. At this period, however, Miss Landon was here only a few months. She had occasionally been taken into the country to a farm in which her father was deeply interested, called Coventry Farm, in Hertfordshire. She now went with her family to reside at Trevor Park, East Barnet, where her education was conducted by her cousin, Miss Landon. She was now about seven years old, and here the family continued to live about six years. Here she read a great deal of romance and poetry, and began to show the operation of her fancy, by relating long stories to her parents, and indulging in long meditative walks in the lime-walk in the garden. Her brother was her companion, and, spite of her nascent authorship, they seem to have played, and romped, and enjoyed themselves as children should do. They read Plutarch, and had a great ambition of being Spartans. An anecdote is related of their taking vengeance on the gardener for some affront, by shooting at him with arrows with nails stuck in them for piles, and of his tossing them upon a quickset hedge for punishment,—most probably one of the old-fashioned square-cut ones, where they would be rather prisoners than sufferers. This man, whose name was Chambers, Miss Landon taught to read; and he afterwards saved money, and retired to keep an inn at Barnet.

Now she read the Arabian Nights, Scott's Metrical Romances, and Robinson Crusoe, besides a book called Silvester Trampe. This last professed to be a narrative of travels in Africa, and seems especially to have fascinated her imagination. No doubt that the united effects of this book, of other African travels, and of the fact of her father and one of her cousins having made voyages to that continent, had no little influence in deciding the fatal step of marrying to go out to Cape Coast. To the happy days spent at Trevor Park, and the reading of books like these, always a period of elysium to a child, Miss Landon makes many references, both in her poems and her prose sketches, called Traits and Trials of Early Life. Some lines addressed to her brother commemorate these imaginative pleasures very graphically:—

"It was an August evening, with sunset in the trees,
When home you brought his voyages, who found the fair South Seas.
For weeks he was our idol, we sailed with him at sea,
And the pond, amid the willows, our ocean seemed to be;
The water-lilies growing beneath the morning smile,
We called the South Sea Islands, each flower a different isle.
Within that lovely garden what happy hours went by,
While we fancied that around us spread a foreign sea and sky."

From this place the family removed to Lower-place, Fulham, where they continued about a year, and then removed again to Old Brompton. Miss Landon now gave continually-increasing signs of a propensity to poetry. Mr. Jerdan, the editor of the Literary Gazette, was a neighbour of her father's, and from time to time her compositions were shown to him, who at once saw and acknowledged their great promise. It does not appear very clear whether Miss Landon continued at home during this period—that is, from the time the family came to live here, when she was about fourteen, till the death of her father, when she was about twenty—but it is probable that she was for part of this time at the school, No. 22, Hans-place, which was now in the hands of the Misses Lance, as she says of herself,—"I have lived all my life since childhood with the same people. The Misses Lance," &c. However, it was at about the age of eighteen that her contributions appeared in the Literary Gazette, which excited universal attention. These had been preceded by a little volume now forgotten, The Fate of Adelaide, a Swiss romantic tale; and was speedily followed by the Improvisatrice. It was during the writing of this her first volume of successful poetry that her father died, leaving the family in narrow circumstances.

The history of her life from this time is chiefly the history of her works. The Improvisatrice was published in 1824; the Troubadour in 1825; the Golden Violet in 1826; the Venetian Bracelet, 1829. In 1830 she produced her first prose work, Romance and Reality. In 1831 she commenced the editorship of Fisher's Drawing-room Scrap Book, which she continued yearly till the time of her marriage—eight successive volumes. In 1835 she published Francesca Carrara; the Vow of the Peacock, 1835; Traits and Trials of Early Life, 1836; and in the same year, Ethel Churchill. Besides these works, she wrote largely in the annuals and periodicals, and edited various volumes of illustrated works for the publishers.

None of the laborious tribe of authors ever toiled more incessantly or more cheerfully than Miss Landon—none with a more devotedly generous spirit. She had the proud satisfaction of contributing to the support of her family, and to the end of her life this great object was uppermost in her mind. On her marriage, she proposed to herself to go on writing still, with the prospect of being thus enabled to devote the whole of her literary profits to the comfort of her mother and the promotion of the fortunes of her brother. In all social and domestic relations no one was ever more amiable or more beloved.

With occasional visits to different parts of the kingdom, and once to Paris, Miss Landon continued living in Hans-place till 1837. The Misses Lance had given up the school, I believe, about 1830, but she continued still to reside there with Mrs. Sheldon, their successor. In 1837 Mrs. Sheldon quitted Hans-place, for 28, Upper Berkeley-street West, whither Miss Landon accompanied her. Here she resided only a few months, when, at the request of some much attached friends, she took up her abode with them in Hyde Park-street. On the 7th of June, 1838, she was married to Mr. Maclean, Governor of Cape Coast Castle, and almost immediately left this country, never to return.

Of the abode where the greater part of Miss Landon's life was spent, and where almost every one of her works was written, the reader will naturally wish to have some description. The following particulars are given by Laman Blanchard, as from the pen of a female friend. "Genius," says our accomplished informant, "hallows every place where it pours forth its inspirations. Yet how strongly contrasted, sometimes, is the outward reality around the poet with the visions of his inward being. Is it not D'Israeli, in his Curiosities of Literature, referring to this frequent incongruity, who mentions, among other facts, that Moore composed his Lalla Rookh in a large barn? L. E. L. remarks on this subject, 'A history of the *how* and *where* works of imagination have been produced, would often be more extraordinary than the works themselves.' Her own case was, in some degree, an illustration of independence of mind over all external circumstances. Perhaps to the L. E. L. of whom so many nonsensical things were said—as 'that she should write with a crystal pen, dipped in dew, upon silver paper, and use for pounce the dust of a butterfly's wing;' a *dilettante* of literature would assign, for the scene of her authorship, a fairy-like boudoir, with rose-coloured and silver hangings, fitted with all the luxuries of a fastidious taste. How did the reality agree with this fairy sketch? Miss Landon's drawing-room, indeed, was prettily furnished, but it was her invariable habit to write in her bed-room. I see it now, that homely-looking, almost uncomfortable room, fronting the street, and barely furnished; with a simple white bed, at the foot of which was a small, old, oblong-shaped sort of dressing-table, quite covered with a common, worn writing-desk, heaped with papers, while some strewed the ground, the table being too small for aught beside the desk; a high-backed cane chair, which gave you any idea rather than that of comfort. A few books scattered about completed the author's paraphernalia."

Certainly one would have imagined a girl's school in London just the last place that a poet would have fixed upon to live and work in.

But as London was the city of cities to Miss Landon, so, no doubt, Hans-place, from early associations, was to her the place of places; and, when she was shut in her little bedroom, was just as poetical as any other place in the world. I recollect there was a little garden behind the house, which, if I remember right, you saw into through a glass door from the hall. At all events, a person full of poetic admiration once calling upon her, saw a young girl skipping very actively in this court or garden, and was no little astonished to see the servant go up to her, and announce the caller, whereupon she left her skipping, and turned out to be no other than Miss Landon herself.

Of her person, Mr. Blanchard gives this description:—"Nobody who might happen to see her for the first time, enjoying the little quiet dance, of which she was fond, or the snug corner of the room where the little lively discussion, which she liked still better, was going on, could possibly have traced in her one feature of the sentimentalist which popular error reported her to be. The listener might only hear her running on from subject to subject, and lighting up each with a wit never ill-natured, and often brilliant; scattering quotations as thick as hail, opinions as wild as the winds; defying fair argument to keep pace with her, and fairly talking herself out of breath. He would most probably hear from her lips many a pointed and sparkling aphorism, the wittiest things of the night, let who might be around her,—he would be surprised, pleased; but his heroine of song, as painted by anticipation, he would be unable to discover. He would see her looking younger than she really was; and perhaps, struck by her animated air, her expressive face, her slight but elegant figure, his impression would at once find utterance in the exclamation which escaped from the lips of the Ettrick Shepherd on being presented to her, whose romantic fancies had often charmed him in the wild mountains, 'Hey! but I did not think ye'd bin sae bonnie!'

"Without attempting an elaborate description of the person of L. E. L., we cite this expression of surprise as some indication that she was far prettier than report allowed her to be, at the period we are speaking of. Her easy carriage and careless movements would seem to imply an insensibility to the feminine passion for dress; yet she had a proper sense of it, and never disdained the foreign aid of ornament, always provided it was simple, quiet, and becoming. Her hair was darkly brown, very soft and beautiful, and always tastefully arranged; her figure, as before remarked, slight, but well-formed and graceful; her feet small, but her hands especially so, and faultlessly white, and finely shaped; her fingers were fairy fingers; her ears also were observably little. Her face, though not regular in any feature, became beautiful by expression; every flash of thought, every change and colour of feeling, lightened over it as she spoke, when she spoke earnestly. The forehead was not high, but broad and full; the eyes had no overpowering brilliancy, but their clear intellectual light penetrated by its exquisite softness; her mouth was not less marked by character; and, besides the glorious faculty of uttering the pearls and diamonds of fancy and wit, knew how to express scorn, or anger, or pride, as well as it knew how to smile winningly, or to pour forth those short, quick, ringing laughs, which, not even excepting her *bon-mots* and aphorisms, were the most delightful things that issued from it."

This may be considered a very fair portrait of Miss Landon. Your first impressions of her were,—what a little, light, simple, merry-looking girl. If you had not been aware of her being a popular poetess, you would have suspected her of being nothing more than an agreeable, bright, and joyous young lady. This impression in her own house, or amongst a few congenial people, was quickly followed by a feeling of the kind-heartedness and goodness about her. You felt that you could not be long with her without loving her. There was a frankness and a generosity in her nature that won extremely upon you. On the other hand, in mixed companies, witty and conversant as she was, you had a feeling that she was playing an assumed part. Her manner and conversation were not only the very reverse of the tone and sentiment of her poems, but she seemed to say things for the sake of astonishing you with the very contrast. You felt not only no confidence in the truth of what she was asserting, but a strong assurance that it was said merely for the sake of saying what her hearers would least expect to hear her say. I recollect once meeting her in company, at a time when there was a strong report that she was actually though secretly married. Mrs. Hofland, on her entering the room, went up to her in her plain, straightforward way, and said, "Ah! my dear, what must I call you?—Miss Landon, or who?" After a well-feigned surprise at the question, Miss Landon began to talk in a tone of merry ridicule of this report, and ended by declaring that, as to love or marriage, they were things that she never thought of.

"What, then, have you been doing with yourself this last month?"

"Oh, I have been puzzling my brain to invent a new sleeve; pray how do you like it?" showing her arm.

"You never think of such a thing as love!" exclaimed a young sentimental man, "you, who have written so many volumes of poetry upon it?"

"Oh! that's all professional, you know;" exclaimed she, with an air of merry scorn.

"Professional!" exclaimed a grave Quaker, who stood near—"Why, dost thou make a difference between what is professional and what is real? Dost thou write one thing and think another? Does not that look very much like hypocrisy?"

To this the astonished poetess made no reply, but by a look of genuine amazement. It was a mode of putting the matter to which she had evidently never been accustomed.

And, in fact, there can be no question that much of her writing was professional. She had to win a golden harvest for the comfort of others as dear to her as herself; and she felt, like all authors who have to cater for the public, that she must provide, not so much what she would of her free-will choice, but what they expected from her. Still, working for profit, and for the age, the peculiar idiosyncrasy of her mind showed itself through all. Before we advance to the last melancholy home of L. E. L., let us take a review of her literary career; rapid, yet sufficiently full to point out some particulars in her writings, which I think too peculiar not to interest strongly the reader.

The subject of L. E. L.'s first volume was love; a subject which, we might have supposed, in one so young, would have been clothed in all the gay and radiant colours of hope and happiness; but, on the contrary, it was exhibited as the most fatal and melancholy of human passions. With the strange, wayward delight of the young heart, ere it has known actual sorrow, she seemed to riot and to revel amid death and woe; laying prostrate life, hope, and affection. Of all the episodical tales introduced into the general design of the principal poem, not one but terminated fatally or sorrowfully; the heroine herself was the fading victim of crossed and wasted affections. The shorter poems which filled up the volume, and which were mostly of extreme beauty, were still based on the wrecks and agonies of humanity.

It might be imagined that this morbid indulgence of so strong an appetite for grief, was but the first dipping of the playful foot in the sunny shallows of that flood of mortal experience through which all have to pass; and but the dallying, yet desperate pleasure afforded by the mingled chill and glittering eddies of the waters, which might hereafter swallow up the passer through; and the first real pang of actual pain would scare her youthful fancy into the bosom of those hopes and fascinations with which the young mind is commonly only too much delighted to surround itself. But it is a singular fact, that, spite of her own really cheerful disposition, and spite of all the advice of her most influential friends, she persisted in this tone from the first to the last of her works, from that time to the time of her death. Her poems, though laid in scenes and times capable of any course of events, and though filled to overflowing with the splendours and high-toned sentiments of chivalry; though enriched with all the colours and ornaments of a most fertile and sportive fancy,—were still but the heralds and delineations of melancholy, misfortune, and death. Let the reader turn to any, or all, of her poetical volumes, and say whether this be not so, with few, and in most of them, no exceptions. The very words of her first heroine might have literally been uttered as her own:—

> "Sad were my shades; methinks they had
> Almost a tone of prophecy—
> I ever had, from earliest youth,
> A feeling what my fate would be."—*The Improvisatrice,* p. 3.

This is one singular peculiarity of the poetry of L. E. L., and her poetry must be confessed to be peculiar. It was entirely her own. It had one prominent and fixed character, and that character belonged wholly to itself. The rhythm, the feeling, the style, and phraseology of L. E. L.'s poetry were such, that you could immediately recognise it, though the writer's name was not mentioned. Love was still the great theme, and misfortune the great doctrine. It was not the less remarkable, that, in almost all other respects, she retained to the last the poetical tastes of her very earliest years. The heroes of chivalry and romance, feudal pageants, and Eastern splendour, delighted her imagination as much in the full growth, as in the budding of her genius.

I should say, that it is the young and ardent who must always be the warmest admirers of the larger poems of L. E. L. They are filled with the faith and the fançies of the young. The very scenery and ornaments are of that rich and showy kind which belongs to the youthful taste;—the white rose, the jasmine, the summer garniture of deep grass and glades of greenest foliage; festal gardens with lamps and bowers; gay cavaliers, and jewelled dames, and all that glitters in young eyes and love-haunted fancies. But amongst these, numbers of her smaller poems from the first dealt with subjects and sympathies of a more general kind, and gave glimpses of a nobility of sentiment, and a bold expression of her feeling of the unequal lot of humanity, of a far higher character. Such, in the Improvisatrice, are The Guerilla Chief, St. George's Hospital, The Deserter, Gladesmure, The Covenanters, The Female Convict, The Soldier's Grave, &c. Such are many that might be pointed out in every succeeding volume. But it was in her few last years that her heart and mind seemed every day to develop more strength, and to gather a wider range of humanity into their embrace. In the latter volumes of the Drawing-room Scrap Book, many of the best poems of which have been reprinted with the Zenana, nothing was more striking than the steady development of growing intellectual power, and of deep, generous, and truly philosophical sentiments, tone of thought, and serious experience.

But when L. E. L. had fixed her character as a poet, and the public looked only for poetical productions from her, she suddenly came forth as a prose writer, and with still added proofs of intellectual vigour. Her prose stories have the leading characteristics of her poetry. Their theme is love, and their demonstration that all love is fraught with destruction and desolation. But there are other qualities manifested in the tales. The prose page was for her a wider tablet, on which she could, with more freedom and ampler display, record her views of society. Of these, Francesca Carrara, and Ethel Churchill, are unquestionably the best works, the latter preeminently so. In these she has shown, under the characters of Guido and Walter Maynard, her admiration of genius, and her opinion of its fate; under those of Francesca and Ethel Churchill, the adverse destiny of pure and high-souled woman.

These volumes abound with proofs of a shrewd observation of society, with masterly sketches of character, and the most beautiful snatches of scenery. But what surprise and delight more than all, are the sound and true estimates of humanity, and the honest boldness with which her opinions are expressed. The clear perception of the fearful social condition of this country, and the fervent advocacy of the poor, scattered through these works, but especially the last do honour to her woman's heart. These portions of L. E. L.'s writings require to be yet more truly appreciated.

There is another characteristic of her prose writings which is peculiar. Never were the feelings and experiences of authorship so cordially and accurately described. She tells us freely all that she has learned. She puts words into the mouth of Walter Maynard, of which all who have known anything of literary life must instantly acknowledge the correctness. The author's heart never was more completely laid open, with all its hopes, fears, fatigues, and enjoyments, its bitter and its glorious experiences. In the last hours of Walter Maynard, she makes him utter what must at that period have been daily more and more her own conviction. "I am far cleverer than I was. I have felt, have thought so much! Talk of the mind exhausting itself!—never! Think of the mass of materials which every day accumulates! Then experience, with its calm, clear light, corrects so many youthful fallacies; every day we feel our higher moral responsibility, and our greater power."

They are the convictions of "higher moral responsibilities and greater power," which strike us so forcibly in the later writings of L. E. L.

But what shall we say to the preparation of prussic-acid, and its preservation by Lady Marchmont? What of the perpetual creed of L. E. L., that all affection brings woe and death?

Whether this melancholy belief in the tendency of the great theme of her writings, both in prose and poetry,—this irresistible annunciation, like another Cassandra, of woe and desolation,—this evolution of scenes and characters in her last work, bearing such dark resemblance to those of her own after experience,—this tendency, in all her plots, to a tragic catastrophe, and this final tragedy itself,—whether these be all mere coincidences or not, they are still but parts of an unsolved mystery. Whatever they are, they are more than strange, and are enough to make us superstitious; for surely, if ever

> "Coming events cast their shadows before,"

they did so in the foreboding tone of this gifted spirit.

The painful part of Miss Landon's history is, that almost from the first outbreak of her reputation, she became the mark of the most atrocious calumnies. How far any girlish thoughtlessness had given a shadow of ground on which the base things said of her might rest, is not for me, who only saw her occasionally, to say. But my own impressions, when I saw and conversed with her, were, that no guilty spirit could live in that bright, clear, and generous person, nor could look forth through those candid, playful, and transparent eyes. It was a presence which gave you the utmost confidence in the virtuous and innocent heart of the poetess, however much you might regret the circumstances which had diverted her mind from the cultivation of its very highest powers. In after years, and when I had not seen her for a long time, rumours of a like kind, but with a show of foundation more startling, were spread far and wide. That they were equally untrue in fact, we may reasonably infer from the circumstance, that they who knew her best still continued her firm and unflinching friends. Dr. and Mrs. Todd Thomson, Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, Mr. Blanchard, General Fagan and his family, and many others; amongst them, Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley, Miss Jane Porter, Miss Strickland, Miss Costello, and Mrs. and Miss Sheldon, whose inmate she had been for so many years; who began with prejudice against her, and who soon became, and continued to the last, with the very best means of observation, her sincere friends.

These calumnies, however, must for years have been a source of anguish to her, haunting, but, happily, not disabling her in the midst of her incessant exertions for the holiest of purposes. They put an end to one engagement of marriage: they very probably threw their weight into the decision which conducted her into the fatal one she ultimately formed.

The circumstances connected with her marriage and death are too well known to require narrating here. Time has thrown no clear light on the mystery. Mr. Laman Blanchard, in his memoir of her, has laboured hard to prove that she did not die by the poison of prussic-acid. His reasoning will not bear examination. That she died with a bottle in her hand, which contained it, he confesses is proved by other evidence than that of Mrs. Bailey, who first found her dead.

But the question still remains, whether she took it purposely; and it may be very strongly doubted that she did. From all that has transpired, it is more probable that she had taken it by mistake.

That she was likely to take this poison purposely, there is no ground to imagine. On the contrary, to the very last, her letters to England were full of a cheerfulness that has all the air of thorough reality. It is true, there are many circumstances that we could wish otherwise: that her husband had, it is believed, a family by a native Fantee woman; that he insisted on the marriage with Miss Landon in England remaining a secret till just before sailing, as if fearful of the news preceding him home; that he went on shore in the night, through the surf, and at great risk, as if to remove this woman from the spot, or to see that she was not on it; that the last two letters written to her family in England were detained by her husband; that the Mrs. Bailey, who attended on Mrs. Maclean, and was about to sail the next day with her husband for England, not only gave up these letters, but stayed there a year longer; and that she turned out to be anything but truthful in her statements. Besides these, there are other facts which surprise us. We are told that Mrs. Maclean married under the impression that she was not to go out to Cape Coast at all: that on discovering it, it was stipulated that she was to stay only three years. Mr. Maclean knew the position L. E. L. had held here—that she had been occupied with writing, and not with cooking. He must have been sensible that a woman who had been, for the greater part of her life, the cherished and caressed favourite of the most intelligent society of London, could not make, for the man of her choice, a more entire sacrifice than to go out to a distant barbarous coast and settlement, in which was no single Englishwoman, except the wife of a missionary; and we might, therefore, reasonably expect that he should make every arrangement possible for her comfort; that he should not object to her taking an English maid; that he should, at least, have pots and pans in his house, where his celebrated wife was to become housekeeper, and almost cook; that he should not lie in bed all day, and leave her to entertain strange governors and their suites. There are these and other things, which we must always wish had been much otherwise; but all these will not induce us to let go the belief to which we cling, that L. E. L., though she unquestionably died by her own hand, died so through accident, and not through resolve or cause for it.

The circumstances connected with this last home of the young poetess are strange enough in themselves, independent of the closing tragedy. That she who was educated in, and for, London; who could hardly bear the country; who says she worshipped the very pavement of London; who was the idolized object of the ever moving and thronging social circles of the metropolis,—should go voluntarily out to the desert of an African coast, to a climate generally fatal to Englishwomen, and to the year-long solitude of that government fort, was a circumstance which astonished every one. The picture of this home of exile, and of herself and her duties in it, is drawn livingly by her own pen. Before giving this, we may here simply state that Cape Coast Castle is one of the eight British settlements on the Gold Coast. The castle stands on a rock of gneiss and mixed slate, about twenty feet above the level of the sea, in 5° 6′ N. lat., and 1° 10′ W. long. Outside there is a native town; and the adjacent country, to a considerable distance, has been cleared, and rendered fit for cultivation. The ruling natives are the Fantees, a clever, stirring, turbulent race.

In one of her letters, she gives this account of the situation and scenery of the castle:—"On three sides we are surrounded by the sea. I like the perpetual dash on the rocks—one wave comes up after another, and is for ever dashed in pieces, like human hopes, that only swell to be disappointed. We advance,—up springs the shining froth of love or hope,—'a moment white, then gone for ever!' The land view, with its cocoa and palm trees, is very striking—it is like a scene in the Arabian Nights. Of a night, the beauty is very remarkable; the sea is of a silvery purple, and the moon deserves all that has been said in her favour. I have only been once out of the fort by daylight, and then was delighted. The salt lakes were first dyed a deep crimson by the setting sun, and as we returned they seemed a faint violet by the twilight, just broken by a thousand stars; while before us was the red beacon-light."

We may complete the view, exterior and interior, by other extracts. "I must say in itself the place is infinitely superior to all that I ever dreamed of. The castle is a fine building—the rooms excellent. I do not suffer from heat: insects there are few, or none; and I am in excellent health. The solitude, except an occasional dinner, is absolute: from seven in the morning, till seven, when we dine, I never see Mr. Maclean, and rarely any one else. We were welcomed by a series of dinners, which I am glad are over,—for it is very awkward to be the only lady; still the great kindness with which I have been treated, and the very pleasant manners of many of the gentlemen, made me feel it as little as possible. Last week we had a visit from Captain Castle of the Pylades. We had also a visit from Colonel Bosch, the Dutch governor, a most gentlemanlike man. But fancy how awkward the next morning!—I cannot induce Mr. Maclean to rise; and I have to make breakfast, and do the honours of adieu to him and his officers—white plumes, mustachios, and all. I think I never felt more embarrassed."

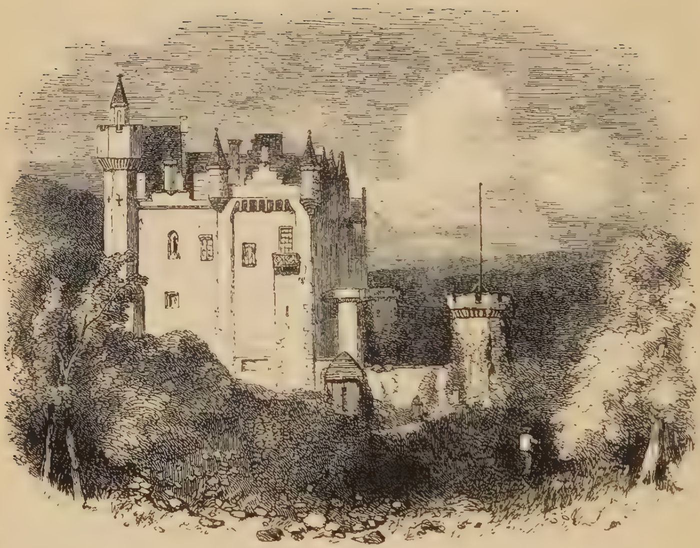
"The native huts I first took for ricks of hay; but those of the better sort are pretty white houses, with green blinds. The English gentlemen resident here have very large houses, quite mansions, with galleries running round them. Generally speaking, the vegetation is so thick, that the growth of the shrubs rather resembles a wall. The solitude here is Robinson Crusoeish. The hills are covered to the top with what we should call calf-weed, but here is called bush: on two of these hills are small forts, built by Mr. Maclean. The natives seem obliging and intelligent, and look very picturesque, with their fine dark figures, with pieces of the country cloth flung round them: they seem to have an excellent ear for music. The band seems to play from morning to night.

"The castle is a fine building, a sort of double square, shaped like an H, of which we occupy the middle. A large flight of steps leads to the hall, on either side of which is a suite of rooms. The one in which I am writing would be pretty in England. It is of a pale blue, and hung with some beautiful prints, for which Mr. Maclean has a passion.

"You cannot imagine how different everything is here to England. I hope, however, in time to get on pretty well. There is, nevertheless, a deal to do. I have never been accustomed to housekeeping, and here everything must be seen to by yourself; it matters not what it is, it must be kept under lock and key. I get up at seven, breakfast at eight, and give out flour, butter, sugar, all from the store. I have found the bag you gave me so useful to hold the keys, of which I have a little army. We live almost entirely on chickens and ducks, for if a sheep be killed it must be all eaten that day. The bread is very good: they use palm oil for yeast. Yams are a capital substitute for potatoes; pies and puddings are scarce thought of, unless there is a party. The washing has been a terrible trouble, but I am getting on better. I have found a woman to wash some of the things, but the men do all the starching and ironing. Never did people require so much looking after. Till Mr. Maclean comes in from court at seven, I never see a living creature but the servants. * * * The weather is now very warm; the nights so hot that you can only bear the lightest sheet over you. As to the beds, the mattresses are so hard, they are like iron. The damp is very destructive: the dew is like rain, and there are no fire-places: you would not believe it, but a grate would be the first of luxuries. Keys, scissors, everything rusts. * * * I find the servants civil, and not wanting in intelligence, but industry. Each has servants to wait on him, whom they call sense boys, *i. e.* they wait on them to be taught. Scouring is done by the prisoners. Fancy three men employed to clean a room, which, in England, an old woman could do in an hour, while a soldier stands over them with a drawn bayonet."

Such was the last, strange, solitary home of L. E. L.; such the strange life of one who had been before employed only in diffusing her beautiful fancies amid her countrymen. Here she was rising at seven, giving out flour, sugar, &c., from the stores, seeing what room she would have cleaned, and then sitting down to write. In the midst of this new species of existence, she is suddenly plunged into the grave, leaving the wherefore a wonder. The land which was the attraction of her childhood, singularly enough, thus became her sepulchre. A marble slab, with a Latin inscription, is said to be erected there by her husband.

We may now add that Captain Maclean himself died at Cape Coast on the 22d of May, 1846.



SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Many and wonderful as are the romances which Sir Walter Scott wrote, there are none of them so wonderful as the romance of his own life. It is not that from a simple son of a Writer to the Signet, he raised himself to wealth and title;—that many have done before him, and far more than that. That many a man of most ordinary brain can achieve; can, as it were, almost stumble into, he knows not how. That many a scrivener, a paviour, or a pawnbroker, has accomplished, and been still deemed no miracle. The city of London, from the days of Dick Whittington to those of Sir Peter Laurie, can show a legion of such culminations. But Sir Walter Scott won *his* wealth and title in fields more renowned for starvation and "Calamities," than for making of fortunes—those of literature. It was from the barren hills of Parnassus that he drew down wealth in quantities that struck the whole world with astonishment, and made those famous mountains, trodden bare with the feet of glorious paupers, rivals of the teeming heights of Mexico and Peru, of California and Australia. At a period when the sources of literature appeared to have exhausted themselves; when it was declared that nothing original could be again expected in poetry, that all its secret places were rifled, all its fashions outworn, all its imagery beaten into triteness; when romance was grown mawkish and even childish; when Mrs. Radcliffe and Horace Walpole had exhausted its terrors, and the novelist's path through common life, it was thought, had been gleaned of all possible discovery by Fielding, Richardson and Smollett, Goldsmith and Sterne,—when this was confirmed in public opinion by the sentimentalities of Henry Mackenzie, forth started Scott as a giant of the first magnitude, and demolished all the fond ideas of such dusty-brained dreamers. He opened up on every side new scenes of invention. In poetry and romance, he showed that there was not a corner of these islands which was not, so far from being exhausted, standing thick with the richest materials for the most wonderful and beautiful creations. The reign of the schoolmen and the copyists was at an end. Nature, history, tradition, life, every thing and every place, were shown by this new and vigorous spirit to be full to overflowing with what had been, in the dim eyes of former *soi-disant* geniuses, only dry bones; but which, at the touch of this bold necromancer, sprung up living forms of the most fascinating grace. The whole public opened eyes of wonder, and in breathless amazement and delight saw this active and unweariable agent call round him, from the brooks and mountains of his native land, troop after troop of kings, queens, warriors, women of regal forms and more regal spirits; visions of purity and loveliness; and lowly creations of no less glorious virtues. The whole land seemed astir with armies, insurrections, pageantries of love, and passages of sorrow, that for twenty years kept the enraptured public in a trance, as it were, of ever-accumulating marvel and joy. There seemed no bounds to his powers, or the field of his operations. From Scotland he descended into England, stepped over into France, Germany, Switzerland, nay, even into Palestine and India; and people asked, as volumes, any one of which would have established a first-rate reputation, were poured out, year after year, with the rapid prodigality of a mountain stream,—is there no limit to the wondrous powers of this man's imagination and creative faculty? There really seemed none. Fresh stories, of totally novel construction, fresh characters, of the most startling originality, were continually coming forward, as from an inexhaustible world of soul. Not only did the loftiest and most marked characters of our history, either the Scotch or English, again move before us in all their vitality of passion and of crime, of virtue and of heroism,—as Bruce, James V. and VI., Richard Cœur de Lion, Elizabeth, Mary of Scots, Leicester, James I. of England, Montrose, Claverhouse, Cumberland the butcher; not only did the covenanters preach and fight anew, and the highland clans rise in aid of the Stuart, but new personages, of the rarest beauty, the haughtiest command, or the most curious humour, swarmed forth upon the stage of life, thick, as if their creation had cost no effort. Flora M'Ivor, Rose Bradwardine, Rebecca the high-souled Jewess, the unhappy Lucy Ashton and Amy Robsart, the lowly Effie Deans, and her homely yet glorious sister Jenny, the bewitching Di Vernon, and Minna and Brenda Troil of the northern isles, stand radiant amid a host of lesser beauties; while Rob Roy, the Robin Hood of the hills, treads in manly dignity his native heather; Balfour of Burley issues a stalwart apparition from his hiding-places; and for infinitude of humour, and strangeness of aspect and mood, where are the pages that can present a troop like these: the Baron of Bradwardine, Dominie Sampson, Meg Merrilies, Monkbarns, Edie Ochiltree, Dugald Dalgetty, Old Mortality, Bailie Nicol Jarvie, Andrew Fairservice, Caleb Balderstone, Flibbertigibbet, Norna of the Fitful Head, and that fine follow, the farmer of Liddesdale, with whom every one feels a desire to shake hands, honest Dandie Dinmont, with all his Peppers and Mustards yaffling at his heels?

It may be safely said that, in twenty years, one man enriched the literature of his country with more story of intense beauty, and more original character, than all its literati together for two hundred years before. And this is only part of the wonder with Sir Walter Scott; he was all this time a man of business, of grave and various business—a Clerk of Session, sitting in the Parliament-house of Edinburgh daily, during term, from ten to four o'clock—the Sheriff of Selkirk, with its calls—an active cavalry volunteer—a member of gas and other committees—a zealous politician and reviewer—mixed up in a world of printing and publishing concerns, and ready to run off and traverse as diligently sea and land, in all directions, at every possible interval. Besides all this, he was a buyer of lands, a planter of extensive woods, a raiser of a fairy castle, a keen sportsman with greyhound and fish-spear. Amidst all these avocations and amusements, his writing appeared the produce of his odd hours; and this mass of romance, on which his fame chiefly rests, after all, but a fragment of his literary labour. In the enormous list of his works, to be found at the end of his Life by Lockhart, his novels and poems appear but a slight sprinkling amid his heavier toils:—reviews, translations, essays, six volumes; Tales of a Grandfather, twelve volumes; sermons, memoirs, a multitude; editions of Swift and Dryden, in nineteen volumes and eighteen volumes; Somers' Tracts, in thirteen volumes; antiquities, lives, &c. &c. The array of works, written and edited, is astounding; and when we recollect that little of this was done before forty, and that he died at the age of sixty-one, our astonishment becomes boundless. It is in vain to look for another such life of gigantic literary labour, performed by a man of the world, and no exclusive, unmitigated bookworm; much less of a life of such an affluent produce of originality. In these particulars, Scott stands alone.

But though the wonder of his life is seen in this, the romance of it yet remains. He arose to fill a great and remarkable point of time. A new era was commencing, which was to be enriched out of the neglected matter of the old. The suppression of the rebellion of 1745 was the really vitalizing act of the union of Scotland and England. By it the old clan life and spirit were extinguished. The spirit which maintained a multitude of old forms, costumes, and modes of life, was by that event annihilated; and the rapid amalgamation of the two nations in a time of internal peace, would soon have obliterated much that was extremely picturesque and full of character, were it not seized and made permanent by some mighty and comprehensive mind. That mind was Scott's! He stood on the threshold of a new world, with the falling fabric of the past close beneath his view. Every circumstance which was necessary to make him the preserver of the memory and life of this past world met in him, as by a marked decree of the Almighty. He had all the sensibility and imagination of the past, with the keenest relish of everything that was prominent in living character amongst his fellow-men. He was inspired with the love of nature, as an undying passion, by having been, in his earliest years, suffered to run wild amid the rocks of Smailholm, and the beautiful scenery of Kelso. The Reliques of Ancient English Poetry—that herald of nature to all who were capable of loving her at that period, and which, without saying a word about the false taste of the age, at once awoke in it the true one—was to him but the revelation of still further relics of the like kind in his own country. He had heard similar strains from his nurses; from the country people amongst whom he had been cast; from the ladies of his family; and Percy's volumes were but as a trumpet note, awakening him to a consciousness of poetic wealth, that lay all around him thick as the dews of a spring morning. In highland and in lowland, but especially along that wild border-land which had become the delight of his boyhood, the lays and the traditions of the past were in every mouth, and awaited some fortunate hand to gather them. His was the hand destined to do that and more. Every step that he made in the pursuit of the old ballad literature of his country, only showed him more and more of the immense mass of the materials of poetry and romance which the past ages had neglected as vulgar. The so-called poets of two or three generations had gone about on the stilts of classical pride; and had overlooked, nay, had scorned to touch even with their shoe-toes, the golden ore of romantic character and deed, that lay in actual heaps on every mountain, and along every mountain stream. Young Scott, transported at the sight, flew east and west: traversed mountain and heath, with all the buoyancy of youth and the throbbing pulse of poetry. He went amongst the common people, and amidst shepherds, and with housewives at their wheels, and milkmaids over their pails; he heard the songs and ballads which had been flashed forth amid the clash of swords, or hymned mournfully over the fallen, in wild days of wrong and strife, and still stirred the blood of their descendants when they were become but the solace of the long watch on the brae with the flock, or the excitement of the winter fireside. Nay, he found not only poetry and romance, but poets and romancers. Hogg and Leyden, Laidlaw and Shortreed, all men of genius, all glowing with love of their native land, became his friends, companions, and fellow-gatherers. The romance of his life had now begun. Full of youth and the delicious buoyancy of its enjoyment, full of expanding hopes and aspirations, dreams of power came upon him. He put forth his volumes of The

Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, and found them realized. His horizon was at once wonderfully widened. The brightest spirits of England, as well as of his own country, hailed him as a true brother. The dawn of this new era was kindling apace. The hearts which had caught the same impulse from the same source as himself, and owned the native charms of nature, were now becoming vocal with the burden of this new music. Campbell, Wordsworth, Southey, Coleridge, and others, were sending forth new strains of poetry, such as had not been heard since Shakspeare, and Spenser, and Milton had lived. But Walter Scott was to become something more than a poet. His destiny was to become the great romance writer of his age ; to gather up and mould into a new form the life and spirit of the past many-coloured ages of his country, and to leave them as a legacy of delight to the world for ever. For this purpose he was qualified, by sundry accomplishments and experiences. He studied the literature of Germany, and drew thence a love of the wild and wonderful ; he became a lawyer, and thus was brought into closer contact with the inner workings of society, its forms and formalities. He was brought to a close gaze upon family history, upon the passions that agitate men in the transitions of property, and in the committal of crime, or the process of its arrest and punishment. He was made to study men, both as they were and had been, and was enriched with a knowledge of the technicalities which are so essential to him who will describe, with accuracy, trials and transactions in which both life and property are at stake, and the crooked arts of villains, especially the villains of the law. To these most auspicious preparations for his great task—a task not yet revealed to him—he added a keen relish for antiquities ; and a memory as gigantic as his frame was robust. Did there yet want anything? It was a genial humour, which rejoiced in the social pleasures of life, and that, while it lived amid the open hearts of his fellow-men, in the hours of domestic freedom and convivial gaiety, saw deep into those hearts, and hoarded up without knowing it theories of the actuality of existence, and of original character. This too was eminently his.

His Border Minstrelsy published, he turned his views northward, and a still more stirring scene presented itself. The Highlands, with their beautiful mountains and lakes, their clan life, their thrilling traditions and stories of but recently-past conflicts, bloodshed, and sorrow ;—their striking costume, their pipers blowing strains that, amid the rocks, and forests, and dark heather of that romantic region, kindled even in the heart of the stranger a strange enthusiasm. —all was to him full of the fire of poetry, and of a romance too large, with all its quick and passionate characters, and its vivid details, for poetry itself. First came forth his Metrical Romances—themselves a new and inspiriting species of poetry, founded indeed on an old basis, but quickened with the soul of modern knowledge, and handled with the harmonious freedom of a modern master These, however we may now regard them as somewhat overstepped by the more impassioned lays of Byron, and by the more expansive wonders of the author's own prose romances, were, at the time, an actual infusion of new life-blood into the public. They were the opening up of a totally new world, fresh and beautiful as the imagination could conceive. They actually seemed to smell of the heather. Every rock, hung with its dark pines, or graceful birches; every romantic lake, bosomed in its lonely mountains; the hunt careering along its richly-coloured glens; the warrior, full of a martial and chivalrous spirit; the lithe Highlander, with dirk and philibeg, crouching in the heath, like the Indian in his forest, or speeding from clan to clan with the fiery cross of war,—every one of these vivid images was as new to the English public as if they had been brought from the furthest regions of Japan. Then the whole of these newly-discovered regions, the Highlands, for such they were, was covered with traditions of strangest exploits; the people were a wild, irritable, vengeful, but still high-minded people, exhibiting the equally prominent virtues and crimes of a demi-civilized race. How refreshing was the contemplation of such scenes and people to the jaded minds of the English, so long doomed to mediocre monotony! I well remember, then a youth, with what avidity a new poem of Walter Scott's was awaited for and devoured. It was a poetry welcome to all, because it had not merely the qualities of good poetry, which would have been lost on the majority of readers, but it had all this novelty of scenery and character, and the excitement of brilliant story, to recommend it. Then it was perpetually shifting its ground. It was now amid the lonely regions of the south of Scotland; now high up amid heaths, and lochs, and pine-hung mountains, the shepherd's sheiling, the roar of the cataract, and the cry of the eagle mixing with the wild sound of the distant pibroch; and now amid the green naked mountains and islands of the west, and savage rocks, and thundering seas, and the cries of sea-birds, as they were roused by the wandering Bruce and his followers, on their way to win back the crown of Scotland from the English invader.

The sensation which these poems produced is now forgotten, and can only be conceived by those who remember their coming out; but these were soon to be eclipsed by the prose romances of the same author. The ground, the spirit, and the machinery were the same; but these were now allowed to work in broad, unfettered prose, and a thousand traits and personages were introduced, which could by no possibility have found a place in verse. The variety of grotesque characters, the full country dialect and dialogues of all sorts of actors in the scenes, thus gave an infinite superiority to the prose over the poetry. The first reading of Waverley was an era in the existence of every man of taste. There was a life, a colour, a feeling given to his mind, which he had never before experienced. To have lived at that period when, ever and anon, it was announced that a new novel by the Author of Waverley was coming out; to have sate down the moment it could be laid hold of, and have entered through it into another new world, full of new objects of admiration, new friends, and new subjects of delight and discussion,

—was, in truth, a real privilege. The fame of Scott, before great, now became unbounded. It flew over sea and land. His novels were translated into every language which could boast of a printing-press; and the glory of two such men as himself and Byron made still more proud the renown of that invincible island, which stood against all the assaults of Napoleon, and had now even chained that terrible conqueror, as its captive, on a far sea-rock.

I say the fame of Scott was thus augmented by the Waverley Novels. Yes, they were, long before they were owned to be his, felt by the public to be nobody else's. The question might be, and was agitated, but still there was a tacit feeling that Scott was their author, far and wide diffused. Dense, indeed, must they have been who could doubt it. What were they but prose amplifications of his Lady of the Lake, his Marmion, and his Lord of the Isles? So early as 1822, rambling on foot with Mrs. Howitt in the Highlands, we came to Aberfoil, where the minister, Mr. Graham, who had written Sketches of the Scenery of Perthshire, accompanied us to spots in that neighbourhood which are marked ones in the novel of Rob Roy. It was he who had first turned the attention of Scott to the scenery of Loch Katrine and the Trosachs. "Can there be any doubt," we asked, "that Scott is the author of Waverley?" "Could it possibly be anybody else?" he replied. "If the whole spirit and essence of those stories did not show it, his visits here during the writing of Rob Roy would have been decisive enough. He came here, and inquired out all the traditionary haunts of Rob. I accompanied him upon Loch Ard, and at a particular spot I saw his attention fixed; he observed my notice, but desired his daughter to sing something to divert it; but I felt assured that before long I should see that spot described—and there, indeed, was Helen Macgregor made to give her celebrated breakfast." Long before the formal acknowledgment was made, few, in fact, were they who were not as fully satisfied of the identity of Walter Scott and the author of Waverley, as was the shrewd Ettrick Shepherd, who from the first had the Waverley Novels bound and labelled, "Scott's Novels." No one could have seen Abbotsford itself without being at once convinced of it, if he had never been so before. Without, the very stones of the old gateway of the Tolbooth of Edinburgh stared the fact in his face; within, it was a perfect collection of testimonies to the fact. The gun of Rob Roy; the pistols of Claverhouse; the thumbikins which had tortured the covenanters; nay, a whole host of things cried out, "We belong to the author of Waverley."

And never did fame so richly follow the accomplishment of deeds of immortality as in the case of Sir Walter. From the monarch to the meanest reader; from Edinburgh to the farthest wilds of Russia and America, the enthusiastic admiration of "The Great Northern Magician," as he was called, was one universal sentiment. Wherever he went he was made to feel it; and from every quarter streamed crowds on crowds to Abbotsford to see him. He was on the kindliest terms of friendship with almost every known writer; to his most distinguished cotemporaries, especially Byron, Miss Edgeworth, and

Miss Joanna Baillie, he seemed as though he could not testify sufficient honour; and, on the other hand, the highest nobility, nay royalty itself, felt the pride of his presence and acquaintance. Never had the glory of any literary man—not even of those who, like Petrarch, had been crowned publicly as the poetic monarchs of the age—reached such a pitch of intense and universal splendour. The field of this glory was not one country,—it was that of the vast civilized world, in which almost every man was a reader. No evidences more striking of this were ever given than on his tour in Ireland, where the play was not allowed to go on in Dublin till he showed himself to the eager people; and on his return from whence, he declared that his whole journey had been an ovation. It was the same on his last going on the Continent. But the fact mentioned by Lockhart as occurring during his attendance in London at the coronation of George IV. in 1821, is worth a thousand others, as it shows how truly he was held in honour by the common people. He was returning from the coronation banquet in Westminster Hall. He had missed his carriage, and "had to return on foot between two and three in the morning, when he and a young gentleman, his companion, found themselves locked in the crowd, somewhere near Whitehall; and the bustle and tumult were such, that his friend was afraid some accident might happen to the lame limb. A space for the dignitaries was kept clear at that point by the Scots Greys. Sir Walter addressed a sergeant of this celebrated regiment, begging to be allowed to pass by him into the open ground in the middle of the street. The man answered shortly, that his orders were strict—that the thing was impossible. While he was endeavouring to persuade the sergeant to relent, some new wave of turbulence approached from behind, and his young companion exclaimed, in a loud voice—'Take care, Sir Walter Scott, take care!' The stalwart dragoon, hearing the name, said—'What! Sir Walter Scott? He shall get through anyhow.' He then addressed the soldiers near him—'Make room, men, for Sir Walter Scott, our illustrious countryman!' The men answered—'Sir Walter Scott! God bless him!' and he was in a moment within the guarded line of safety."

This is beautiful. Sir Walter had won a proud immortality, and lived now in the very noon of its living radiance. But the romance is still behind. When about six-and-twenty, at the pleasant little watering-place of Gilsland, in Cumberland, he fell in love with a young French lady, Charlotte Margaret Charpentier. The meeting was like one of those in his own novels. He was riding with his friend Adam Fergusson—the joyous, genial friend of his whole life—one day in that neighbourhood, when they met a young lady taking an airing on horseback, whom neither of them had before seen. They were so much struck with her appearance, as to keep her in view till they were sure that she was a visitor at the wells. The same evening they met her at a ball; and so much was Scott charmed with her, that he soon made her a proposal, and she became his wife. All who knew her in her youth speak of her as a very charming person, though I confess that her portrait at Abbotsford does not give me much idea of her personal charms. But, says Mr. Lockhart, who had the best opportunity of knowing, "Without the features of a regular beauty, she was rich in personal attractions; 'a form that was fashioned as light as a fairy's;' a complexion of the clearest and the brightest olive; eyes large, deep-set, and dazzling of the finest Italian brown; and a profusion of silken tresses, black as the raven's wing: her address hovering between the reserve of a pretty Englishwoman who has not mingled largely in general society, and a certain natural archness and gaiety that suited well with the accompaniment of a French accent. A lovelier vision, as all who remember her in the bloom of her days have assured me, could hardly have been imagined."

With his charming young wife, Scott settled at Lasswade, about seven miles from Edinburgh. Here he had a lonely and retired cottage, in a most beautiful neighbourhood; and was within an easy distance of Edinburgh, and his practice there as an advocate. Here he busied himself in his literary pursuits, and made those excursions into Liddesdale, and Ettrick forest, and other parts of the border country, in quest of materials for his Border Minstrelsy, in which he found such exquisite delight. Here he found Shortreed, Hogg, Laidlaw,—men all enthusiastic in the same pursuits and tastes. At this time, too, he became acquainted in Edinburgh with Leyden, also a border man, full of ballad and poetry, and with powers as gigantic as Scott himself, though uncouth as a colt from the moors. There is nothing in any biography which strikes me so full of the enjoyment of life as Scott's *raids*, as he called them, into Liddesdale, and other border wildernesses, at that period. He found everywhere a new country, untrodden by tourists, unknown to fame, but richly deserving of it. There was a new land discovered, full from end to end of wild scenery, and strange, rude, but original character, rich in native wit, humour, and fun. Down Liddesdale there was no road; in it there was no inn. Scott's gig, on the last of seven years' *raids*, was the first wheel carriage that ever entered it. "The travellers passed from the shepherd's hut to the minister's manse; and again from the cheerful hospitality of the manse, to the rough and jolly welcome of the homestead." "To these rambles," says Lockhart, "Scott owed much of the material of his Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, and not less of that intimate acquaintance with the living manners of those unsophisticated regions, which constitutes the chief charm of one of the most charming of his prose works." "He was *makin' himsel'* a' the time," said Mr. Shortreed, "but he did na ken, may be, what he was about till years had passed. At first he thought o' little, I dare say, but the queerness and the fun." That overflowing enjoyment of life, which so much distinguished Scott at all periods, except the short melancholy one of his decline, now exhibited itself in all its exuberance. "Eh me!" says Mr. Shortreed, "sic an endless fund o' humour and drollery as he then had wi' him! Never ten yards but we were either laughing, or roaring, and singing. Wherever we stopped, how brawlie he suited himsel' to everybody! He aye did as the lave did; never made himsel' the great man, or took ony airs in the company." It was in one of these *raids* that they fell in with the original of Dandie Dinmont.

His Border Minstrelsy came out; his fame spread. His Metrical Romances followed; and he was the most popular man of the day. In matters of business he rapidly advanced. He was made Clerk of Session and Sheriff of Selkirk. He quitted his cottage at Lasswade for the still more beautiful, but more solitary farm of Ashestiel, on the banks of the Tweed. Lord Byron's poetry blazed out; but Scott took another flight, in the Historical Novel, and was still, if not the greatest poet, the most popular man of his age. Never had there been any evidence of such pecuniary success in the literary world. He made about 15,000*l.* by his poetry; but by his prose he made, by a single work, his 5,000*l.*, his 10,000*l.*, his 12,000*l.* His facility was equal to his success; it was no long and laborious task to complete one of these truly golden volumes—they were thrown off as fast as he could write; and in three months a novel, worth eight or ten thousand pounds in the market, was finished! Well might his hopes and views tower to an unprecedented height. The spirit of poetry and romance revelled in his brain, and began to show itself not only in the construction of volumes, but in the building of a castle, an estate, a family to stand amid the aristocratic families for ever. The name of Walter Scott should not only descend with his children as that of an illustrious writer, but should clothe them with the world-honoured mantle of titular rank. And everything was auspicious. The tide of fortune flowed on, the wind of public favour blew wondrously. Work after work was thrown off; enormous sums often were netted. Publishers and printers struggled for his patronage; but Constable and the Ballantynes, acquaintances of his youth, were selected for his favour,—and great became their standing and business. There seemed not one fortune, but three secure of accomplishment. The poet, in the romantic solitude of Ashestiel, or galloping over the heathy hills in the neighbourhood, as he mused on new and ever-succeeding visions of romances amongst them, conceived the most fascinating scheme of all. It was to purchase lands, to raise himself a fairy castle, to become, not the minstrel of a lord, as were many of those of old, but a minstrel-lord himself. The practical romance grew. On the banks of the Tweed, then, began to rise the fairy castle. Quaint and beautiful as one of his descriptions, it arose; lands were added to lands; over hill and dale spread the dark embossment of future woods; and Abbotsford began to be spoken of far and wide. The poet had chosen his seat in the midst of the very land of ancient poetry itself. At three miles' distance stood the fair pile of Melrose, which he had made so attractive by his Lay of the Last Minstrel to the whole world. Near that showed themselves the Eildon hills, the haunt of True Thomas; at their feet ran the classic stream of Huntly burn. The Cowdenknows lifted its black summit further down the Tweed; and upwards was a whole fairyland—Carterhaugh, Newark tower, Ettrick forest, St. Mary's lake, and the Dowie Dens of Yarrow. There was scarcely an object in the whole country round—neither hill, nor wood, nor stream, nor single rock—which was not full of the associations of ballad fame. Here, then, he lived like an old feudal lord, with his hounds and his trusty vassals; some of the latter, as Laidlaw and Tom Purdie, occupying the station of those humble, faithful friends, who tend so much to complete the happiness of life. In truth, never did the poet himself dream a fairer dream beneath a summer oak than he had now realized around him. His lovely wife, the lady of the domain; his children shooting fast up into beautiful manhood and womanhood; his castle and domain built, and won, as they were, from the regions of enchantment; and friends and worshippers flocking from every country, to behold the far-famed minstrel. Princes, and nobles, and men of high name in every walk of life were his guests.

Every man of any note called him friend. The most splendid equipages crowded the way towards his house; the feast was spread continually as it were the feast of a king; while on the balcony ranging along the whole front, stalked to and fro, in his tartans, the wild piper, and made the air quiver with the tempestuous music of the hills. Arms and armour were ranged along the walls and galleries of his hall. There were portraits of some of the most noted persons who had figured in his lays and stories—as of Claverhouse, Monmouth, the Pretender, the severed head of the Queen of Scots; with those of brother poets, Dryden, Thomson, Prior, and Gay. There were the escutcheons of all the great clan chieftains blazoned round the ceiling of his hall; and swords, daggers, pistols, and instruments of torture, from the times and the scenes he had celebrated.

Such was the scene of splendour which had sprung from the pen of one man. If it were wonderful, the streams of wealth which continued to pour from the same enchanted goose quill were still more astounding. From Lockhart's Life we see that, independent of what these works have made since, he had pretty early netted above 13,000*l*. by his poems, though he had sold some of them in their first edition.

	£	*s.*	*d.*
Border Minstrel, 1st and 2d vol. 1st edit	78	10	0
Copyright of the same work	500	0	0
Lay of the Last Minstrel, copyright sold	769	6	0
Marmion ditto	1,000	0	0
Lady of the Lake ditto	2,100	0	0
Rokeby ditto	5,000	0	0
Lord of the Isles	3,000	0	0
Halidan Hill	1,000	0	0
	£13,447	16	0

But this was nothing to the produce of his romances. Of Waverley, 51,000 copies had been sold when that Life was published, and Scott tells us that he cleared 400*l*. by each 1,000 copies, that is . . . . £20,000.

Guy Mannering, 60,000, or	£24,000	0	0
Rob Roy, 53,000, or	21,300	0	0

Of the rest we have no total amount given; but at a similar rate, his twenty-one novels would make an amount of 460,000*l*.! Besides this, he received for the Life of Napoleon above 18,000*l*. In three months he wrote Woodstock, for which he tells us that he received 8,400*l*. at once. Then there are his Tales of a Grandfather, twelve volumes, a most popular work, but of which no proceeds are given. His History of Scotland for Lardner's Cyclopædia, 1,500*l*.; for editing Dryden, 756*l*.; for seven Essays for the Encyclopædia Britannica, 300*l*.; Paul's Letters to his Kinsfolk, 1,350*l*.; for a contribution to the Keepsake, 400*l*. which he says he considered poor pay. Then he wrote thirty-five Reviews for the Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews, for which such a writer could not, on an average, receive less than 50*l*. each, probably 100*l*.; but say, 50*l*., that is 1,750*l*. And these items are exclusive of the vast mass of edited editions of Swift, of Memoirs, Antiquities, &c. &c. They do not either, except in the three novels specified, include the proceeds of the collective editions of either his prose or his poetry. It appears certain that his works must have produced to the author or his trustees, at the very least, *half a million of money!!*

Truly this was the revenue of a monarch in the realm of letters! Popular as Lord Byron was, I suppose the whole which he received for his writings did not realize 30,000*l*. Scott cleared that by any two of his novels. He could clear a third of it in three months. Well might he think to lay field to field, and house to house, and plant his children in the land as lords of the soil, and as titled magnates for ever!

But, as the fabric of this glorious estate had risen as by the spell of a necromancer, so it fell. It was like one of those palaces, with its fairy gardens, and lawns scattered with diamonds instead of dews, in the Arabian Nights, which, with the destruction of the spell, passed away in a crash of thunder. A house of cards is proverbial, and this house of books fell at one shock, and struck the world with a terrible astonishment. It was found that the great minstrel was not carefully receiving his profits, and investing them; but was engaged as partner in the printing and publishing of his works. His publisher and his printers, drained on the one hand by the vast outlay for castle-building, land-buying, and the maintenance of all comers; and, on the other, infected with the monstrous scene of acquisition which was revealed to their eyes,—were moving on a slippery course, and, at the shock of the great panic in 1826, went to the ground; leaving Scott debtor to the amount of 120,000*l*., besides a mortgage of 10,000*l*. on his estate.

In some instances the darkness and the difficulty of human life come in the early stages, and wind up in light and happiness; in others, the light comes first, and the darkness at the end. These latter are tragedies, and the romance of Scott's life was a tragedy. How sad and piteous is the winding up here! The thunder-bolt of fate had fallen on the "Great Magician." The glory of his outward estate was over, but never did that of his inner soul show so brilliantly. Gentle, and genial, and kindly to all men, had he shown himself in his most prosperous days; but now the giant strength of his fortitude, and the nobility of his moral principle, came into magnificent play. He was smitten, sorely smitten, but he was not subdued. Not a hero which he had described could match him in his contest with the rudeness of adversity. He could have paid his dividend, as is usual in such cases, and his prolific pen would have raised him a second fortune. But then his honour !—no, he would pay to the uttermost farthing ! And so, with a sorrowful, but not murmuring or desponding heart, he went to work again on his giant's work ; and in six years, with his own hand, with his single pen, paid off 16,000*l*. a-year ! That is an achievement which has no parallel. With failing health, with all his brilliant hopes of establishing a great family dashed to the ground, with the dearest objects of his heart and health dropping and perishing before him, he went on, and won 60,000*l*., resolved to pay all or perish. And he did perish ! His wife, shattered by the shock, died ; he was left with a widowed heart still to labour on. Awful pangs, and full of presage, seized his own frame ; a son and a daughter failed, too, in health ; his old man, Tom Purdie, died suddenly ; his great publisher, and one of his printers, died, too, of the fatal malady of ruined hopes. All these old connexions, formed in the bright morning of life, and which had made his ascent so cheering and his toil so easy, seemed now to be giving way ; and how dark was become that life which had exceeded all others in its joyous lustre !

Yet, in the darkness, how the invincible soul of the heroic old man went on rousing himself to fight against the most violent shocks of fortune, and of his own constitution. " I have walked the last on the domains I have planted ; sat the last in the halls I have built ; but death would have taken them from me if misfortune had spared them. My poor people whom I loved so well ! There is just another die to turn against me in this run of ill luck ; *i. e.* if I should break my magic wand in the fall from this elephant, and lose my popularity with my fortune ! . . . But I find my eyes moistening, and that will not do ; I will not yield without a fight for it." " Well, exertion, exertion. O invention, rouse thyself ! May man be kind ! may God be propitious ! The worst is, I never quite know when I am right or wrong." " Slept ill, not having been abroad these eight days ; now a dead sleep in the morning, and when the awaking comes, a strong feeling how well I could dispense with it for once and for ever. This passes away, however, as better and more dutiful thoughts arise in my mind." Poor man ! and that worst which he feared came. His publisher told him, though reluctantly, that his power had departed, and that he had better lay by his pen ! To a man like Scott, who had done such wonders, and still doggedly laboured on to do others as great, that was the last and the bitterest feeling that could remain with life.

Is there anything in language more pathetic than the words of Sir Walter, when at Abbotsford he looked round him, after his wife's death, and wrote thus in his journal ?—" When I contrast what this place now is, with what it has been not long since, I think my heart will break. Lonely, aged, deprived of my family—all but poor Anne ; an impoverished, an embarrassed man, deprived of the sharer of my thoughts and counsels, who could always talk down my sense of the calamitous apprehensions which break the heart that must bear them alone."

Sir Walter was the Job of modern times. His wealth and prosperity had been like his, and the fabric of his fortune was smitten at the four corners at once by the tempest of calamity; but his patience and resignation rivalled even those of the ancient patriarch. In no period of his life, though he was admirable in all, did he display so lofty a nobility of nature as in that of his adversity. Let us, who have derived such boundless enjoyment from his labours, praise with a fitting honour his memory. How descriptive are the words of Prior, which in his last days he applied to himself!—

> "Whate'er thy countrymen have done,
> By law and wit, by sword and gun,
> In thee is faithfully recited;
> And all the living world that view
> Thy works, give thee the praises due—
> At once instructed and delighted."

That tragic reverse which bowed down himself and so many of those who had shared with him in his happiness, did not stop with his death. His daughters and one of his sons soon followed him. His eldest, the second Sir Walter, had no family, and did not live long; there remained no heir of his name, though there were two of his blood, the son and daughter of Mr. Lockhart, of the third generation. The son of Lockhart succeeded to the title, and died; the daughter, married to Mr. Hope, has succeeded to the estate; and it is said the fine library at Abbotsford is now a Catholic chapel. As in the greatest geniuses in general,—in Milton, Shakspeare, Byron. —the direct male line has failed in Sir Walter Scott. "The hope of founding a family," says Lockhart, "died with him."

Such is the wonderful and touching romance of the life of Sir Walter Scott. We might pause and point to many a high teaching in it,—but enough; in the beautiful words of Sir Egerton Brydges, quoted by Lockhart,—"The glory dies not, and the grief is past."

We will now visit seriatim the homes and haunts of this extraordinary man.

Sir Walter has himself pointed out in his autobiography the place of his birth. He says, "I was born, I believe, on the 15th of August, 1771, in a house belonging to my father, at the head of the College Wynd. It was pulled down with others to make room for the northern part of the new college." In ascending the Wynd, it occupied the left-hand corner at the top, and it projected into what is now North College-street. According to the account of my friend, Mr. Robert Chambers, in his Reekiana, it has been pulled down upwards of sixty years. "The site," he says, "is now partly occupied as a wood-yard, and partly used in the line of North College-street. Mr. Walter Scott, W. S., father of the poet, here lived *au troisième*, according to the simple fashion of our fathers, the *flat* which he occupied being accessible by a stair leading up from the little court behind. It was a house of what would now be considered humble aspect, but at that time neither humble from its individual appearance, nor from its vicinage. When required to be destroyed for the public convenience, Mr. Scott received a good price for it; he had some time before removed to a house on the west side of George's-square, where Sir Walter spent all his schoolboy and college days. At the same time that Mr. Scott lived in the third flat, the two lower floors were occupied as one house by Mr. Keith, W. S., grandfather to the late Sir Alexander Keith, knight-marischal of Scotland.

"In the course of a walk through this part of the town in 1825, Sir Walter did the present writer the honour to point out the site of the house in which he had been born. On Sir Walter mentioning that his father had got a good price for his share of it, in order that it might be taken down for the public convenience, the individual who accompanied him took the liberty of expressing his belief that more money might have been made of it, and the public *much more* gratified, if it had remained to be shown as the birthplace of a man who had written so many popular books. 'Ay, ay,' said Sir Walter, 'that is very well; but I am afraid it would have been necessary for me to die first, and that, you know, would not have been so comfortable.'"

Thus, the birthplace of Scott remained, at the time of my visit, exactly in the condition described above, being used for a wood-yard, and separated from North College-street merely by a wooden fence.

The other spots in Edinburgh connected with Scott, are his father's house in George's-square; his own house, 39, North Castle-street; 19, South Castle-street, the second flat, which he occupied immediately after his marriage; the High School, and the Parliament House. We may as well notice these at once, as it will then leave us at liberty to take his country residences in consecutive order.

George's-square is a quiet and respectable square, lying not far from Heriot's Hospital, and opposite to Watson's Hospital, on the left hand of the Meadows-walk. Mr. Robert Chambers—my great informant in these matters in Edinburgh, and who is an actual walking history of the place—every house, and almost every stone, appearing to suggest to him some memorable fact connected with it—stated that this was the first square built, when Edinburgh began to extend itself, and the nobility and wealthy merchants to think of coming down from their lofty stations in flats of the old town ten-storied houses, and seeking quieter and still more airy residences in the suburbs. It was the first sign of the new life and growth before the new town was thought of. No doubt, when Scott's father removed to it, it was the very centre of fashion, and still it bears traces of the old gentility. Ancient families still linger about it, and you see door-plates bearing some aristocratic title. At the top, or north side of the square, lived Lord Duncan, at the time that he set out to take command of the fleet, and fight the battle of Camperdown. Before his setting out, he walked to and fro on the pavement here before his house, and, with a friend, talked of his plans; so that the victory of Camperdown may be said to have been planned in this square. The house still belongs to the family. Many other remarkable people have lived just about here. Blacklock, the blind poet, lived near; and Anderson, the publisher of the series of The Poets, under his name, lived near also, in Windmill-street. A quieter square now could not, perhaps, be found; the grass was growing greenly amongst the stones when I visited it. The houses are capacious and good, and from the upper windows, many of them look out over the green fields, and have a full view of the Pentland hills. The new town, however, has now taken precedence in public favour, and this square is thought to be on the wrong side of the city. The house which Scott's father occupied, is No. 25.

On the window of a small back room, on the ground floor, the name of Walter Scott still remained written on a pane of glass, with a diamond, in a schoolboy's hand. The present occupiers of the house told us, that not only the name, but verses had been found on several of the windows, undoubtedly by Walter Scott, and that they had had the panes taken out, and sent to London to admirers of the great author.

The room in which this name is written on the glass, used to be his own apartment. To this he himself, in his autobiography, particularly refers; and Lord Jeffrey relates, that, on his first call on young Walter Scott, "he found him in a small den, on the sunk floor of his father's house, in George's-square, surrounded with dingy books." Mr. Lockhart says, "I may here add the description of that early *den*, with which I am favoured by a lady of Scott's family:—'Walter had soon begun to collect out-of-the-way things of all sorts. He had more books than shelves; a small painted cabinet, with Scotch and Roman coins in it, and so forth. A claymore and Lochabar axe, given him by Mr. Invernahyle, mounted guard on a little print of Prince Charlie; and *Broughton's Saucer* was hooked up against the wall below it.' Such was the germ of the magnificent library and museum at Abbotsford; and such were the 'new realms' in which he, on taking possession, had arranged his little paraphernalia about him, 'with all the feelings of novelty and liberty.'" "Since those days," says Mr. Lockhart, "the habits of life in Edinburgh, as elsewhere, have undergone many changes; and 'the convenient parlour' in which Scott first showed Jeffrey his collection of minstrelsy, is now, in all probability, thought hardly good enough for a menial's sleeping-room." This is very much the fact; such a poor little damp *den* did this appear, on our visit, being evidently used by the cook, as it was behind the kitchen, for a sort of little lumber-room of her own, that my companion contended that Scott's room must have been the one over this. The evidence here is, however, too strong as to its identity; and, indeed, who does not know what little dingy nooks children, and even youths, with ardent imaginations, can convert into very palaces.

This house will always be one of the most truly interesting spots connected with Scott's history. It was here that he lived, from a very child to his marriage. Here passed all that happy boyhood and youth which are described with so much beautiful detail in his Life, both from his own autobiography and from added materials collected by Lockhart. These show in his case how truly and entirely

> "The child was father of the man;"

or, as Milton had it long before,

> "The childhood shows the man,
> As morning shows the day."
> *Paradise Regained*, Book IV. p. 63.

Here it was that he passed his happy boyhood, in the midst of that beautiful family life, which he has so attractively described: the grave, careful, but kind father; the sweet, sensible, ladylike, and religious mother; the three brothers, various in their fortunes as in their dispositions; and that one unfortunate sister, Anne Scott, whom he terms from her cradle the butt for mischance to shoot arrows at. She who had her hand caught by the iron gate leading into the area of the square in a high wind, and nearly crushed to pieces; who next fell into a pond, and narrowly escaped drowning; and was finally, at six years of age, so burnt by her cap taking fire, that she soon after died. Here, as schoolboy, college student, and law student, he made his early friendships, often to continue for life, with John Irvine; George Abercrombie, son of the famous general, and now Lord Abercrombie; William Clerk, afterwards of Eldin, son of Sir John Clerk, of Pennycuick house; Adam Fergusson, the son of the celebrated Professor Fergusson; the present Earl of Selkirk, David Boyle, present Lord Justice Clerk, Lord Jeffrey, Mr. Claude Russell, Sir William Rae, David Monypenny, afterwards Lord Pitmilly; Sir Archibald Campbell of Succoth, Bart.; the Earl of Dalhousie, George Cranstoun (Lord Corehouse), John James Edmonstone, of Newton; Patrick Murray, of Simprim; Sir Patrick Murray, of Ochtertyre; David Douglas (Lord Preston); Thomas Thomson, the celebrated legal antiquary; William Erskine (Lord Kinedder), Alexander Frazer Tytler (Lord Woodhouselee), and other celebrated men, with many of whom he was connected in a literary club.

Here it was that, with one intimate or another, and sometimes in a jovial troop, he set out on those country excursions which were to render him so affluent in knowledge of life and varied character; commencing with their almost daily strolls about Arthur's Seat and Salisbury Craig, repeating poetry and ballads; then to Prestonpans, Pennycuick, and so extending their rambles to Roslyn, Lasswade, the Pentlands, down into Roxburghshire, into Fife, to Flodden, Chevy Chase, Otterburn, and many another scene of Border renown, Liddesdale being, as we have stated, one of the most fascinating; and finally away into the Highlands, where, as the attorney's clerk, his business led him amongst those old Highland chiefs who had been out in the '15 and '45, and where the veteran Invernahyle set him on fire with his stories of Rob Roy, Mar, and Prince Charlie and where the Baron of Bradwardine and Tullyveolan, and all the scenes of Waverley, and others of his Scotch romances, were impressed on his soul for ever. Here it was, too, that he had for tutor that good-hearted but formal clergyman, Mr. Mitchell, who was afterwards so startled when Sir Walter, calling on him at his manse in Montrose, told him he was "collecting stories of fairies, witches, and ghosts:" "intelligence," said the pious old presbyterian minister, "which proved to me an electric shock;" adding, that moreover, "these ideal beings, the subjects of his inquiry," were not objects on which he had himself wasted his time. And here, finally, it was that, in the ballads he read,—as in that of Cumnor Hall, the germ of Kenilworth, of which he used as a boy to be continually repeating the first verse,—

> "The dews of summer night did fall—
> The moon, sweet regent of the sky,
> Silvered the walls of Cumnor hall,
> And many an oak that grew thereby;"—

in the lays of Tasso, Ariosto, &c., he laid up so much of the food of future romance, and where Edie Ochiltrees and Dugald Dalgetties were crossing his every-day path.

It was here that occurred that singular scene, in which his mother bringing in a cup of coffee to a gentleman who was transacting business with her husband, when the stranger was gone, Mr. Scott told his wife that this man was Murray of Broughton, who had been a traitor to Prince Charles Stuart; and saying that his lip should never touch the cup which a traitor had drank out of, flung it out of the window. The saucer, however, being preserved, was secured by Scott, and became a conspicuous object in his juvenile museum.

Such to Scott was No. 25, George's-square. Probably it was the secret charm of these old and precious associations which led his old and most intimate friend, Sir Adam Fergusson, afterwards to take a house in this square, and within, I believe, one door of Scott's old residence.

We may dismiss in a few words No. 19, South Castle-street, the house where he occupied a flat immediately on his marriage, and the Parliament house, where he sat, as a clerk of session, and the *Outer house*, where he might, in his earlier career, be seen often making his acquaintance merry over his stories;—these places will always be viewed with interest by strangers; but it is his house, 39, North Castle-street, around which gather the most lively associations connected with his mature life in Edinburgh.

Here it was that he lived when in town, from soon after his marriage till the great break-up of his affairs in 1826. Here a great portion of the best of his life was passed. Here he lived, enjoyed, worked, saw his friends, and felt, in the midst of his happy family, the sense of the great name and affection that he had won amongst his fellow-men. It is evident, from what he says in his journal, when it had to be sold, that he was greatly attached to it. It was his pride very often when he took strangers home with him, to stop at the crossing of George-street, and point out to them the beauty and airiness of the situation. In one direction was St. George's church, in another the whole length of George-street, with the monuments of Pitt and Dundas. In one direction, the castle on its commanding rock, in the other the Frith of Forth, and the shores of Fife beyond. It was in this house that "the vision of the hand" was seen from a neighbouring one in George-street, which is related in Lockhart's Life. A party was met in this house, which was situated near to, and at right angles with, George-street. "It was a party," says the relater, "of very young persons, most of them, like Menzies and myself, destined for the bar of Scotland. The weather being hot, we adjourned to a library, which had one large window looking northwards. After carousing here an hour or more, I observed that a shade had come over the aspect of my friend, who happened to be placed immediately opposite to myself, and said something that intimated a fear of his being unwell. 'No,' said he, 'I shall be well enough presently, if you will only let me sit where you are, and take my chair; for there is a confounded hand in sight of me here, which has often bothered me before, and now it won't let me fill my glass with a goodwill.' I rose to change places with him accordingly, and he pointed out to me this hand, which, like the writing on Belshazzar's wall, disturbed his hour of hilarity. 'Since we sat down,' said he, 'I have been watching it—it fascinates my eye—it never stops—page after page is finished and thrown on that heap of manuscript, and still it goes on unwearied, and so it will be till candles are brought in, and God knows how long after that. It is the same every night—I can't stand a sight of it when I am not at my books.' 'Some stupid, dogged, engrossing clerk, probably,' exclaimed myself, or some other giddy youth of our society. 'No, boys,' said our host, 'I well know what hand it is—'tis Sir Walter Scott's.' This was the hand that, in the evenings of three summer weeks, wrote the two last volumes of Waverley."

I went with Mr. Robert Chambers into this house, to get a sight of this window, but some back wall or other had been built up and had shut out the view. In the next house, occupied, I think, by a tailor, we, however, obtained the desired sight of this window on the second story at the back of Scott's house, and could very well have seen any hand at work in the same situation. The house was then inhabited by Professor Napier, editor at that time of the Edinburgh Review.

The houses and places of business of the Ballantynes and Constable are not devoid of interest, as connected with Scott. In all these he was frequently for business or dining. The place of business of Constable, was at one time that which is now the Crown hotel, at the east end of Princes-street. That which is now the commercial room, or the first floor, was Constable's book dépôt, and where he sat a good deal; and a door near the window, looking out towards the Register Office, entered a lesser room, now altered, where Scott used to go and write occasionally. The private residence of Constable was at Palton, six or seven miles from Edinburgh. James Ballantyne's was in St. John-street, a row of good, old-fashioned, and spacious houses, adjoining the Canongate and Holyrood, and at no great dis tance from his printing establishment. John Ballantyne's auction rooms were in Hanover-street, and his country house, styled by him Harmony-hall, was near the Frith of Forth by Trinity. Of both the private and convivial entertainments at these places, we have full accounts given by Lockhart. Sometimes, he says, Scott was there alone with only two or three intimate friends; at others, there were great and jovial dinners, and that all guests with whom Scott did not wish to be burdened were feasted here by John Ballantyne, in splendid style; and many were the scenes of uproarious merriment amid his "perfumed conversations," and over the Parisian delicacies of the repast.

But, in fact, the buildings and sites in and around Edinburgh, with which associations of Scott are connected, are innumerable, almost universal. His Marmion, his Heart of Mid-Lothian, his Tales of the Canongate, have peopled almost every part of the city and neighbourhood with the vivid characters of his creation. The Canongate, the Cowgate, the Nether and West Bows, the Grass-market, the site of the old Tolbooth, Holyrood, the Park, Muschat's cairn, Salisbury Craig, Davie Dean's cottage, Liberton, the abode of Dominie Butler, Craigmillar Castle, and a thousand other places, are all alive with them. We are astonished, on visiting Edinburgh, to find how much more intense is the interest cast over different spots by his genius than by ordinary history.

A superb monument to his memory, a lofty and peculiarly beautiful Gothic cross, now stands in Princes-street, within which stands his statue.

The first place in the country which Scott resided at, is the scene of a sojourn at a very early age, and of subsequent visits—Sandy-knowe, near Kelso. In his autobiography he gives a most picturesque account of his life here. He says that it was here that he came soon after the commencement of his lameness, which was attributed to a fever, consequent on severe teething, when he was about eighteen months old. He dates his first consciousness of life from this place. He came here to be strengthened by country air, and was suffered to scramble about amongst the crags to his heart's content. His father, Walter Scott, was the first of his family who entered on a town life. His grandfather, Robert Scott, then very old, was living at this Sandy-knowe. The place is some five or six miles from Kelso. The spot lies high, and is still very wild, but in the time of Scott's childhood would be far wilder. It was then surrounded, far and wide, with brown moorlands. These are now, for the most part, reclaimed by the plough; but the country is open, naked, and solitary. The old tower of Smailholm, which stands on the spot, is seen afar off as a tall, square, and stern old Border keep. In his preface to the Eve of St. John, Scott says, "The circuit of the outer court being defended on three sides by a precipice and a morass, is accessible only from the west by a steep and rocky path. The apartments, as usual in a Border keep or fortress, are placed one above another, and communicate by a narrow stair. On the roof are two bartizans, or platforms, for defence or pleasure. The inner door of the tower is wood, the outer an iron grate; the distance between them being nine feet, the thickness, namely, of the walls. Among the crags by which it is surrounded, one more eminent is called the *Watchfold;* and is said to have been the station of a beacon in the times of war with England."

Stern and steadfast as is this old tower, being, as Scott himself says, nine feet thick in the wall, each room arched with stone, and the roof an arch of stone, with other stones piled into a steep ridge upon it, and being built of the iron-like whinstone of the rocks around, it seems as if it were a solid and time-proof portion of the crag on which it stands. The windows are small holes, and the feeling of grim strength which it gives you is intense. Since Scott's day, the inner door and the outer iron grate are gone. The place is open, and the cattle and the winds make it their resort. All around the black crags start out of the ground; it is an iron wilderness. A few laborious cotters live just below it; and not far off is the spot where stood the old house of Scott's grandfather, a good modern farm-house and its buildings. This savage and solitary monument of the ages of feud and bloodshed stands no longer part of a waste, where

"The bittern clamoured from the moss,
The wind blew loud and shrill;"

but in the midst of a well-cultivated corn farm, where the farmer looks with a jealous eye on visitors, wondering what they can want with the naked old keep, and complaining that they leave his gates open. He had been thus venting his chagrin to the driver of my chaise, and wishing the tower were down—a stiff business to accomplish—but withdrew into his house at my approach.

Sterile and bare as is this wild scene, Scott dates from it, and no doubt correctly, his deep love of nature, and ballad romance. In the introduction to the third canto of Marmion, he thus refers to it:—

"It was a barren scene and wild,
Where naked cliffs were rudely piled;
But ever and anon between
Lay velvet tufts of loveliest green;
And well the lonely infant knew
Recesses where the wall-flower grew,
And honeysuckle loved to crawl
Up the low crag and ruined wall.
I deemed such nooks the sweetest shade
The sun in all its round surveyed;
And still I thought that shattered tower
The mightiest work of human power:
And marvelled as the aged hind
With some strange tale bewitched my mind—
Of forayers who, with headlong force,
Down from that strength had spurred their horse.
Their southern rapine to renew,
Far in the distant Cheviots blue;
And home returning, filled the hall
With revel, wassail-rout, and brawl.
Methought that still with trump and clang
The gateway's broken arches rang;
Methought grim features, seamed with scars,
Glared through the window's rusty bars.
And ever, by the winter hearth
Old tales I heard of woe or mirth,

Of lovers' slights, of ladies charms;
Of witches' spells, of warriors' arms;
Of patriot battles won of old
By Wallace wight and Bruce the bold;
Of later fields of feud and fight,
When, pouring from their Highland height,
The Scottish clans in headlong sway,
Had swept the scarlet ranks away.
While stretched at length upon the floor,
Again I fought each combat o'er;
Pebbles and shells in order laid,
The mimic ranks of war displayed;
And onward still the Scottish lion bore,
And still the scattered southron fled before.'

Here we have the elements of Waverley at work in the child of four or five years old. In fact, the years that he spent here were crowded with the impressions of romance, and the excitement of the imagination. He was surrounded by singular and picturesque characters. The recluse old clergyman; old Mac Dougal, of Makerstoun, in his little laced cocked hat, embroidered scarlet waistcoat, light-coloured coat, and white hair tied military fashion, kneeling on the carpet before the child, and drawing his watch along to induce him to follow it. Old Ormistoun, the herdsman, that used to carry him out into the moorlands, telling him all sorts of stories, and blew his whistle when the nurse was to fetch him home. The nurse herself, who went mad, and to escape from this solitude, confessed that she had carried the child up among the crags, under a temptation of the devil, to cut his throat with her scissors, and bury him in the moss; and was therefore dismissed at once, but found to be a maniac. These things were certain of sinking deep into the child's mind, amid the solitude and wildness of the place; but all this time too he was fed daily with every sort of Border and other ballad: Watt of Harden, Wight Willie of Aikwood, Jamie Telfer of the fair Dodhead, Hardyknute, and the like; and the stories of the cruelties practised on the rebels at Carlisle, and in the Highlands, after the battle of Culloden, related to him by a farmer of Yethyn who had witnessed them—"tragic tales which," said Scott, "made so great an impression upon me." In fact, here again were future materials of Waverley. Before quitting the stern old tower of Smailholm, and Sandy-knowe,—why so called, and why not rather Whinstone-knowe, it were difficult to say,—we may, in the eloquent words of Mr. Lockhart, point out the celebrated scenes which lie in view from it. "Nearly in front of it, across the Tweed, Lessudden, the comparatively small, but still venerable and stately, abode of the lairds of Raeburn; and the hoary abbey of Dryburgh, surrounded with yew-trees as ancient as itself, seem to lie almost at the feet of the spectator. Opposite him rise the purple peaks of Eildon, the traditional scene of Thomas the Rhymer's interview with the Queen of Faerie; behind are the blasted peel which the seer of Erceldoun himself inhabited, 'The Broom of the Cowdenknowes,' the pastoral valley of the Leader, and the bleak wilderness of Lammermoor. To the eastward, the desolate grandeur of Hume castle breaks the horizon, as the eye travels towards the range of the Cheviot. A few miles westward, Melrose, 'like some tall rock with lichens grey,' appears clasped amidst the windings of the Tweed; and the distance presents the serrated mountains of the Gala, the Ettrick, and the Yarrow, all famous in song. Such were the objects that had painted the earliest images on the eye of the last and greatest of the Border minstrels."

The next place which became a haunt of the boyhood of Scott was Kelso. Here he had an uncle, Captain Robert Scott, and an aunt, Miss Janet Scott, under whose care he had spent the latter part of his time at Sandy-knowe. Scott, as I have observed, was one of the most fortunate men that ever lived in the circumstance of his early life, in which every possible event which could prepare him for the office of a great and original novelist concurred, as if by appointment of Providence. He was led to visit and explore all the most beautiful scenes of his country—the Borders, the Highlands, those around Edinburgh; and in every place at that time existed multitudes of singular characters, many of them still retaining the quaint garb and habits of a former day. We have seen that his school and college fellows comprised almost all the afterwards distinguished men of their age, no trivial advantage to him in his own progress. At Sandy-knowe, besides the characters we have referred to, his old grandfather and grandmother, and their quiet life—"Old Mrs. Scott sitting with her spinning-wheel at one side of the fire, in a *clean, clean* parlour; the grandfather, a good deal failed, in his elbow-chair opposite; and the little boy lying on the carpet at the old man's feet, listening to the Bible, or whatever good book Miss Jenny was reading to them." He was away sometimes at Prestonpans, and there, as fortune would have it, for he must be enriched with all such treasure, he saw in George Constable the original of Monkbarns, and also the original Dalgetty. Kelso now added to the number of his original characters, and scenes for future painting. Miss Janet Scott lived, he tells us, in a small house in a large garden to the eastward of the churchyard of Kelso, which extended down to the Tweed. This grand old garden of seven or eight acres, had winding walks, mounds, and a banqueting-house. It was laid out in the old style with high pleached hornbeam hedges, and had a superb plane-tree. In many parts of the garden were fine yews and other trees, and there was also a goodly old orchard. Here, as in a very paradise, he used to read and devour heaps of poetry: Tasso's Jerusalem Delivered, Percy's Reliques, and the works of Richardson, Fielding, Smollett, Mackenzie, and other of the great novelists. The features of this garden remained deeply imprinted in his mind, and have been reproduced in different descriptions of works. Like the garden of Eden itself, this charming old garden has now vanished. Indeed, he himself relates with what chagrin he found, on revisiting the place many years afterwards, the good old plane-tree gone, the hedges pulled up, and the bearing trees felled! I searched for some trace of it on my visit there in vain, though its locality is so well defined. There was, however, the old grammar-school not far off to which he used to go, and where he found, in Lancelot Whale, the prototype of

Dominie Sampson, and in two of the boys, his future printers, James and John Ballantyne. The neighbourhood of Kelso, the town itself quiet and old-fashioned, was well calculated to charm a boy of his dreaming and poetry-absorbing age. The Tweed here is a fine broad stream, the banks are steep and magnificently hung with splendid woods. The adjoining park and old castle, the ruins of the fine abbey in the town, and charming walks by the Tweed or the Teviot, which here unite, with their occasional broad sandy beach, and anglers wading in huge boots; all made their delightful impressions upon him. He speaks with rapture of the long walks along the river with James Ballantyne, repeating poetry and telling stories. His uncle, Captain Robert Scott, lived somewhat farther out on the same side as his aunt, at a villa called Rosebank, which still stands unchanged amidst much fine lofty timber, and with its lawn running down to the Tweed.

Kelso was the last country abode of the boyhood of Scott. Edinburgh, with his occasional flights into the Highlands, and his *raids* into Liddesdale, kept him till his manhood. That found him with his blithe little wife in his cottage at Lasswade.

Lasswade is a lovely neighbourhood. It is thrown up into lofty ridges all finely wooded. The country there is rich; and the noble woods, the fine views down into the fertile valleys, and the Esk coming sounding along its channel from Rosslyn and Hawthornden, make it very charming. It is in the immediate neighbourhood not only of Rosslyn, with its beautiful chapel, and the classic cliffs and woods of Hawthornden, but of Dalkeith; and Lord Melville's park is at Lasswade itself.

The cottage of Scott is still called Lasswade Cottage. Every one still knows the house as the one where he lived. A miller near said, "He minded him weel. He was an advocate then, and his wife a little dark Frenchwoman." The house was, at the time of my visit, occupied as a ladies' school, kept by two Miss Mutters. It looked somewhat neglected, and wanted painting and keeping in more perfect order; but it is itself a very sweet secluded place. It is before you come to the village of Lasswade, about halfway down the hill, from an ordinary hamlet called Loanhead. It stands about fifty yards from the roadside; and, in fact, the road divides at the projecting corner of its higher paddock; the main highway descending to the left to Lasswade, and the other to the right proceeding past several pleasant villas to the Esk. There are two roads leading from the highway up to the house; one being the carriage-drive up to the front, and the other to the back, past some labourers' cottages. It is a somewhat singular-looking house, having one end tall, and thatched in a remarkably steep manner; and then a long, low range, running away from it. The whole is thatched, whitewashed, and covered with Ayrshire roses, evergreen plants, and masses of ivy. When you get round to the front, for it turns its back on the road, you find the lofty part projecting much beyond the low range, and having a sort of circular front. A gravel walk or drive goes quite round to this side, and is divided from a paddock by laurels. There are three paddocks; one opposite to the tall end, and extending down to the road, one in front, and one behind the house, in which stands, near the house, in a still smaller enclosure, a remarkably large sycamore-tree. The paddocks are all surrounded by tall, full-grown trees, and they shut in the place to perfect retirement. At the end of the low range lies a capital large kitchen-garden, with plenty of fruit-trees; and this extends to the back lane, proceeding towards the valley of the Esk. The neighbourhood is full of the houses of people of wealth and taste. Here for many years lived Henry Mackenzie, the Man of Feeling. Here, at this cottage, however secluded, Scott found plenty of literary society. He was busy with his German translations of Lenore, Götz von Berlichingen, &c., and his Border Minstrelsy. Here Mat. Lewis, and Heber, the collector of rare books, visited him; as well as the crabbed Ritson, whom the rough and impatient Leyden put to flight. Then came Wordsworth and his sister Dorothy, from a tour in the Highlands; and Scott set off with them on a ramble down to Melrose and Teviotdale. He had here partly written the Lay of the Last Minstrel, and edited and published Sir Tristram. These facts are enough to give a lasting interest to the cottage of Lasswade. The duties of his sheriffdom now called him frequently to the forest of Ettrick, and he fixed his abode at the lovely but solitary Ashestiel.

Ashestiel occupied as an abode a marked and joyous period of Scott's life. He was now a happy husband, the happy father of a lovely young family. Fortune was smiling on him. He held an honourable, and to him delightful office, that of the sheriff of the county of Selkirk; which bound him up with almost all that Border ballad country, in which he revelled as in a perfect fairy land. He was fast rising into fame, and in writing out the visions of poetry which were now warmly and rapidly opening upon his mind, he was located in a spot most auspicious to their development. The solitude of Ashestiel was only felt by him as a refreshing calm, for his spirit was teeming with life and action, and his rides over hill and dale, his coursing with his favourite dogs and friends, along the hills of Yair, "his burning of the water," in the deep and dark Tweed, which rolled sounding on beneath the forest banks below his house—that is, spearing salmon by torchlight: these were all but healthy and joyous set-offs to the bustle of inward life in the composition of the Lay of the Last Minstrel, Marmion, the Lady of the Lake, the Lord of the Isles, of Waverley, and the active labours on Dryden, and a host of other literary undertakings. I believe Scott resided about seven years at Ashestiel; and it is amazing what a mass of new and beautiful compositions he worked off there. It was here that his poetic fame grew to its full height; and he was acknowledged, though Southey, Wordsworth, Campbell, and Coleridge were now pouring out their finest productions, to be the most original and popular writer of the day. There was to be one fresh and higher flight even by him, that of "The Great Unknown," and this was reserved for Abbotsford. There the fame of his romances began, there grew into its full-blown greatness; but here the sun of his poetic reputation ascended to its zenith. In particular, the poem of Marmion will for ever recal the memory and the scenery of Ashestiel. The introductions to the different cantos, than which there are no poems in the English language more beautiful of their kind, are all imbued with the spirit of the place. They breathe at once the solitary beauty of the hills, the lovely charm of river, wood, and heath, and the genial blaze of the domestic hearth ; on which love, and friendship, and gladsome spirits of childhood, and the admiration of eager visitors to the secluded abode of "The Last Minstrel," had made an earthly paradise. The summer rambles up the Ettrick or Yarrow, by Newark tower, St. Mary's Loch, or into the wilds of Moffatdale, when

"The laverock whistled from the cloud :
The stream was lively, but not loud ;
From the white-thorn the May-flower shed
Its dewy fragrance round our head :
Not Ariel lived more merrily
Under the blossomed bough than we."

Then how the time flew by in the brighter season of the year, by dale and stream, in wood and wold, till the approach of winter and the Edinburgh session called them to town ! How vividly are these days of storm and cloud depicted !—

"When dark December glooms the day,
And takes our autumn joys away :
When short and scant the sunbeam throws
Upon the weary waste of snows,
A cold and profitless regard,
Like patron on a needy bard—
When sylvan occupation's done,
And o'er the chimney rests the gun,
And hang, in idle trophy near,
The game-pouch, fishing-rod, and spear :
When wiry terrier, rough and grim,
And greyhound with his length of limb,
And pointer, now employed no more,
Cumber our parlour's narrow floor :
When in his stall the impatient steed
Is long condemned to rest and feed :
When from our snow-encircled home
Scarce cares the hardiest step to roam,
Since path is none, save that to bring
The needful water from the spring :
When wrinkled news-page, thrice conned o'er,
Beguiles the dreary hour no more,
And darkling politician, crossed,
Inveighs against the lingering post,
And answering housewife sore complains
Of carriers' snow-impeded wains :
When such the country cheer, I come,
Well pleased to seek our city home ;
For converse, and for books, to change
The forest's melancholy range ;
And welcome, with renewed delight,
The busy day and social night."—*Introduction to Canto* V.

It was on a fine, fresh morning, after much rain, that, with a smart lad as driver, I sped in a gig from Galashiels up the valley on the way to Ashestiel. The sweet stream of the Gala water ran on our left, murmuring deliciously, and noble woods right and left, amongst them the classic mansion of Torwoodlee, and wood-crowned banks, made the way beautiful. Anon we came out to the open country, bare but pleasant hills, and small light streams careering along the valleys, and shepherds, with their dogs at their heels, setting out on their long rounds for the day. There was an inspiriting life and freshness in everything—air, earth, and sky. The way is about six miles in length, from Galashiels to Ashestiel. About three parts of this was passed, when we came to Clovenfoot, a few houses amongst the green hills, where Scott used often to lodge for days and weeks at the little inn, before he got to Ashestiel. The country about Ashestiel consists of moorland hills, still showing the darkness of the heather upon them. It is wilder, and has an air of greater loneliness than the pastoral mountains of Ettrick and Moffatdale; and the pleasant surprise is the more lively, when at once, in the midst of this brown and treeless region, after going on wondering where this Ashestiel can have hidden itself, not a house or a trace of existence being visible, but bare hill beyond hill, you suddenly see before you, down in a deep valley, a mass of beautiful woodlands emerging into view; the Tweed displays its broad and rapid stream at the foot of this richly-wooded scene, and a tasteful house on the elevated bank beyond the river shows its long front and gables over the tree tops. This is Ashestiel, the residence of Scott, where he wrote Marmion, and commenced Waverley. We descended to the Tweed, where there is no bridge, but a ford, called by Scott "none of the best," "that ugly ford," which after long rains is sometimes carried away, and instead of a ford becomes a gulf. I remembered the incident of Scott himself being once pushed into it, when his horse found no bottom, and had to swim across; and of a cart bringing the new kitchen-range being upset, and leaving the much-desired fireplace at the bottom. The river was now much swollen, but my stout-hearted lad said he did not fear it, he often went there; and so we passed boldly through the powerful stream, and up the woodland bank to the house. The proprietor and occupant, Major-General Sir James Russell, a relative of Sir Walter's, was just about to mount his horse to go out, but very kindly turned back and introduced me to Lady Russell, an elegant and very agreeable woman, the sister of Sir James and Captain Basil Hall. They showed me the house with the greatest pleasure, and pressed me to stay luncheon. The house, Sir James said, was in Scott's time much less than at present. It was a farm-house, made out of an old Border tower by his father; and in the room looking down the Tweed, a beautiful view, Scott wrote Marmion, and the first part of Waverley, as well as the conclusion of the Lay of the Last Minstrel, and the whole of the Lady of the Lake. That room is now the centre sitting-room, and Sir Walter's little drawing-room is Sir James's bed-room. Sir James has greatly enlarged and improved the house. He has built a wing at each end, running at right angles with the old front, and his dining-room now enjoys the view which Scott's sitting-room had before. The house is very elegantly furnished, as well as beautifully situated. The busts of Sir Walter Scott and Captain Basil Hall occupy conspicuous places in the dining-room, and recal the associations of the past and the present. The grounds which face the front that is turned from the river and looks up the hill, are very charming; and at the distance of a field is the mound in the wood called "The Shirra's knowe," because Scott was fond of sitting there. Its views are now obstructed by the growth of the trees, but if they were opened again would be wildly woodland, looking down on the Tweed, and on a brook which rushes down a deep glen close by, called the Stiel burn. The knowe has all the character of a cairn or barrow, and I should think there is little doubt that it is one. It does not, however, stand on Sir James's property, and therefore it is not kept in order. Above the knowe, and Sir James's gardens, stretch away the uplands, and on the distant hill lies the mound and trench called Wallace's trench.

One would have thought that Scott was sufficiently withdrawn from the world at Ashestiel; but the world poured in upon him even here; and besides the visits of Southey, Heber, John Murray, and other of his distant friends, the fashionable and far-wandering tribes found him out. "In this little drawing-room of his," said Sir James Russell, "he entertained three duchesses at once;" adding, "Happy had it been for him had he been contented to remain here, and had left unbuilt the castle of Abbotsford, so much more in the highway of the tourist, and offering so much more accommodation." That is too true. The present house is good enough for a lord, and yet not too good for a private gentleman; while its situation is, in some respects, more beautiful than that of Abbotsford. The site of the house is more elevated, standing amid its fine woods, and yet commanding the course of the bold river deep beneath it, with its one bank dark with hanging forests, and that beyond open to the bare and moorland hills. But Scott would go to Abbotsford, and so must we.

I have, somewhere else, expressed how greatly the innkeepers of Scotland are indebted to Scott. It is to him that thousands of them owe not merely subsistence, but ample fortunes. In every part of the country, where he has touched the earth with his magic wand, roads have run along the heretofore impassable morass, rocks have given way to men, and houses have sprung up full of the necessary "entertainment for man and horse." Steamers convey troops of summer tourists to the farthest west and north of the Scottish coast; and every lake and mountain swarms with them. On arriving at Melrose, I was greatly struck with the growth of this traffic of picturesque and romantic travel. It was twenty years since I was in that village before,—Scott was then living at Abbotsford, and drew up to the inn-door to take post-horses on to Kelso. While these were got out, we had a full and fair view of him as he sat, without his hat, in the carriage reading, as we ourselves were breakfasting near the window of a room just opposite. Then, there was one small inn in the place, and very few people in it; now, there were two or three; and these, besides lodging-houses, all crammed full of guests. The inn-yards stood full of travelling carriages, and servants in livery were lounging about in motley throngs. The ruins of the abbey were like a fair for people, and the intelligent and very obliging woman who shows them said that every year the numbers increased, and that every year foreigners seemed to arrive from more and more distant regions.

At Abbotsford it was the same. It must be recollected that there had been a summer of incessant rain; yet, both at the inn and at the abbey, the people said that it had appeared to make no difference —they had been constantly full. As I drove up towards Abbotsford it was getting towards evening, and I feared I might be almost too late to be allowed to see through the house; but I met three or four equipages returning thence, and as many fresh ones arrived whilst I was there. Some of these were obliged to wait a long time, as the housekeeper would not admit above a dozen persons or so at once; and carriages stood about the court as though it were some great visiting day. That visiting day endures the whole summer through, and the money received for inspection alone must be a handsome income. If the housekeeper gets it all, as she receives it all, she will eventually match the old housekeeper of the Duke of Devonshire, at Chatsworth, who is said to have died a few years ago, worth 120,000*l.*! and was still most anxious to secure the reversion of the post for her niece, but in vain; the Duke probably, and very justly, thinking that there should be turn about even in the office of such liberal door-keeping.

Abbotsford, after twenty years' interval, and having then been seen under the doubly exaggerating influence of youth and the recent influence of Scott's poetry, in some degree disappointed me. I had imagined the house itself larger, its towers more lofty, its whole exterior more imposing. The plantations are a good deal grown, and almost bury the house from the distant view; but they still preserve all their formality of outline, as seen from the Galashiels road. Every field has a thick, black belt of fir-trees, which run about, forming on the long hill-side the most fantastic figures. The house is, however, a very interesting house. At first you come to the front next to the road, which you do by a steep descent down the plantation. You are struck, having a great castle in your imagination, with the smallness of the place. It is neither large nor lofty. Your ideal Gothic castle shrinks into a miniature. The house is quite hidden till you are at it, and then you find yourself at a small castellated gateway, with crosses cut into the stone pillars on each side, and the little window over it, as for the warden to look out at you. Then comes the view of this side of the house, with its portico, its bay windows with painted glass, its tall, battlemented gables, and turrets with their lantern terminations; the armorial escutcheon over the door, and the corbels; and then another escutcheon, aloft on the wall, of stars and crescents. All these have a good effect; and not less so the light screen of freestone, finely worked and carved, with its elliptic arches and iron lattice-work, through which the garden is seen, with its espalier trees, high brick walls, and greenhouse, with a doorway at the end leading into a second garden of the same sort. The house has a dark look, being built of the native whinstone, or grau-wacke, as the Germans call it, relieved by the quoins and projections of the windows and turrets in freestone. All looks classic, and not too large for the poet and antiquarian builder. The dog Maida lies in stone on the right-hand of the door in the court, with the well-known inscription. The house can neither be said to be Gothic nor castellated. It is a combination of the poet's, drawn from many sources, but all united by good taste, and forming a unique style, more approaching to the Elizabethan than any other. Round the court, of which the open-work screen just mentioned is the farther boundary, runs a covered walk—that is, along the two sides not occupied by the house and the screen; and in the wall beneath the arcade thus formed, are numerous niches, containing a medley of old figures brought from various places. There are Indian gods, old figures out of churches, and heads of Roman emperors. In the corner of the court, on the opposite side of the portico to the dog Maida, is a fountain, with some similar relics reared on the stone-work round it.

The other front gives you a much greater idea of the size. It has a more continuous range of façade. Here at one end is Scott's square tower, ascended by outside steps, and a round or octagon tower, at the other;—you cannot tell, certainly, which shape it is, as it is covered with ivy. On this the flag-staff stands. At the end next to the square tower, *i.e.* at the right-hand end as you face it, you pass into the outer court, which allows you to go round the end of the house from one front to the other, by the old gateway, which once belonged to the Tolbooth of Edinburgh. Along the whole of this front runs a gallery, in which the piper used to stalk to and fro while they were at dinner. This man still came about the place, though he had been long discharged. He was a great vagabond.

Such is the exterior of Abbotsford. The interior is far more interesting. The porch, copied from that of the old palace of Linlithgow, is finely groined, and there are stags' horns nailed up in it. When the door opens, you find yourselves in the entrance-hall, which is, in fact, a complete museum of antiquities and other matters. It is, as described in Lockhart's Life of Scott, wainscoted with old wainscot from the kirk of Dunfermline, and the pulpit of John Knox is cut in two, and placed as chiffonniers between the windows. The whole walls are covered with suits of armour, and arms, horns of moose deer, the head of a Musk bull, &c. At your left hand, and close to the door, are two cuirasses, some standards, eagles, &c., collected at Waterloo. At the opposite end of the room are two full suits of armour, one Italian, and one English of the time of Henry V, the latter holding *in its hands* a stupendous two-handed sword, I suppose six feet long, and said to have been found on Bosworth field. Opposite to the door is the fireplace of freestone, imitated from an arch in the cloister at Melrose, with a peculiarly graceful spandrel. In it stands the iron grate of Archbishop Sharpe, who was murdered by the Covenanters; and before it stands a most massive Roman camp-kettle. On the roof, at the centre of the pointed arches, runs a row of escutcheons of Scott's family, two or three at one end being empty, the poet not being able to trace the maternal lineage so high as the paternal. These were painted accordingly, *in nubibus*, with the motto,—*Nox alta velat.* Round the door at one end are emblazoned the shields of his most intimate friends, as Erskine, Moritt, Rose, &c., and all round the cornice ran the emblazoned shields of the old chieftains of the Border, with this motto, in old English letters:—"THESE BE THE COAT ARMOURIES OF THE CLANNIS AND CHIEF MEN OF NAME WHO KEEPIT THE MARCHYS OF SCOTLAND IN THE AULDE TYME OF THE KING. TREWE WEARE THEY IN THEIR TYME, AND IN THEIR DEFENCE, GOD THEM DEFENDIT."

The chairs are from Scone Palace. On the wall hangs the chain shirt of Cromwell; and on a table at the window where visitors sign their names, lies the huge tawny lion skin, sent by Thomas Pringle from South Africa.

A passage leading from the entrance-hall to the breakfast-room has a fine groined ceiling, copied from Melrose; and the open space at the end, two small full-length paintings of Miss Scott and Miss Anne Scott.

In the breakfast-room, where Scott often used to read, there is a table, constructed something like a pyramid, which turns round. On each side of this he laid books of reference, and turned the table as he wanted one or the other. Here is also a small oak table, at which he breakfasted. His daughter Anne used generally to join him at it; but if she did not come, he made breakfast himself, and went to work again without waiting. In this room—a charming little room, with the most cheerful views up the valley—there is such a collection of books as might serve for casual reading, or to refresh the mind when weary of writing, consisting chiefly of poetry and general literature: besides a fine oil-painting over the fireplace of the Wolf's Craig, in Lammermoor, *i.e.* Fast Castle, by Thomson, and numbers of sweet water-colour pictures; also a bust of Mackenzie, the Man of Feeling, in a niche.

Then there is the library, a noble room, with a fine cedar ceiling, with beautiful compartments, and most lovely carved pendants, where you see bunches of grapes, human figures, leaves, &c. It is copied from Rosslyn or Melrose. There are three busts in this room; the first, one of Sir Walter, by Chantrey; one of Wordsworth; and in the great bay window, on a table, a cast of that of Shakspeare, from Stratford. There is a full-length painting of the poet's son, the second Sir Walter, in his hussar uniform, with his horse. The work-table in the space of the bay window, and the fine carved ceiling in this part of the room, as well as the brass hanging lamp brought from Herculaneum, are particularly worthy of notice. There is a pair of most splendidly carved boxwood chairs, brought from Italy, and once belonging to some cardinal. The other chairs are of ebony, presented by George IV. There is a tall silver urn, standing on a porphyry table, filled with bones from the Piræus, and inscribed as the gift of Lord Byron. The books in this room, many of which are secured from hurt by wire-work doors, are said to amount to twenty thousand. Many, of course, are very valuable, having been collected with great care by Scott, for the purpose of enabling him to write his different works. Then, there is a large collection of both printed and MS. matter, relative to the rebellions of '15 and '45; and others connected with magic and demonology. Altogether, the books, many of which are presentation copies, from authors, not only of this but various other countries, make a goodly show, and the room is a noble one.

In the drawing-room, the wood also is of cedar; and here hangs the large painting by Raeburn, containing the full-length portrait of Sir Walter, as he sits under a wall, with his two dogs. This, one often sees engraved. It is said to be most like him, and is certainly very like Chantrey's bust when you examine them together. There is a portrait of Lady Scott, too. Oh! such a round-faced little blackamoor of a woman! One instantly asks—where was Sir Walter's taste? Where was the judgment which guided him in describing Di Vernon, Flora MacIvor, or Rebecca? "But," said the housekeeper, "she was a very brilliant little woman;" and this is also said by those who knew her. How greatly, then, must the artist have sinned against her! The portrait of Miss Anne Scott is lovely, and you see a strong likeness to her father. Scott's mother is a very good, amiable, motherly-looking woman, in an old-fashioned lady's cap. Besides these articles, there is a table of verd antique, presented by Lord Byron. This is placed between the front windows, and bears a vase of what resembles purple glass, but in reality a transparent marble, inlaid beautifully with gold. There is also a black ebony cabinet, which was presented by George IV. with the chairs now in the library.

The armoury is a most remarkable room; it is the collection of the author of Waverley; and to enumerate all the articles which are here assembled, would require a volume. Take a few particulars. The old wooden lock of the Tolbooth of Selkirk; Queen Mary's offering-box, a small iron ark or coffer, with a circular lid, found in Holyrood House. Then Hofer's rifle—a short, stout gun, given him by Sir Humphrey Davy, or rather by Hofer's widow to Sir Humphrey for Sir Walter. The housekeeper said, that Sir Humphrey had done some service for the widow of Hofer, and in her gratitude she offered him this precious relic, which he accepted for Sir Walter, and delighted the poor woman with the certainty that it would be preserved to posterity in such a place as Abbotsford. There is an old white hat, worn by the burgesses of Stowe when installed. Rob Roy's purse and his gun; a very long one, with the initials R. M. C., Robert Macgregor Campbell, round the touch-hole. A rich sword in a silver sheath, presented to Sir Walter by the people of Edinburgh, for the pains he took when George IV. was there. The sword of Charles I, afterwards belonging to the Marquis of Montrose. A collection of claymores, and of the swords of German executioners, of the very kind still used in that semi-barbarous, though *soi-disant* philosophical country; a country of *private* trials without juries, of torture in prison, and of the bloodiest mode of execution possible. There the criminal, if not—as was a poor tailor of Königsberg, in 1841—broken on the wheel inch by inch for killing a bishop, is seated in a chair on the platform, with his head against a post, which the executioner strikes off. The head falls, the blood spouts like fountains from the struggling trunk, and falls in a crimson shower all over the figure,—a horrible spectacle!

On the blades of one of these swords is an inscription thus translated by Scott himself,—

"Dust, when I strike, to dust; from sleepless grave,
Sweet Jesu, stoop a sin-stained soul to save."

The hunting-bottle of James I; the thumbikins with which the Covenanters were tortured; the iron crown of the martyr Wishart; Buonaparte's pistols, found in his carriage at Waterloo; the pistols of Claverhouse, all of steel according to the fashion of that time, and inlaid with silver; two great keys of the Tolbooth of Edinburgh, found after the doors were burnt by the mob who seized and hanged Captain Porteus; and innumerable other objects of the like kind.

In the dining-room, the most curious thing is the painting of the head of Mary Queen of Scots, immediately after decapitation. Of this, it is said, Sir Walter took great pains to establish the authenticity. It is by Amias Cawood, and, to my fancy, strange as it may seem, gives a better notion of the beauty of Mary than any of her living portraits. But the hair is still black, not grey, or rather white, as stated by the historians. There is a considerable number of good portraits in this room. A fine one of Nell Gwynn, also much handsomer than we generally see her; it is a fellow to the one in Glammis Castle. An equestrian portrait of Lord Essex, the parliament general. Thomson, the poet, who must likewise have been handsome, if like this. John Dryden. Oliver Cromwell when young. The Duke of Monmouth. The marriage of Scott of Harden, to Muckle-mouthed Meg, who is making the widest mouth possible, with a very arch expression, as much as to say, "As you will be obliged to have me, I will, for this once, have the pleasure of giving you a fright." Charles XII. of Sweden. Walter Raleigh, in a broad hat, very different to any other portrait I have seen of him—more common looking. Small full-lengths of Henrietta, queen of Charles I, and of Ann Hyde, queen of James II. Prior and Gay, by Jervas. Hogarth, by himself. Old Beardie, Scott's great grandfather. Lucy Walters, first mistress of Charles II, and mother of the Duke of Monmouth; with the Duchess of Buccleuch, Monmouth's wife.

Lastly, and on our way back to the entrance-hall, we enter the writing-room of Sir Walter, which is surrounded by book-shelves, and a gallery, by which Scott not only could get at his books, but by which he could get to and from his bed-room, and so be at work when his visitors thought him in bed. He had only to lock his door, and he was safe. Here are his easy leathern chair and desk, at which he used to work, and, in a little closet, is the last suit that he ever wore—a bottle-green coat, plaid waistcoat, of small pattern, grey plaid trousers, and white hat. Near these hang his walking-stick, and his boots and walking shoes. Here are also his tools, with which he used to prune his trees in the plantations, and his yeoman-cavalry accoutrements. On the chimney-piece stands a German light-machine, where he used to get a light, and light his own fire. There is a chair made of the wood of the house at Robroyston, in which William Wallace was betrayed; having a brass plate in the back, stating that it is from this house, where "Wallace was done to death by Traitors." The writing-room is connected with the library, and this little closet had a door issuing into the garden; so that Scott had all his books at immediate command, and could not only work early and late without anybody's knowledge, but, at will, slip away to wood and field, if he pleased, unobserved. In his writing-room, there is a full-length portrait of Rob Roy, and a head of Claverhouse. The writing-room is the only sitting-room facing the south. It ranges with the entrance-hall, and between them lies a little sort of armoury, where stand two figures, one presenting a specimen of chain armour, and the other, one of wadded armour—that is, silk stuffed with cotton.

Here, then, is a tolerable account of the interior of Abbotsford. I perceive that Mr. Lockhart, in his recent People's Edition of his Life of Scott, has given an account said to have been furnished by Scott himself to an annual. If it were correct at the time it was written, there must have been a general re-arrangement of paintings and other articles. Mr. Lockhart says he suspects its inaccuracy; but what makes me doubt that Scott drew up the account is, that some of the most ornamental ceilings, which can *not* have been changed, are stated to be of dark oak, whereas they are of pencil cedar.

I again walked up the mile-long plantation, running along the hill-side from the house up the valley, and found it again merely a walk through a plantation—nothing more. It is true that, as you get a good way up, you arrive at some high ground, and can look out up the valley towards Selkirk, and get some views of the Tweed, coming down between its moorland hills, which are very sweet. But the fault of Abbotsford is, that it is not laid out to the advantage that it might be. The ground in front of the house, highly capable of being laid out in beautiful lawn and shrubbery, is cut up with trees that shut out the noblest feature of the scene—the river. One side of the house is elbowed up with square brick garden walls, which ought to be at a distance, and concealed; the other with an unsightly laundry-yard, with its posts and lines. Just down before the house, where the sweet and rich verdure of lawn should be, is set the farm-yard; and then comes the long, monotonous wood. This, in some degree, might be altered, and probably some time will. At present, the fault of the whole estate is stiffness and formality. The plantations of fir have, necessarily, a stiff, formal look; but this, too, will mend with time. They are now felling out the fir timber; and then what is called the hard-wood, that is, the deciduous trees, will, in course of time, present a softer and more agreeable look.

I ranged all through these plantations, from the house to the foot of the Eildon Hills, down by the Rhymer's glen and Huntley burn. It is amazing what a large stretch of poor land Sir Walter had got together. It is not particularly romantic, except for the fine background of the Eildon Hills; but Sir Walter saw the scene with the eyes of poetic tradition. He saw things which had been done there, and sung of; and all was beautiful to him: and in time, when the trees are better grown, and have a more varied aspect, and the plantations are more broken up, it *will* be beautiful. The views from the higher grounds are not so now. Down at the house the trees have so grown and closed up the prospect, that you can scarcely get a single glimpse of the river; but when you ascend the woods, and come to an opening on the hills, you see up and down the valley, far and wide. Near a mount in the plantations, on which an old carved stone is reared, and held upright by iron stays, probably marking the scene of some border skirmish, there are seats of turf, from which you have fine views. You see below Abbotsford, where the Gala water comes sweeping into the Tweed, and where Galashiels lies smoking beyond, all compact, like a busy little town as it is. And in another direction, the towers and town of Melrose are discerned at the foot of the bare but airy Eildon Hills; and, still further, the black summit of the Cowdenknowes.

Something beyond this spot, after issuing out of the first mass of plantations, and ascending a narrow lane, I came to a farm-house. I asked a boy in the yard what the farm was called; and a thrill went through me when he answered—KAESIDE. It was the farm of William Laidlaw, the steward and the friend of Sir Walter. We have seen how, in his earlier, joyous days, Sir Walter fell in with Laidlaw, Hogg, and Leyden. The expeditions into Ettrick and Yarrow, in quest of old border ballads, brought Scott into contact with the two former. He found, not only poetry, but actual living poets, amongst the shepherds and sheep farmers of the hills. I know of nothing more beautiful than the relation of these circumstances in Lockhart's Life of Scott. In Chambers' Edinburgh Journal of July and August, 1845, there is also a very interesting account of Laidlaw, and especially of the coming of Scott and Leyden to Blackhouse farm, in Yarrow, Laidlaw's farm, and of their strolling over all the classic ground of the neighbourhood; to St. Mary's Loch, to the thorn of Whitehope, Dryhope tower, the former abode of "the Flower of Yarrow," Yarrow church, and the Seven Stones, which mark the graves of the Seven Brothers, slain in "The Douglas Tragedy." How Laidlaw produced the famous ballad of "Auld Maitland," and how Leyden walked about in the highest excitement while Scott read it aloud. Then follows the equally interesting account of the visit of Scott and Laidlaw to Hogg, in Ettrick. These were golden days. Laidlaw and Hogg were relatives, and old friends. Hogg had been shepherd at Blackhouse, with Laidlaw's father. The young men had grown poets, from the inspiration of the scenes they lived amongst, and their mutual conversation. Then comes the great minstrel of the time, seeking up the scattered and unedited treasures of antiquity, and finds these rustic poets of the hills, and they become friends for life. It is a romance. Laidlaw was of an old and famous but decayed family. The line had been cursed by a maternal ancestress, and they believed that the curse took effect: they all became lawless men. But Laidlaw went to live at Abbotsford, as the factor or steward of Scott; and in him Scott found one of the most faithful, intelligent, and sympathizing friends, ready either to plant his trees or write down his novels at his dictation, when his evil days came upon him. In our day-dreams we imagine such things as these. We lay out estates, and settle on them our friends and faithful adherents, and make about us a paradise of affection, truth, and intellect; but it was the fortune of Scott only to do this actually. Here, at his little farm of Kaeside, lived Laidlaw, and after Scott's death went to superintend estates in Rosshire; and his health at length giving way, he retired to the farm of his brother, a sheep-farmer of Contin; and there, in as beautiful scenery as Scotland or almost any country has to show, the true poet of nature, this true-hearted man, breathed his last on the 18th of May, 1845.

Those who wander through the woods of Abbotsford, and find their senses regaled by the rich odour of sweetbriar and woodbines, with shrubs oftener found in gardens, as I did with some degree of surprise, will read with interest the following direction of Scott to Laidlaw, in which he explains the mystery:—"George must stick in a few wild roses, honeysuckles, and sweetbriars in suitable places, so as to produce the luxuriance we see in the woods which Nature plants herself. We injure the effects of our plantings, so far as beauty is concerned, very much by neglecting underwood." In the woods of Abbotsford, the memory of Laidlaw will be often recalled by the sight and odour of these fragrant plants.

Descending into a valley beyond Kaeside, I came to the forester's lodge, on the edge of a little solitary loch. Was this cottage formerly the abode of another worthy, Tom Purdie, whom Scott has, on his gravestone in Melrose abbey-yard, styled "Wood-forester of Abbotsford"?—a double epithet which may be accounted for by foresters being often now-a-days keepers of forests where there is no wood, as in Ettrick, &c. Whether, however, this was Tom Purdie's abode or not, I found it inhabited by a very obliging and intelligent fellow, as porter there. The little loch here I understood him to be called Abbotsford loch, in contradiction to Cauldshiels loch, which is still further up the hills. This Cauldshiels loch was a favourite resort of Scott's at first. It had its traditions, and he had a boat upon it; but finding that it did not belong to his estate, as he supposed, by one of his purchases, he would never go upon it again, though requested to use it at his pleasure by the proprietor. By the direction of the forester, I now steered my way onward from wood to wood, towards the Eildon hills, in quest of the glen of Thomas the Rhymer. The evening was drawing on, and there was a deep solitude and solemnity over the dark pine woods through which I passed. The trees which Scott had planted were in active process of being thinned out, and piles of them lay here and there by the cart tracks through the woods, and heaps of the peeled bark of the larch for sale. I thought with what pleasure would Scott have now surveyed these operations, and the beginning of the marketable profit of the woods of his own planting. But that day was past. I went on over fields embosomed in the black forest, where the grazing herds gazed wildly at me, as if a stranger were not often seen there; crossed the deep glen, where the little stream roared on, lost in the thick growth of now lofty trees; and then passed onward, down the Rhymer's glen, to Huntly burn—every step bearing fresh evidence of the vanished romance of Abbotsford. How long was it since Miss Edgeworth sate by the little waterfall in the Rhymer's glen, and gave her name to the stone on which she was seated? The house at Huntly burn, which Scott had purchased to locate his old friend Sir Adam Fergusson near him, was now the house of the wood-factor; and piles of timber, and sawn boards on all sides, marked its present use. Lockhart was gone from the lovely cottage just by at Chiefswood: and Scott himself, after his glory and his troubles, slept soundly at Dryburgh. The darkness that had now closed thickly on my way seemed to my excited imagination to have fallen on the world. What a day of broad hearts and broad intellects was that which had just passed! How the spirit of power, and of creative beauty, had been poured abroad amongst men, and especially in our own country, as with a measureless opening of the Divine hand; and how rapidly and extensively had then the favoured ministers of this intellectual diffusion been withdrawn from the darkened earth! Scott, and almost all his family who had rejoiced with him—Abbotsford was an empty abode—the very woods had yielded up their faithful spirits—Laidlaw and Purdie were in the earth—Hogg, the shepherd-poet, had disappeared from the hills. And of the great lights from England, how many were put out!—Crabbe, Southey, Coleridge, Byron, Shelley, Keats, Campbell, Mrs. Hemans, Miss Landon, Hood, and Lamb; many of them bidding farewell to earth amid clouds and melancholy, intense as was the contrasting brightness of their noonday fame. "Sic transit gloria mundi." The thought passed through me; but a second followed it, saying, "Not so—they by whom the glory is created are yet travelling onward in the track of their eternal destiny.

'Won is the glory, and the grief is past.'"

The next morning I took my way to Dryburgh, the closing scene of the present paper. Dryburgh Abbey lies on the Tweed, about four miles from Melrose. You turn off—when you have left the Eildon hills on your right, and have seen on your left, in the course of the river, the Cowdenknowes, Bemerside, and other classic spots—down a steep and woody lane, and suddenly come out at a wide bend of the river, where, on your side, the gravel brought down by the floods spreads a considerable strand, and the lofty banks all round on the other are finely wooded. Few are the rivers which can show more beautiful scenery in their course than the Tweed. But what strikes you strangely are the ruins of a chain bridge, which some time ago was carried away by the wind. There stand aloft the tall white frames of wood to which the bridge was attached at each end, like great skeletons; and the two main chains stretch across, and fragments of others dangle in the air—iron rags of ruin. It has a most desolate and singular look. This, I suppose, was put up by the late whimsical Earl of Buchan, to whom Dryburgh belonged, as now to his nephew. At the opposite end of the bridge peeps out of the trees the top of a little temple. It is a temple of the Muses, where the nine sisters are represented consecrating Thomson the poet. Aloft, at some distance in a wood, you descry a gigantic figure of stone; and this, on inquiry, you find to be William Wallace, who, I believe, was never here, any more than Thomson. It was intended for Burns; but as the block was got out of the quarry on the opposite side of the river, close to where you land from the ferry-boat, the fantastic old fellow took it into his head that, as it was so large a block, it should be Wallace.

As you ascend a lane from the ferry to go to the Abbey, you find a few cottages, and a great gate built in the style of an old castle gateway, with round stone pillars with lantern summits, and the cross displayed on each—a sort of poor parody on the gateway at Abbotsford. This castle gateway is the entrance, however, to no castle, but to a large orchard; and over the gate is inscribed—"Hoc Pomarium sua manus satum Parentibus suis optimis sac: D. S. Buchaniæ Comes." That is, "This orchard, *sown* by his own hands, the Earl of Buchan dedicates to his best of parents." The whole is worthy of the man. If there be any sense in it, the orchard was *sown* by this silly old lord, not the *trees;* and these were merely *sown* by him, and not *planted.* And why dedicate an orchard to his deceased parents? Were they so excessively fond of apples? Why not satisfy himself with some rational monument? But then he must have been rational himself; and it must be recollected that this was the man who, when Scott was once very ill, forced himself into the house, in order to get at the invalid, and arrange with him in his last moments the honours of a great heraldic funeral procession,—the same man that Scott afterwards congratulated himself was dead first, lest he should have made some foolish extravagance of the sort over his remains.

But to return to the orchard gateway—it is droll enough, immediately under the pious and tender inscription to his parents, in Latin, to see standing this sentence in plain English—"MAN-TRAPS AND SPRING-GUNS PLACED IN THIS ORCHARD." Query? Are they too dedicated to his best of parents, or only to his poor brethren of mankind?

Dryburgh is a sweet old monastic seclusion. Here, lying deep below the surrounding country, the river sweeps on between high, rocky banks, overhung with that fine growth of trees which no river presents in more beauty, abundance, and luxuriance. A hush prevails over the spot, which tells you that some ancient sanctity is there. You feel that there is some hidden glory of religious art and piety somewhere about, though you do not see it. As you advance it is up a lane overhung with old ashes. There are primitive-looking cottages, also overshadowed by great trees. There are crofts, with thick tall hedges, and cattle lying in them with a sybaritic luxury of indolence. You are still, as you proceed, surrounded by an ocean of foliage and ancient stems; and a dream-like feeling of past ages seems to pervade not only the air but the ground. I do not know how it is, but I think it must be by a mesmeric influence that the monks and the holy dreamers of old have left on the spots which they inhabited their peculiar character. You could not construct such a place now, taking the most favourable materials for it. Take a low, sequestered spot, full of old timber and cottages, and old grey walls; and employ all the art that you could, to give it a monastic character—it would be in vain. You would feel it at once; the mind would not admit it to be genuine. No, the old monastic spots are full of the old monastic spirit. The very ground, and the rich old turf are saturated with it. Dig up the soil, it has a monastery look. It is fat, and black, and crumbling. The trees are actual monks themselves. They stand and dream of the Middle Ages. With the present age and doings they have no feelings, no sympathies. They keep a perpetual vigil, and the sound of anthems has entered into their very substance. They are solemn piles of the condensed silence of ages, of cloistered musings; and the very whisperings of their leaves seemed to be muttered aves and *ora pro nobises.*

This feeling lies all over Dryburgh like a living trance; and the arrangements of these odd Buchans for admitting you to the tomb of Scott, enable you to see the most of it. You perceive a guide-post, and this tells you to go on to the house where the keys are kept. You descend a long lane amid these old trees and crofts, and arrive at a gate and lodge, which seem the entrance to some gentleman's grounds. Here probably you see too a gentleman's carriage waiting, and present yourself to go in. But you are told that, though this is the place, you must not enter there. You must go on still farther to the house where the keys are kept. At length you find yourself at the bottom of another stretch of lane, and here you stop for the simple reason that you can go no further—you have arrived at the bank of the river. Necessarily then looking about you, you see on one side a gate in a tall wall, which looks into an orchard, and on the other a cottage in a garden. On this cottage there is a board bearing this long-sought inscription—"The Abbey keys kept here." You knock, and ask if you can see the Abbey; and a very careless "Yes," assures you that you can. The people appointed to show the ruins and Scott's grave are become notorious for their lumpish, uncivil behaviour. It would seem as if the owner of the place had ordered them to make it as unpleasant to visitors as possible; a thing very impolitic in them, for they are making a fortune by it. Indeed Scott is the grand benefactor of all the neighbourhood, Dryburgh, Melrose, and Abbotsford. At Abbotsford and Melrose they are civil, at Dryburgh the very reverse. They seem as though they would make you feel that it was a favour to be admitted to the grounds of Lord

Buchan; and you are pointed away at the gate of exit with a manner which seems to say, "There!—begone!"

The woman of the cottage was already showing a party; and her sister, just as sulky, ungracious a sort of body as you could meet with, was my guide. The gate in the wall was thrown open, and she said, "You must go across the grass there." I saw a track across the grass, and obediently pursued it; but it was some time before I could see anything but a very large orchard of young trees, and I began to suppose this another Pomarium dedicated by old Lord Buchan to his parents, and to wish him and his Pomaria under the care of a certain old gentleman; but anon!—the ruins of the Abbey began to tower magnificently above the trees, and I forgot the planter of orchards and his gracious guides. The ruins are certainly very fine, and finely relieved by the tall, rich trees which have sprung up in and around them. The interior of the church is now greensward, and two rows of cedars grow where formerly stood the pillars of the aisles. The cloisters and south transept are more entire, and display much fine workmanship. There is a window aloft, I think in the south transept, peculiarly lovely. It is formed of, I believe, five stars cut in stone, so that the open centre within them forms a rose. The light seen through this window gives it a beautiful effect. There is the old chapter-house also entire, with an earthen floor, and a circle drawn in the centre, where the bodies of the founder and his lady are said to lie. But even here the old lord has been with his absurdities; and at one end, by the window, stands a fantastic statue of Locke, reading in an open book, and pointing to his own forehead with his finger. The damp of the place has blackened and mildewed this figure, and it is to be hoped will speedily eat it quite up. What has Locke to do in the chapter-house of a set of ancient friars?

The grave of Scott—for a tomb he had not yet got—was a beautiful fragment of the ruined pile, the lady aisle. The square from one pillar of the aisle to the next, which in many churches, as in Melrose, formed a confessional, forms here a burial-place. It is that of the Scotts of Haliburton, from whom Scott was descended; and that was probably one reason why he chose this place, though its monastic beauty and associations were, no doubt, the main causes. The fragment consists of two arches' length, and the adjoining one is the family burial-place of the Erskines. The whole, with its tier of small Norman sectional arches above, forms, in fact, a glorious tomb, much resembling one of the chapel tombs in Winchester; and the trees about it are dispersed by nature and art so as to give it the utmost picturesque effect. It is a mausoleum well befitting the author of the Lay of the Last Minstrel; and, though many wonder that he should have chosen to be interred in another man's ground and property, yet, independent of all such considerations, we must say that it would be difficult to select a spot more in keeping with Scott's character, genius, and feelings. But that which surprised every one, was the neglect in which the grave itself remained. After thirteen years, it was still a mere dusty and slovenly heap of earth.

His mother lay on his right hand, and his wife on his left. His mother had a stone laid on her grave, but neither Scott nor his wife had anything but the earth which covered them; and lying under the arched ruin, nature herself was not allowed, as she otherwise would, to fling over the poet the verdant mantle with which she shrouds the grave of the lowliest of her children. The contrast was the stranger since so splendid a monument had been raised to his honour in Edinburgh; and that both Glasgow and Selkirk had their statue-crowned column to the author of Waverley. The answer to inquiries was, that his son had been out of the country; but a plain slab, bearing the name, and the date of his death, would have conferred a neatness and an air of respectful attention on the spot, which would have accorded far more gratefully with the feelings of its thousands and tens of thousands of visitors than its then condition.

Since that time an oblong tomb has been placed over Sir Walter's grave, with this simple and all-sufficient inscription,—"Sir Walter Scott, Baronet, died September 21st, 1832."

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

THOMAS CAMPBELL was born in Glasgow on the 27th of July, 1777. His father was a resident of that city, a respectable merchant, and descended from an ancient Highland family, on which the poet evidently prided himself, though undoubtedly he was the greatest man his family ever produced. His ancestors traced their descent from Gilespic-le-Camile, the first Norman earl of Lochawe; and the Scotch still pronounce the name Camel, or more broadly, Caumel. The old family residence was at Kirnan, in the vale of Glassary, on the southern frontier of the Western Highlands. So proud were the poet's parents of this, that they always styled themselves Campbells of Kirnan; and the poet's mother, after he had risen to fame, would, when requesting articles to be sent home from shops, say, "Send them to Mrs. Campbell's of Kirnan;" and when that did not seem to produce a very profound impression of respect, would add, "the mother of the author of The Pleasures of Hope."

Campbell's grandfather was the last laird of Kirnan. He died in Edinburgh, and Campbell's father went to America, where, falling in with a Daniel Campbell, a clansman, but no way related, they agreed to return to Glasgow, and set up as Virginia merchants. They were successful, and Campbell's father, then forty-five, married the daughter of his partner, who was only twenty. They had no less than eleven children, who had various fortunes, and all of whom the poet outlived. Three of them were daughters, none of whom married, but had, as governesses, or teachers of schools, acquired a small competency, which was increased by an allowance of 100*l.* a-year for many years by the poet.

Campbell's father acquired a handsome fortune, but this was, for the most part, swept away by the breaking out of the American war in 1775, two years before the poet's birth. His father was then in his sixty-fifth year ; but though he had so large a family, he had not the elasticity left to continue his trade, and retired upon the meagre remnant of his property. Two years later, his youngest son, Thomas, was born, that is, in his father's sixty-seventh year, at which age it is remarkable that the poet died.

Thomas Campbell was born in the house where his parents had resided since their marriage. This was in the High-street, but has now been long swept away by the progress of modern improvement. Campbell's father was a man of superior ability and education. He was an intimate friend of Adam Smith, and of Dr. Thomas Reid, author of the "Inquiry into the Human Mind," and Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Glasgow. By Dr. Reid the infant poet was baptized, and named after himself. Campbell's mother was a woman of a firm and somewhat acerb character, but clever and active, which was rendered the more necessary by the easy and indolent temperament of the father.

Campbell, who is described as a handsome boy, was first sent to the grammar-school, then under the management of Mr. Allison, who soon perceived the talents of his pupil. The discovery was hailed with delight by Campbell's parents, and his father devoted himself assiduously to his assistance in preparing his tasks, a proof that the old gentleman was a good scholar. Campbell was soon at the head of the school, but not without feeling the effects of too close application; and his father was obliged, on one occasion, to send him for six weeks to a cottage on the banks of the Cart, a few miles out of town. This country residence is said to have left such vivid imagery on his mind, that the effect was constantly appearing in the poetry of his mature years. During his grammar-school life, he began writing poetry at the age of ten, specimens of which Dr. Beattie has preserved in his very interesting life of the poet. But his greatest passion was for the classical authors, and his progress in Latin and Greek was extraordinary. In his twelfth year he made very respectable translations from Anacreon, and acquired the ambition of being a Greek scholar, which never left him, and which, to the last, predominated over his ambition as a poet.

In his fourteenth year he entered the college of Glasgow, and continued there till 1795, or till his eighteenth year. His course at college was one continuous triumph, especially in classical attainment. He carried off most of the chief prizes, and at the same time produced compositions both in prose and verse perfectly astonishing in a boy of his age. These may be seen in his published works, or in his Life and Letters, by Dr. Beattie. In translations from the Greek he excelled all his fellow-students, so that they were afraid to enter the lists with him. In his translations from Homer, Aristophanes, Æschylus, and others, he entered into the spirit of the ancients, with a wonderful ardour, and a beauty of expression which astonished the professors. In his fourth session he carried off two prizes: one of these was the first prize for the best translation of the Clouds of Aristophanes; and Professor Young, in awarding the honours, declared that this was the best performance which had ever been given in by any student at the University. But the production which won him still higher celebrity was that which gained his second prize. This was an Essay on the Origin of Evil, which was expected to be prose, but which was in poetry. It was the *chef-d'œuvre* of the Moral Philosophy class, and gave him at once a local celebrity as a poet.

In the fifth session he carried off three prizes. One of these was for the Choephorœ of Æschylus; one for a translation of a chorus from the Medea; and a third, the translation of Claudian's "Epithalamium on the Marriage of the Emperor Honorius and Maria." During this period he was not less zealously engaged in studying the works of the English poets, especially Milton's Paradise Lost, and the writings of Pope, Thomson, Gray, and Goldsmith. The influence of Pope and Goldsmith is sufficiently obvious in his future style. A writer in Hogg's Weekly Instructor, who knew Campbell well, says, "At this period Campbell was a fair and beautiful boy, with winning manners, with a mild and cheerful disposition; he was not only the wit of the school, but was greatly desirous to see himself in print. Having got one of his juvenile poems printed, to defray the expense of this, to him, then bold adventure, it is related that he had recourse to the singular expedient of selling copies to the students at a penny each. This anecdote has been told by one who remembers seeing the beautiful boy standing at the college gate with the slips in his hand." The story was one which Campbell was not fond of hearing told in his later years. The verses began,—

> "Loud shrieked afar the angry sprite
> That rode upon the storm of night,
> And loud the waves were heard to roar
> That lashed on Morven's rocky shore."

These he afterwards remodelled into his beautiful ballad of Lord Ullin's Daughter.

The same writer describes the electric effect of his recitation of his favourite passages from the Greek poets, as he often heard him give them in after years.

During his life at college, his great companions were James Thomson, a youth from Lancashire, with whom he ever after maintained the warmest friendship, and who had two busts of the poet executed by Baily, one of which he presented to the University at which they had studied together. The other was Gregory Watt, the youngest son of the celebrated engineer, who, after displaying great talents, died at the early age of twenty-seven.

But no circumstance had so decided an influence on the mind of Campbell during his college years as the trial of Muir, Gerald, Skirving, Margarot, and Palmer, for high treason. It was the time when the outbreak of the French Revolution had stirred the spirit of all Europe. The lovers of liberty were active in diffusing their opinions, and no government was more alarmed and more severe in its endeavours to repress them than that of England. These men would not now even attract attention by advancing the notions for which they were then condemned to transportation to Botany Bay, where they were treated with such rigour, that few or none of them lived to return. Campbell's mind was all aglow with the flame of liberty, imbibed from his favourite Greek authors. He conceived an ardent desire to witness the trials of these patriots. His mother furnished him with five shillings for his expenses on the way, and he was to lodge at his aunt's house in Edinburgh. He walked there, a distance of forty-two miles, and back. He witnessed the trial of Gerald, the most gentlemanly and eloquent of all these ill-used men. Gerald had been a student at the University, and a great favourite with the professors. Campbell relates the effect the trial had upon him: "Hitherto I had never known what public eloquence was; and I am sure the judiciary Scotch lords did not help me to a conception of it; speaking, as they did, bad arguments in broad Scotch. . . . . Gerald's speech annihilated the remembrance of all the eloquence that had ever been heard within the walls of that house. He quieted the judges, in spite of their indecent interruptions of him, and produced a silence in which you might have heard a pin fall to the ground. At the close of his address, I turned to a stranger beside me, exclaiming—'By heavens, Sir, that is a great man!' 'Yes, Sir,' he answered, 'and he makes every other man feel great who listens to him.'"

Campbell returned to Glasgow so deeply impressed by what he had seen and heard, and by the insight which this had given him, young as he was, into the great questions before the world, and the arbitrary and unjust spirit in the government, that all his wit and gaiety had fled. He went about brooding in deep abstraction on all that he had seen and heard; and, no doubt, the ardent advocacy of liberty, the burning and never-quenched championship of the oppressed, which came forth in his Pleasures of Hope, dated from that day. That fire was kindled within him which broke forth in his vehement episodes on the wrongs of Poland, the massacre of Warsaw, the iniquity of the slave-trade, the oppressions of India, and the melancholy fate of individual patriots. But a more immediate vent was found for his indignant feelings in the debating-club which the students established, and where Campbell took a distinguished rank amongst the embryo orators.

But all this time the *res angustæ domi* were pressing upon the minds of his anxious parents what profession the young scholar should or could embrace. His only inclination was for the Church.

but his family had no patronage. He had witnessed some surgical operations, and his mind revolted from medicine. His chance of a legal career was small, from his want of the necessary finances; and in the state of anxious uncertainty in which he was, he accepted a tutorship in the solitary Isle of Mull, in the Hebrides. His engagement was only for a few months, to give lessons in the classics to the children of Mrs. Campbell, of Sunipol, on the Point of Callioch. This lies on the northern shore of Mull, and the house of Sunipol is conspicuous on the voyage from Tobermory, in Mull, to Staffa.

The session of the University being closed in May, 1795, he set off with a young fellow-collegian, Joseph Finlayson, who also was going on a like destination into the Highlands. They rambled along on foot, each with a change of linen tied up in a bundle, and slung over his shoulder on a stick. Thus they went on. "All the world," said Campbell, "did not contain two merrier boys." They sang and recited poetry through the wild Highland glens, surrounded by roaring streams, yellow primroses, and chanting cuckoos, heathy mountains, and climbing goats. The young poet declared that he felt a soul in every muscle of his body. At Inverary, the two friends parted, and Campbell went on alone across Loch-awe to Oban, whence he sailed to Mull. In one day he walked across the island, and reached Sunipol at twilight.

Nothing can be conceived more likely to excite and impress the mind of a juvenile poet than five months' residence in such a place. The Point of Callioch commanded a magnificent view of thirteen isles of the Hebrides, prominent amongst them Staffa and Iona. Here he was in the profoundest solitude, amid wild rocks, gloomy heaths, and stormy seas. The wild deer bounded across the melancholy landscape; the eagle soared above, or sat watching on some craggy peak; the distant isles, studding the rude ocean, loomed mistily and strange; and the sound of the mountain torrent, the dashing surf, or the distant roar of the Coryvreckan, or the cries of the curlew or the seagull, fell alone on his ear. He visited Staffa and Iona with a lonely enthusiasm, and filled his mind with the imagery of Reullura, of "Aodh, the dark-attired Culdee," and many a wild strain that now lives familiarly in his poetry. Nor did he lack a subject of more cheerful inspiration. A young lady of the name of Caroline ——, in all the sweetness of seventeen, and of remarkable beauty, was on a visit at Sunipol, and soon was hymned in strains of affectionate admiration, which she retained as precious relics through a long life.

Returning to Glasgow, he passed his last session at the University with his usual *éclát;* but he was in a depressed mood, and in failing health. This was attributed to his over-exertion in his duties as tutor, and in anxiously polishing up his prize poems from the Greek; but it is far more probable that the anxieties of a first love, which gave no hope of success in the dark prospects of his life, was the real cause. Only eighteen, and overflowing with feeling and imagination, the poetic vision of the brilliant Caroline had produced its natural effect. At the end of the session he again went out as tutor. This time it was to educate the present Sir William Napier of Milliken, at Downie in Argyleshire. The great attraction of this engagement was, that Downie was not far from Inverary, the abode of the beloved Caroline. Here also he was visited by some of his college friends,—Hamilton Paul, and Douglas, and Mackenzie. Here, amid the most magnificent scenery of mountains, heaths, lakes, and ocean shores, Campbell spent a year, roaming about, when not occupied with his easy duties, and storing his mind with imagery, imaginations, and feelings, which enriched his poetry all his life afterwards. On a point of a lovely bay stands the House of Downie: and at another point, near a farm-house, is a beautiful green hill, still called "The Poet's Hill," where he used to sit for hours, reciting passages from the Medea, and gazing out over the Sound of Jura, over stormy seas, wild craggy shores, the Isle of Jura, and hoary mountains, which could not fail to raise the sublimest and most enduring sensations in such a mind. At the House of Downie there is still shown the poet's room, in a small wing called the "Bachelor," —the one room with one window, which was his school-room, his study, and sleeping-room.

Downie is also near Lochgilphead, at the entrance of the Crinan Canal, through which such troops of tourists pass every summer to the Western Isles, their steamer gliding along the very scenes where Campbell used to wander, wonder, and recite. He there wrote many parts of the Pleasures of Hope; and the scenery of the same neighbourhood is copiously reproduced in the poems of Glencoe, Gertrude of Wyoming, and many others. Here he indulged the dreams of that same sweet first love, and often fed its flame by the vicinity to the charming Caroline. It was on recalling these days that he wrote :--

> "In joyous youth what soul hath never known
> Thought, feeling, taste, harmonious to its own?
> Who hath not paused while beauty's pensive eye
> Asked from his heart the homage of a sigh?
> Who hath not owned, with rapture-smitten frame,
> The power of grace, the magic of a name?"

It was here that he wrote, as if inspired by the tenderness of love, and the sublimity of the mountain-land around him, in that sonorous and high-toned style which distinguishes the Pleasures of Hope from all other poems, not only those of other writers, but his own. It was no longer the echo of Goldsmith, Rogers, and Pope, but it had something of the gorgeous resonance of Darwin, and yet something different too, and peculiar to the young poet. It was a music sounding in his own soul, vocal with the wild swell of seas and mountain winds—a new grand organ of entranced spirit, touched by the hand of feeling, to which his whole being was tuned. The first specimen of this style was in his Memory of Miss Broderick, who shot her faithless lover; lines which he afterwards called Love and Madness. This poem has all the characteristics of the larger one. You recognise the clarion notes of the music, the passion, and the tones at the first line,—

> "Say then, did pitying Heaven condemn the deed,
> When vengeance bade thee, faithless lover, bleed?

> Long had I watched thy dark foreboding brow,
> What time thy bosom scorned thy dearest vow!
> Sad, though I wept the friend, the lover changed,
> Still thy cold look was scornful and estranged,
> Till, from thy pity, love, and shelter thrown,
> I wandered hopeless, friendless and alone."

It is singular that as none of Campbell's previous poems displayed this beautiful but luxuriant diction, so none after the Pleasures of Hope retained it. It appeared to spring out of the rich juvenescence of life which was then in its fulness, and after that subsided into the quiet beauty of the Gertrude, and finally faded into the cold baldness of Theodoric.

The poem, however, into which he seems to me to have most thoroughly infused the spirit of the wild and romantically desolate scenery of the Western Isles and Highlands, is Reullura, one of the most exquisite poems of any language. Without any apparent attempt at description, either of scenery or individual character, as in the Lines on visiting a Scene in Argyleshire, in Lochiel's Warning, or Lord Ullin's Daughter, both stand forth in strong and clear distinctness. Aodh, the far-famed preacher of the word in Jura; and Reullura, "beauty's star," with her calm, clear eye, to which visions of the future were often revealed; and those desolate, treeless islands, the savage shores of which, riven by primeval earthquakes, will be lashed by the waves of a wild, stormy sea to the end of time. The church of Jura again stands aloft, the Gael listens to the preaching of the word, and the heathen sea-kings come from Denmark for plunder and massacre. This poem it is, above all others, into which the wild music of the Coryvreckan entered, which he says in calm weather, when the adjacent sea was silent, was like the sound of innumerable chariots.

The family at Downie were greatly attached to Campbell, and have ever since cherished the memory of the time he spent there, as one of the proudest reminiscenses of the house. Colonel Napier and some other friends exerted themselves to secure a fund which should enable him to study for the bar, but they did not succeed; and, at the end of the term for which he had engaged, he returned to Glasgow. He was a first-rate scholar; he had displayed at the debating-club all the elements of a great orator, and was likely to make a great figure at the bar, if he could only get there. But the University, to which he did so much honour, could give him no aid in that pursuit; and his father was now poorer than ever, and in the clutches of the law. When he heard some of the boys disputing about the enduring qualities of a projected suit of clothes, he said, "Boys, boys, get a suit like mine—a Chancery suit; that will wear, I warrant." The only opening which occurred to the dispirited youth was to go to Edinburgh. His aunt was living there, with whom he took up his quarters, and got some occupation as a copying clerk; but he very soon grew tired of that drudgery, and flung it up, declaring that he saw enough into the business of an attorney to pronounce it "the most accursed of all professions! Such meanness, such toil, such contemptible modes of peculation, were never moulded into one profession."

There was nothing, therefore, but literature left for him; and he made the acquaintance of Dr. Anderson, the author of the Lives of the British Poets, who at once conceived the highest idea of his talents. He procured some job-work from Mundell, a publisher, and returned awhile to Glasgow. He then returned to Edinburgh, where he lived in Alison-square or court, in the Old Town, and made a poor living by literary hack-work. There, however, he made acquaintance with several of the rising literati of that extraordinary period,—Grahame, author of The Sabbath; Dugald Stewart, and Brown, the Professor of Moral Philosophy; Jeffrey; Brougham, then only about twenty, but already famous for his mathematical theorems, chiefly Porisms, which had appeared in the Transactions of the Royal Society; Alison, Leyden, Walter Scott, and others. Here, also, he became acquainted with Mr. Richardson, a writer to the signet, who remained one of his most attached friends through life. After hoping to go over to America, to join his brothers there, but disappointed even in that, he brought out his Pleasures of Hope, which at once astonished the reading world on both sides of the Tweed, and placed him at one spring in the rank of first-rate poets. This beautiful production was published in April, 1799, when the poet was only twenty-two, about the same age that Shelley published his Revolt of Islam, Keats his Lamia and Hyperion, and Byron his two first cantos of Childe Harold. The public heart, refreshed and purified by the writings of Cowper, was in a fit state to receive with the deepest love and the warmest admiration a poem like the Pleasures of Hope.

The copyright of this splendid work was sold out and out to Mundell for sixty pounds; but the publisher, on its success, much to his credit, volunteered the author fifty pounds on every new edition, and afterwards allowed him to publish a large quarto edition by subscription, entirely for his own benefit. The immediate effect of its success was to increase his friendships,—adding to his former ones those of Sydney Smith, Professor Playfair, Henry Mackenzie, and Telford, the celebrated engineer. At the time of its publication he was occupying gloomy lodgings in Rose-street; but he speedily emerged into more agreeable ones, and into the most intellectual circles of the whole city.

We have seen, of late, frequent attempts to depreciate the Pleasures of Hope; and in Moore's Life and Letters we have the Holland House clique (Moore, Sydney Smith, and others) professing to find nothing in it but sounding language. They were particularly witty on the bombast and fustian of the lines—

"Where Andes, giant of the western star,
With meteor-standard to the winds unfurl'd,
Looks from his throne of clouds o'er half the world!"

"Meteor-standard!" they asked,—"what does it mean?" And they came to the conclusion that it meant nothing. Did these great men never hear of the volcano of Chimborazo in the Andes? Could they not conceive the flames of the great volcano glaring over the hills like a meteor-standard? If they could not, they were much to be pitied. But had the poem nothing else in it, but this passage? Could they not see those noble outpourings of the spirit of liberty which bring all the wrongs of humanity before us? The wrongs of Poland, of India, of Africa, and of Switzerland? Did they not feel

"The spirits of the mighty dead!
They who at Marathon and Leuctra bled!"

and the spirits of Tell, of Kosciusko, of Hampden, breathe along every line? Could they not feel the exquisite beauty of the domestic scenes, the bower of youthful love, the mother leaning over the cradle of her first-born, the sage and the naturalist pursuing their happy researches in the hamlet, "far from the world," in the summer fields, and amid the hum of lively bees? Could they not feel the sublimity of those hopes which are raised on the broken ties of earthly affection, on the death-bed of the just? In all the poetry of Moore, or the witticisms of Sydney Smith, where do we find a passage as truly great, as transcendent in its moral and intellectual value, as inspiringly beautiful as this?—

"Oh! deep-enchanting prelude to repose,
The dawn of bliss, the twilight of our woes!
Yet half I hear the parting spirit sigh,
It is a dread and awful thing to die!
Mysterious worlds, untravelled by the sun,
Where Time's far-wandering tide has never run,
From your unfathomed shades, and viewless spheres,
A warning comes, unheard by other ears.
'Tis heaven's commanding trumpet, long and loud,
Like Sinai's thunder, pealing from the cloud!
While Nature hears, in terror-mingled trust,
The shock that hurls her fabric to the dust;
And like the trembling Hebrew, when he trod
The roaring waves, and called upon his God,
With mortal terrors clouds immortal bliss,
And shrieks and hovers o'er the dread abyss!
  Daughter of Faith, awake, arise, illume
The dread unknown, the chaos of the tomb;
Melt and dispel, ye spectre-doubts, that roll
Cimmerian darkness o'er the parting soul!
Fly, like the moon-eyed herald of dismay,
Chased on his night-steed by the star of day!
The strife is o'er—the pangs of Nature close,
And life's last rapture triumphs o'er her woes.
Hark! as the spirit eyes, with eagle gaze,
The noon of heaven, undazzled by the blaze,
On heavenly winds that waft her to the sky,
Float the sweet tones of star-born melody;
Wild as that hallowed anthem sent to hail
Bethlehem's shepherds in the lonely vale,
When Jordan hushed his waves, and midnight still
Watch'd on the holy towers of Zion hill!
  Soul of the just! companion of the dead!
Where is thy home, and whither art thou fled?
Back to its heavenly source thy being goes,
Swift as the comet wheels to whence he rose:
Doomed on his airy path awhile to burn,
And doomed, like thee, to travel and return.—
Hark! from the world's exploding centre driven,
With sounds that shook the firmament of heaven,
Careers the fiery giant, fast and far,
On bickering wheels and adamantine car;

From planet whirl'd to planet more remote,
He visits realms beyond the reach of thought;
But wheeling homeward, when his course is run,
Curbs the red yoke, and mingles with the sun!
So hath the traveller of earth unfurl'd
Her trembling wings, emerging from the world;
And o'er the path by mortal never trod,
Sprung to her source, the bosom of her God!"

After this, it is as rational to compare anything of Moore's to it, as to compare a cock-boat to a man-of-war.

It is worth remark, that it was only three years after the death of Burns that Campbell thus rose into sudden glory in the same field. Abundance of work was now poured in upon him; and he was engaged by Mundell to write a great Scoto-national poem, to be called the Queen of the North, but which never throve. In his now familiar intercourse with the most accomplished men of Edinburgh, Campbell felt an advantage which they had over him in their acquaintance with other countries. He believed that travel gave great wealth of mind and imagery, and he determined to command this. Sir Walter Scott was bringing German literature into notice, and Campbell resolved to visit Germany. He hoped to have had the company of his friend Richardson, who, however, could not go, and with his brother Daniel he passed over to Hamburg in June, of 1800. It was a hazardous time to visit Germany. War was raging there. The French had conquered a great part of Bavaria, and Austria was already invaded. The valley of the Danube was menaced with all the horrors of invasion. Campbell's brother found that his hopes of mercantile advantage in Germany were at an end, and returned. The young poet, after a short stay in Hamburg, where he visited the venerable Klopstock, proceeded to Ratisbon in the very face of the French, and within three days of his reaching that city, it was taken by them. Nay, during the very first night that he slept there, their distant cannonading could be heard. Count Klenau was driven over the Danube, and the French entered.

Before Campbell reached Ratisbon, he had to pass over a country desolated by the war, and travelled on amid fields trodden down by armies, and deserted villages lying in ashes, and men and horses lying in their blood, many of them still alive. It was in the very rear of the Austrian army that he travelled. Five thousand Austrians passed in a broad line the carriage in which he travelled; and the Pandours and Red-cloaks—

"The whiskered Pandours, and the fierce Hussars—"

of the Pleasures of Hope, presented strange and picturesque groups, as they camped and lay down to sleep on the bare ground.

But it was from the walls of Ratisbon, near the Scotch College of St. Jakob's, that he witnessed the terrors of actual battle. "Never," he says in his letters, "shall time efface that hour of astonishment and suspended breath, as I stood with the good monks to witness a charge of Klenau's cavalry upon the French, under Grenier. We saw the fire given and returned, and heard distinctly the French *pas-de-charge*, collecting the lines to attack in close column." For three hours the battle raged beneath the poet's eye. "This," he wrote, "formed the most important epoch in my life in point of impressions; but these impressions at seeing numbers of men strewn dead on the field, or—what was worse—seeing them in the act of dying, are so horrible to my memory, that I study to banish them. At times, when I have been fevered and ill, I have awoke from nightmare dreams about these dreadful images."

This was the amount of actual warfare which he saw. It is erroneous to suppose that he described the battle of Hohenlinden from really seeing it, for it was not fought till the 3d of December, 1800, while he had quitted Bavaria in the previous October. But his vivid imagery of the battle was probably derived from the battle of Ratisbon, and the view of the burning ruins of Ingolstadt, which he went out of Ratisbon to see.

The French officers in Ratisbon were very polite and kind to him; and so soon as the armistice was signed betwixt Austria and France, he made an excursion to Munich on "the Iser, rolling rapidly." He was planning extensive tours into the South and into Hungary, when war recommenced with such fury, that he thought it safest to retire to Hamburg; on his journey taking Nuremberg, Bamberg, Weimar, Jena, Leipsic, Brunswick, Halle, Hanover, and Lunenburg, in his way. He arrived at Hamburg in October; so that this journey does not allow of that picturesque account of his travelling which he used to relate, but not of himself. It was this: Driving near a place where a skirmish of cavalry had occurred, the German postilion suddenly stopped, alighted, and disappeared, without uttering a word, leaving the traveller in the carriage for a long time in the cold, the ground being covered with snow. On his return, it was discovered by the traveller that the provident German had been cutting off the long tails of the slain horses, which he deliberately placed in the vehicle beside him, and, without a word, pursued his journey.

Campbell had studied hard in Germany, both at the acquisition of the language and at Greek literature, under Professor Heyne. From Hamburg he removed to Altona, where he spent the winter. There he fell in with some refugee Irishmen, who had been in the rebellion of 1798. The chief of these was Anthony M'Cann. "It was," says Campbell, "in consequence of meeting him one evening on the banks of the Elbe, lonely and pensive at the thoughts of his situation, that I wrote the Exiles of Erin; and it was first sung, in their evening meetings, by him and his fellow-exiles." Campbell enjoyed his winter at Altona, reading Schiller, Wieland, and Bürger; but finding that the British fleet was on its way to seize that of Denmark, to prevent its falling into the hands of France, he did not deem Hamburg, or its neighbourhood, desirable under such circumstances, and embarked on board of the *Royal George*, a small Scotch trading-vessel, for Leith. They sailed out of the Elbe, under the very guns of the Danish batteries of Glückstadt; and these circumstances inspired him with the idea of his splendid lyric, The Battle of the Baltic.

Being chased by a Danish privateer, they put into Yarmouth; and

Campbell made his first visit to London, arriving there without money or a single introduction. But his name was both introduction and money. Perry, of the Morning Chronicle, received him with open arms and as open purse; and he found himself a warmly-welcomed guest of Lord Holland, and sitting face to face with Rogers, Sir James Mackintosh, Horace and James Smith, Sydney Smith, Tierney, the Kembles, the Siddons, Mrs. Barbauld, Mrs. Inchbald, Dr. Burney, and numbers of other celebrities.

In one of his letters, published by Washington Irving, he describes his impressions of a sort of literary social club, to which he had been introduced by Sir James Mackintosh, in the following terms:—"Mackintosh, the Vindiciæ Gallicæ, was particularly attentive to me, and took me with him to his convivial parties at the King of Clubs,—a place dedicated to the meetings of the reigning wits of London, and, in fact, a lineal descendant of the Johnson, Burke, and Goldsmith society, constituted for literary conversations. The dining-table of these knights of literature was an arena of very keen conversational rivalship, maintained, to be sure, with perfect good-nature, but in which the gladiators contended as hardly as ever the French and Austrians, in the scenes I had just witnessed. Much, however, as the wit and erudition of these men please an auditor at the first or second visit, this trial of minds becomes at last fatiguing, because it is unnatural and unsatisfactory. Every one of these brilliants goes there to shine; for conversational powers are so much the rage in London, that no reputation is higher than his who exhibits them. Where every one tries to instruct, there is, in fact, but little instruction; wit, paradox, eccentricity, even absurdity, if delivered rapidly and facetiously, take priority, in these societies, of sound reasoning and delicate taste. I have watched sometimes the devious tide of conversation, guided by accidental associations, turning from topic to topic, and satisfactory upon none. What has one learned? has been my general question. The mind, it is true, is electrified and quickened, and the spirits finely exhilarated; but one grand fault pervades the whole institution; their inquiries are desultory, and all improvements to be reaped must be accidental." Campbell's own conversational powers were of the highest order, and he showed singular discrimination in the choice of subjects of an interesting and instructive nature. Mere talk for display on the part of others must, therefore, have been exceedingly disagreeable to him.

After a short sojourn in London, the poet received the news of his father's death, and returned to Edinburgh; where, strange to say, he was subjected to a private examination by the authorities as a suspected spy, from his having been in the society, while on the Continent, of some of the Irish refugees. He easily satisfied the civic guardians of his unshaken loyalty, and continued to reside for about a year in Edinburgh, during which time he wrote his Lochiel's Warning, Hohenlinden, and others of his well-known ballads and minor poems. It is related, as an instance of the wonderful powers of memory of Sir Walter Scott, that, on Lochiel's

Warning being read to him in manuscript, he requested to be allowed to peruse it for himself, and then astonished the author by repeating it from memory from beginning to end. The circumstances of his mother and sisters at this time demanded great exertions from the young poet. To effect this he not only worked hard, but borrowed money at enormous interest, which long weighed upon him. Campbell now determined upon removing to London, as the best field for literary exertion. Accordingly, early in 1803, he repaired to the metropolis; and on his arrival resided for some time in the house of Lord Minto, who had made his acquaintance in Scotland, and showed great attachment to him. He also lived a good while with his friend Telford, the celebrated engineer. He returned to Scotland with Lord Minto, spent some time at Minto Castle and Edinburgh, and then back to London, where he again took up his quarters with Telford at Charing Cross. In the autumn of 1803 he married his cousin, Miss Matilda Sinclair, of Greenock, a lady of considerable personal beauty; and after living some time at 52, Upper Eaton-street, Pimlico, he fixed his residence in the beautiful village of Sydenham, in Kent, about seven miles from London. At the time of Campbell's marriage it appears that hope, and reliance on his own exertions, formed by far the largest portion of his worldly fortune; for, on his friend Telford remonstrating with him on the inexpediency of marrying so early, he replied, "When shall I be better off? I have fifty pounds, and six months' work at the Encyclopædia." The Encyclopædia here mentioned was Brewster's Edinburgh Encyclopædia, to which he contributed several papers.

Campbell resided at Sydenham till 1821, seventeen years. His house was on Peak-hill, and had a quiet and sweet view towards Forest-hill. The house is one of two tenements under the same roof, consisting of only one room in width, which, London fashion, being divided by folding-doors, formed, as was needed, two. The front looked out upon the prospect already mentioned. To the left was a fine mass of trees, amid which showed itself a large house, which during part of the time was occupied by Lady Charlotte Campbell. The back looked out upon a small neat garden, enclosed from the field by pales; and beyond it, on a mass of fine wood, at the foot of which ran a canal, and now along its bed, the railway from London to Croydon. The house is small, and modest; but its situation is very pleasant indeed, standing on a green and quiet swell, at a distance from the wood, and catching pleasant glimpses of the houses in Sydenham, and of the country round. In the little back parlour he used to sit and write; and to prevent the passage of sound, he had the door which opened into the hall covered with green baize, which still remains. This at once defended him from the noise of the passing, and operations of the housemaid, as the door was near the stairs, and also from any one so plainly hearing him, when, in poet-fashion, he sounded out sonorously his verses as he composed them.

The next door to Campbell lived his landlord, a Mr. Onis, who was still living there at the time of my visit, an old man of ninety, having every one of his windows in front filled with strong jalousies, painted green, which gave a singular and dismal air to the house, as the dwelling of one who wished to shut out the sight of the living world and the sun at the same time. To prevent too familiar inspection from his neighbour's premises, Campbell ran up a sort of buttress between the houses at the back, and planted trees there, so that no one could get a sight of him as he sat in his little parlour writing. In the village was still living Miss Mayhew, a lady afterwards alluded to, and then, of course, very aged. Here Campbell lost a son, of about eleven or twelve years of age, who is buried at Lewisham. His wife was ill at the time he left in 1821, and he had much trouble about that time. He went to reside in London in 1821, on account of his literary engagements. Here he wrote Gertrude of Wyoming. The country, which was then so fresh and retired, is now cut up with railroads; and new buildings, especially since the erection of the Crystal Palace, are seen rising like crowding apparitions on every side.

Soon after his settlement at Sydenham he published, anonymously, a compiled work, in three volumes 8vo, entitled, Annals of Great Britain, from the Accession of George III. to the Peace of Amiens, intended, probably, as a continuation of Hume and Smollett's histories. This was the first of his commissions from a London publisher. He now devoted himself to writing and compiling for the booksellers, and furnishing occasional articles to the daily press and other periodical publications. He wrote for the Philosophical Magazine and the Star newspaper. His conversational powers, as we have already stated, were very great; and these, with his other qualities, acquired for him an extensive circle of friends. In the social parties and convivial meetings of Sydenham and its neighbourhood, his company was at all times eagerly courted; and among the kindred spirits with whom he was in the habit of associating there, were the brothers James and Horace Smith, Theodore Hook, and others who afterwards distinguished themselves in literature. Through the influence of Charles James Fox, he obtained in 1805, shortly before that statesman's death, a pension from Government of 200*l*., which, after deduction of duties, left him clear 168*l*. per annum.

Campbell was at this period, and for many years afterwards, a working author, the better portion of his days being spent in literary drudgery and task-work. His gains from the booksellers were not always, however, in proportion to the merit of the matter supplied to them; and an anecdote is recorded which strongly illustrates his feelings in regard to them. Having been invited to a booksellers' dinner, soon after Pam, of Nuremberg, one of the trade, had been executed by command of Napoleon, he was asked for a toast, and with much earnestness as well as gravity of manner he proposed to drink the health of Buonaparte. The company were amazed at such a toast, and asked for an explanation of it. "Gentlemen," said Campbell, with sly humour, "I give you Napoleon,—he was a fine fellow,—he shot a bookseller!"

In the beginning of 1809 he published his second volume of poems, containing Gertrude of Wyoming, a simple Indian tale, in the Spenserian stanza, the scene of which is laid among the woods of Pennsylvania; Glenara, the Battle of the Baltic, Lochiel, and Lord Ullin's Daughter. A subsequent edition contained also the touching ballad of O'Connor's Child. This volume added greatly to his popularity; and the high reputation which he had now acquired must have been very gratifying to his feelings. Indeed, even in the meridian of his living renown, the native simplicity and goodness of his heart rendered him peculiarly pleased with any attention of a complimentary nature which was shown to him. Of this many instances might be given, but the following, related by himself, may be quoted here:—In writing to a friend in 1840, respecting the launch of a man-of-war at Chatham, at which he was present, he mentioned that none of the compliments paid to him on that occasion affected him so deeply as the circumstance of the band of two regiments striking up "The Campbells are coming," as he entered the dockyard.

Campbell himself preferred Gertrude of Wyoming to the Pleasures of Hope. It is said that one cause of this preference was, that from hearing himself so exclusively called the author of the Pleasures of Hope, it became so hackneyed, that he felt towards it as the Athenian did who was tired of hearing Aristides called the Just.

In 1812 Campbell commenced the delivery of a course of lectures on Poetry, at the Royal Institution, which had such success, that they were afterwards enlarged, and re-delivered, some years after, at Liverpool and Birmingham.

"His mode of life at Sydenham," says Mr. Cyrus Redding, in a memoir of the poet published in the New Monthly Magazine, "was almost uniformly that which he afterwards followed in London, when he made it a constant residence. He rose not very early, breakfasted, studied for an hour or two, dined at two or three o'clock, and then made a call or two in the village, often remaining for an hour or more at the house of a maiden lady, of whose conversation he was remarkably fond. He would return home to tea, and then retire early to his study, remaining there to a late hour, sometimes even to an early one. His life was strictly domestic. He gave a dinner party now and then; and at some of them Thomas Moore, Rogers, Crabbe, and other literary friends from town, were present. His table was plain, hospitable, and cheered by a hearty welcome. While he lived at Sydenham," continues Mr. Redding, "or at least during a portion of the time, there resided in that village the well-known Thomas Hill, who was a sort of walking chronicle. He knew the business and affairs of every literary man, and could relate a vast deal more about them than they had ever known themselves. There was no newspaper office into which he did not find his way; no third-rate scribbler of whom he did not know his business at the time. But his knowledge was not confined to literary men; he knew almost all the world of any note. It was said of him, that he could stand at Charing Cross at noon-day, and tell the name and business of everybody that passed Northumberland House. He died of apoplexy in the Adelphi, four or five years ago, nearly at the age of eighty, few supposing him more than sixty.

"At the table of this singular personage at Sydenham, there used to meet occasionally a number of literary men and choice spirits of the age. There was to be found Theodore Hook, giving full swing to his jests, at the expense of everything held cheap or dear in social life, or under conventional rule. There too came the authors of the Rejected Addresses, whose humour was only the lowest among their better qualities. The poet living hard by could not, in the common course of things, miss being among those who congregated at Hill's. Repartee and pun passed about in a mode vainly to be looked for in these degenerate days at the most convivial tables. Some practical jokes were played off there, which for a long time afterwards formed the burden of after-dinner conversations. Campbell was behind none of the party in spirits. He entered with full zest into the pleasantries of the hour. Some of the party leaving Sydenham, to return home by Dulwich, to which they were obliged to walk upon one occasion, for want of a conveyance, those who remained behind in Sydenham escorted their friends to the top of the hill to take leave, in doing which the poet's residence had to be passed. But he scorned to leave his party. All went on to the parting place on the hill summit, exchanging jokes, or manufacturing indifferent puns. When they separated, it was with hats off and three boisterous cheers."

During Campbell's residence at Sydenham, he made two visits to the Continent; one to France, in 1814, and the other to Germany, in 1820. Both these added greatly to his knowledge of literature and life. In Paris he met with Schlegel, Humboldt, Denon, Cuvier, &c. In Germany he made a far wider tour than his former one. He had his wife and son with him, and saw on his way many Dutch towns. In Germany he saw Arndt, visited his old sojourn at Ratisbon, saw Vienna, and sailed down the Danube.

In 1820 Campbell undertook the editorship of the New Monthly Magazine; and in this magazine appeared some of his most beautiful minor poems. For some time he had lodgings at 62, Margaret-street, Cavendish-square, and then took a house, 10, Seymour-street West. In 1824 he published Theodoric, a poem, by no means equal to his former productions.

"To Mr. Campbell," says his anonymous biographer, "belongs the merit of originating the London University, in which project Lord Brougham was an active coadjutor. This Campbell always regarded as the most important action of his life. During the struggle for independence in which Greece was engaged, and in which she was ultimately successful, he took a strong interest in the cause of that country, as he subsequently, and indeed all his life, did in that of Poland." In November, 1826, he was chosen Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow. It was with the utmost enthusiasm, as might well be supposed, that this election took place; it was a triumphal return to the scenes of his early life; and among the numerous incidents which might be given in evidence of the enthusiasm felt by all classes towards their illustrious townsman may be mentioned, the notice which was taken of a very beautiful rainbow, which was seen on the day he entered his native city, and which fond admirers of his genius regarded as a token that Heaven was smiling on the event. Still more, he was re-elected with the same enthusiasm twice more in preference to Canning, and Sir Walter Scott. In 1825, he made another tour in Germany, to collect information regarding the constitution and management of universities. Everywhere he was received with great honour, and was entertained at a public dinner in Hamburg. These agreeable events, however, were dashed by the death of his wife, who expired on the 10th of May, 1828.

The poet, after the death of his wife, and suffering from an accumulation of domestic calamities, the death of one of his two sons, and the hopeless insanity of the other, gave up the editorship of the New Monthly Magazine. He quitted his house in Seymour-street West, and took one in Middle Scotland Yard. Some years afterwards he removed into chambers, where he resided for some years in a state of comparative loneliness at No. 61, Lincoln's-inn-fields. His chambers were on the second floor, where he had a large well-furnished sitting-room, adjoining which was his bedroom. One side of his principal room was arranged with shelves, like a library, which were full of books. In that room has the writer of this sketch passed many a pleasant and profitable hour with him, and he never shall forget the active benevolence and genuine kindliness of heart displayed by the poet on one occasion when he called upon him. On entering the room one forenoon, in the year 1839, he found Mr. Campbell busy looking over his books, while, near the fireplace, was seated an elderly gentlewoman in widow's weeds. He was desired to take a chair for a few minutes. Presently the poet disappeared into his bedroom, and returned with an armful of books, which he placed among a heap of others that he had collected together on the floor. "There now," he said, addressing the widow, "these will help you a little, and I shall see what more I can do for you by the time you call again. I shall get them sent to you in the course of the day." The widow thanked him with tears in her eyes, and shaking her cordially by the hand, he wished her a good morning. On her departure, the poet said, with great feeling, "That lady whom you saw just now is the widow of an early friend of mine; and as she is now in somewhat reduced circumstances, she wishes to open a little book and stationery shop, and I have been busy looking out all the books for which I have no use, to add to her stock. She has taken a small shop in the neighbourhood of town, and I shall do all I can to serve her, and forward her prospects, as far as my assistance and influence extend. Old times should not be forgotten." He mentioned the name of the place, and asked if the writer had any acquaintances in the vicinity to whose notice he might recommend the widow, but was answered in the negative. The abstraction of the volumes he thus so generously bestowed on the poor widow made a sensible alteration in the appearance of his library. On another occasion, soon after this, when the writer introduced to him a friend of his of the name of Sinclair, he said, while he shook him by the hand, "I am glad to see you, Sir, your name recommends you to me;" adding, with much tenderness, "my wife's name was Sinclair."

"The years 1831 and 1832 he spent chiefly at St. Leonard's. In 1832, the interest excited by the French conquest and colonization of Algiers induced him to pay it a visit. On his way the Poles gave him a public dinner in Paris, Prince Czartoryski in the chair; and on his return he furnished an account of his journey to the New Monthly Magazine, which he afterwards published under the name of Letters from the South, in two volumes. He did not confine himself to Algiers, but made an excursion into the interior of the country as far as Mascara; and his work, with a great deal of light gossipping matter, contains much interesting information respecting Algiers and the various races inhabiting that part of Barbary. The same year, in conjunction with the Polish poet Niemcewiez, Prince Czartoryski, and others, he founded the society styled the Literary Association of the Friends of Poland. He had rooms at the office of the Association, Duke-street, St. James's-square, where he wrote a great deal, and where a tablet, in commemoration of his connexion with the Association, is now affixed to the wall of what he called his attic. At this time he purchased a share of the Metropolitan Magazine. Rogers lent him 500*l.* for the purpose; but he soon relinquished all proprietorship to Captains Chamier and Marryat, and merely wrote for it. He also originated the Clarence club, where he occasionally dined. In 1834 he published his Life of Mrs. Siddons. On the death, that year, of his friend Mr. Telford, the engineer, after whom he had named his surviving son, he, as well as Mr. Southey, was left a legacy of 500*l.*; which, added to the gains from his works, and succession to some property in Scotland, placed him in very comfortable circumstances so far as money was concerned. In 1837 he published a splendid edition of his poems, illustrated by Timms. He also edited the Scenic Annual.

Soon after the Queen's coronation, she made Campbell a present of her portrait. It was highly prized by him, and is especially mentioned in his will, together with the silver bowl given to him by the students of Glasgow; which two articles, says the said will, were considered by him the two jewels of his property. With regard to this picture, which always filled him with ecstasy and admiration, I cannot do better than again quote the biographical sketch to which I am already so much indebted.

"It was, or rather is, a large full-length engraving, enclosed in a splendid frame, and was hung up in his sitting-room in Lincoln's-inn-fields, on the same side as the fireplace, but nearer the window. The writer of this called upon him a day or two after he received it, and the explanation he then gave of the way in which it was presented to him agrees so with what has already appeared regarding it, that it may be given here in nearly the same words. Indeed, he was so much flattered by the unexpected compliment of a present of her portrait from his sovereign, that he must have spoken of it in a somewhat similar manner to every one on terms of intimacy with him, who about that time happened to come into his company. 'I was at her Majesty's coronation in Westminster Abbey,' said Campbell, 'and she conducted herself so well, during the long and fatiguing ceremony, that I shed tears many times. On returning home, I resolved, out of pure esteem and veneration, to send her a copy of all my works. Accordingly, I had them bound up, and went personally with them to Sir Henry Wheateley, who, when he understood my errand, told me that her Majesty made it a rule to decline presents of this kind, as it placed her under obligations which were unpleasant to her. Say to her Majesty, Sir Henry, I replied, that there is not a single thing the Queen can touch with her sceptre in any of her dominions which I covet; and I therefore entreat you, in your office, to present them with my devotions as a subject. Sir Henry then promised to comply with my request; but next day they were returned. I hesitated,' continued Campbell, 'to open the parcel, but, on doing so, I found, to my inexpressible joy, a note enclosed, desiring my autograph upon them. Having complied with the wish, I again transmitted the books to her Majesty, and in the course of a day or two received in return this elegant engraving, with her Majesty's autograph, as you see below.' He then directed particular attention to the royal signature, which was in her Majesty's usual bold and beautiful handwriting.

"In 1833, he had lodgings in Highgate, and traversed the old haunts of Coleridge, Keats, and Leigh Hunt, greatly to the renovation of his health. He spent also much time at Rose Villa, Hampstead, the abode of his physician, Dr. Beattie, whence he made many agreeable visits to Joanna Baillie.

"In 1842, his Pilgrim of Glencoe, and other poems, appeared, dedicated to his friend and physician, Dr. William Beattie, whom he also named one of his executors; Mr. William Moxon, of the Middle Temple, brother of Mr. Edward Moxon, his publisher, being the other. He also wrote a life of Petrarch, and a year or two before his death he edited the Life of Frederick the Great, published by Colburn. In this year, that is, in 1842, he again visited Germany. On one occasion, in the writer's presence, he expressed a strong desire to go to Greece; but he never carried that intention into effect, probably from the want of a companion. Previous to going to Germany, that is, in 1841, he took a house at No. 8, Victoria-square, Pimlico, and devoted his time to the education of his niece, Miss Mary Campbell, a Glasgow young lady, whom he took to live with him. But his health, which had long been in a declining state, began to give way rapidly. He was no longer the man he had been; the energy of his body and mind was gone; and in the summer of 1843 he retired to Boulogne, where at first he derived benefit from the change of air and scene; but this did not continue long. He had taken lodgings in the upper part of the town, at 5, Rue St. Jean, where the situation was much too exposed for him. The cold subdued his failing vital powers, and he gradually grew feebler. He seldom went into society, and for some months before his death he corresponded but little with his friends in this country. A week before his decease Dr. Beattie was sent for from London, and on his arrival at Boulogne he found him much worse than he had anticipated. The hour was approaching when the spirit of the poet of Hope was to quit this transitory scene, and return to God who gave it. On Saturday afternoon, the 15th June, 1844, he breathed his last, in the presence of his niece, his friend Dr. Beattie, and his medical attendants. His last hours were marked by calmness and resignation. The Rev. Mr. Hassell, an English clergyman, was also with Mr. Campbell at the time of his death.

"Campbell's funeral," continues this able writer, "was worthy of his fame. He was buried in the Poet's Corner of Westminster Abbey, on Wednesday, July 3, 1844. The funeral was attended by a large body of noblemen and gentlemen, and by several of the most eminent authors of the day. Mr. Alexander Campbell and Mr. Wiss, two nephews of the deceased poet, with his executors, were the chief mourners; and the pall was borne by Sir Robert Peel, the Earl of Aberdeen, the Duke of Argyle, Lord Morpeth, Lord Brougham, Lord Campbell, Lord Dudley Coutts Stuart, and Lord Leigh. The corpse was followed by a large number of members of parliament and other distinguished gentlemen.

"'There was one part of the ceremony,' says an American writer, 'especially impressive. A deputation from the Polish Association was present, in addition to the Poles who attended as mourners; and when the officiating clergyman arrived at that portion of the ceremony in which dust is consigned to dust, one of the number (Colonel Szyrma) took a handful of dust, brought for the occasion from the tomb of Kosciusko, and scattered it upon the coffin. It was a worthy tribute to the memory of him who has done so much to immortalize the man and the cause; and not the less impressive because so perfectly simple. At the conclusion of the service the solemn peals of the organ again reverberated for some minutes through the aisles of the Abbey, and the procession retired as it came.

"'The barrier with iron spikes, which protected the mourners from the jostling of the crowd, was then removed, and there was a rush to get a sight of the coffin. After waiting a little while, I succeeded in looking into the grave, and read the inscription on the large gilt plate:—

THOMAS CAMPBELL, LL.D.
AUTHOR OF THE PLEASURES OF HOPE,
Died June 15, 1844,
Aged 67.

"'On visiting the Abbey the next day, I found the stone over the grave so carefully replaced, that a stranger would never suspect there had been a recent interment. To those who may hereafter visit this spot, it may be interesting to know that it is situated between the monument of Addison and the opposite pillar, not far from that of Goldsmith, and closely adjoining that of Sheridan. His most Christian wish was accomplished. He lies in the Poet's Corner, surrounded by the tombs and monuments of kings, statesmen, warriors, and scholars, in the massy building guarded with religious care, and visited from all parts of the land with religious veneration.' "

A statue of the poet has been placed in the Abbey, executed by Mr. Calder Marshall, for which the gifted artist, according to all that has appeared in the public journals on the subject, has been very indifferently remunerated.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

SOUTHEY was born in Bristol, on the 12th of August, 1774. His father was a draper; his shop was in Wine-street. Southey, in his Autobiography tells us that his father, as a boy, was very fond of coursing, and that he took as his sign a hare; that this hare was painted on a pane in the window, on each side of the door, and was engraved on his shop bills. Since then it has been known as the sign of the Golden Key; and there the shop still remains, in the very same trade, and with the golden key yet hanging in front.

Robert was the second of a family of seven or eight children, two only of whom, besides himself, appear to have grown up,—one, an officer in the army, and the other a physician in London. He tells us that he could trace his ancestors as far back as 1696, that is, about a century and a half. They were yeomen, or farmers; but he thinks they must have been of gentle blood, for they had arms, and he even traces a connexion with Lord Somerville. Southey appears inclined to the pride of ancestry, when he had so much better things to be proud of; for no ancestry can compare with a man's own genius, which comes direct from heaven. Who cares what a man's physical origin was, so that his career was honourable? Who thinks, because Shakspeare was the son of a woolcomber; because Ben Johnson was apprenticed to a bricklayer; because Milton was a schoolmaster;

because Moore was the son of a grocer and spirit-dealer, and Chatterton was a charity-boy, that they are one whit less genuine nobles of the land? We are quite as well satisfied with Robert Southey that his great-great-great-grandfather was a great clothier at Wellington, and his father a retail draper, as if they had been dukes or princes. He had a trace of the blood of Locke, or of the same family as Locke, but at that he sneers, calling him "the philosopher, so-called, who is still held in more estimation than he deserves."

His mother's maiden name was Hill, and she had a half-sister, a Miss Tyler, with whom Southey was a good deal in his boyhood. He has left us a very minute account of his connexions and his early days. He was sent as a mere child to a Mrs. Powell, in Bristol, to a day-school. He was then taken to his aunt, Miss Tyler, at Bath. This Miss Tyler was rich and handsome, and lived in a large old-fashioned house, surrounded by old-fashioned gardens, in Walcot-parade, and at that time quite in the country. There he was chiefly, from the age of two to six. At that age he returned to Bristol, and was sent to a day-school on the top of Mill Hill, kept by a Mr. Foot, a dissenting minister. There, both from master and boys, he suffered great tyranny. Once, he says, the master cruelly caned him, the only time that any master ever laid a hand on him. Lucky fellow!

He was thence removed to a boarding-school at Corston, a village about nine miles from Bristol, and three from Bath.

This was the school of which he speaks in his Hymn to the Penates, and describes in the Retrospect. His parting there with his father is admirably expressive of a child's first school experience:—

"Methinks e'en now the interview I see,
The mistress's glad smile, the master's glee:
Much of my future happiness they said,
Much of the easy life the scholars led;
Of spacious play-grounds and of wholesome air,
The best instruction and the tenderest care;
And when I followed to the garden door
My father, till, through tears, I saw no more,—
How civilly they soothed my parting pain,
And never did they speak so civilly again."

The school-house was an old country mansion, surrounded by gardens, orchards, paddocks, with high walls, summer-houses, gate-pillars, with great stone balls, but everything in dilapidation. The school was a very indifferent one; the boys washed themselves at a little stream which ran through the grounds, and so neglected was their general cleanliness, that when at the end of the year which he spent there his head was examined, it was found so populous that his mother wept at the sight of it.

He was next sent to his grandmother's, at Bedminster, till a new school could be pitched upon, and he always recollected with delight the days which he spent there in its garden, orchards, and fields. His grandmother dying, he was sent as a day-boarder to a school kept by William Williams, a Welshman, in a part of Bristol called the Fort. He was then about eight years old, and there he continued four or five years, much to his contentment. His aunt Tyler took a house in Terril-street, Bristol, and he passed much time with her. He was removed from Williams's school for a year, and sent again as day-boarder to a Mr. Lewis, a clergyman; and in February of 1788, when he consequently was fourteen, he was placed at Westminster school. At this school he formed two friendships, which continued through life; those of Mr. C. W. W. Wynn, of Sir Watkins Wynn's family, and Mr. Grosvenor Charles Bedford, late of the Exchequer. They continued to the last the most prominent of his correspondents; and Mr. Bedford, in particular, seems to have been all that a man could wish for in a friend—a man of great talent, fine education, and excellent heart. Here, when he had been about four years, and had reached the upper classes, he was expelled for publishing a periodical called the Flagellant, in conjunction with his friend Bedford and some others. It reached nine numbers, when it became so satirically severe on the flogging which went on in that establishment, that it roused the wrath of the master, Dr. Vincent.

The consequences of this expulsion followed him to Oxford. It was intended that he should enter at Christ Church; but Cyril Jackson, the dean, refused to admit the leading author of the Flagellant, and he matriculated at Balliol College. He was scarcely settled there when his father died. He had failed in business, as his son says, through the treachery of relatives; and his brother, who was worth 100,000*l*., but a regular muck-worm, had surlily refused to give him the slightest assistance to recover his position. These misfortunes killed the old man; and Miss Tyler and his uncle, the Rev. Herbert Hill, now became Southey's main stays; Miss Tyler giving him a home, and his uncle his education.

Whilst he was a student at Oxford, and about nineteen, he wrote his Joan of Arc. The whole of this poem, except about three hundred lines, he wrote at Brixton Causeway, at a then pleasant country house, the residence of his friend Grosvenor Bedford. During his abode at Oxford he was a red-hot republican, and deeply inflated with the absurd views of Rousseau respecting social life. He rejected the idea of entering the Church, commenced medical studies, and then abandoned them, hoping to obtain a clerkship under government. But his friend Bedford soon put all hopes of that kind to flight, by reminding him that inquiries at Oxford as to his avowed opinions would effectually preclude his success with government.

In 1794 he became acquainted with Coleridge, who was then an undergraduate of Jesus College, Cambridge. Here Coleridge quickly inoculated him with his famous scheme of Pantisocracy—the equal government of all! The idea was to collect as many of like faith with themselves as they could, and emigrate to America, where, on the banks of the Susquehannah, they were to purchase a settlement. There "this band of brothers in the wilderness were all to labour with their hands, each according to the task assigned him. They were all to be married, and the ladies were to cook and perform all the domestic offices. They had plans drawn for the buildings and lands of the settlement, and were to embark in March, 1795. Twelve men were easily to clear 300 acres in four or five months, and 600*l.* were to purchase 1,000 acres, and build houses upon them! The chief actors in this notable scheme were Robert Lovell, the son of a wealthy quaker; George Burnett, a fellow-collegian; Robert Allen, of Corpus Christi College; Edmund Seward, also a fellow-collegian, but who soon declared off; and a poor servant boy, called Shadrach Weeks, was deemed such an acquisition, that Coleridge almost went out of his mind at the idea of his company, and in his letters wrote in huge characters—"SHAD GOES WITH US! HE IS MY BROTHER!!"

The ladies who figured in the foreground of the Pantisocratic enterprise were the three Miss Frickers. Their father, like Southey's, had been unfortunate in his trade of a sugar-baker, and they had honourably supported themselves in business. Lovell had married one, and Coleridge and Southey married the two others. But the scheme began to look rather hopeless from want of the necessary money; and, at length, coming to the ears of Miss Tyler, from whom it had been carefully kept, it was blown up at once by the fierce outbreak of her indignation. Southey was turned out of her comfortable house on College-green, and poor Shadrach, her servant-boy, was left to endure the full force of her wrath. Nothing could ever turn her heart again towards Southey. Houseless and friendless, Southey and Coleridge now planned lectures and magazines for a livelihood; and then quarrelled because Southey abandoned the idea of the Pantisocracy. He married Miss Fricker, however, in September, 1795; and immediately afterwards accompanied his maternal uncle, Hill, who was chaplain to the Factory at Lisbon. He was absent six months, and returned to find his friend Lovell dead, and his widow and one child left destitute. Though miserably poor himself, and not knowing how to live, Southey, with that generosity of character which always distinguished him, at once took Mrs. Lovell home to him, and she continued a regular inmate of his house while he lived; as did Mrs. Coleridge and her daughter, till the daughter's marriage.

From this time to 1801, Southey resided at various places. For some time he was at Bristol, where Cottle, the publisher and poet, published his Joan of Arc, for which he gave him one hundred guineas; as he also boldly risked the publication of the earliest poems of Coleridge and Wordsworth. Southey now resolved to study the law, being enabled to do this by an allowance of 160*l.* a-year by his generous old schoolfellow, Wynn. But his head was running more on literature than law. He was actually teeming with literary projects—tragedies, suggested by his Portuguese studies—of Sebastian; of Inez de Castro; of the Revenge of Don Pedro; a poem on Madoc, in twenty books; a novel of Edmund Oliver; a Romance; a Norwegian Tale; an Oriental poem; the Destruction of the Dom Daniel. In fact, he had conceived the idea of various works, which he afterwards completed, and others which he never commenced. He was also publishing his Letters from Spain and Portugal.

During the time that he occasionally visited London, in pursuit of his legal studies, his home was successively at Burton, near Christchurch, Hampshire; at Bath; and at Westbury, about two miles from Bristol, where he resided a year; and then again at Christchurch, where he made the acquaintance of one of his best friends, John Rickman.

Southey's health failing, and the study of the law having disgusted him, he went again to Lisbon, taking his wife with him, and passed a very delightful year at Cintra. On his return, Coleridge induced him to go down to Keswick, which, however, at that time did not please him, appearing cold after his southern sojourn.

On 1801, Southey obtained the appointment of secretary to the Right Hon. Isaac Corry, Chancellor of the Exchequer for Ireland. On retiring from office with his patron, our author, after returning a while to Bristol, and planning a settlement in Wales, went to reside at Keswick, where also dwelt, under the same roof, the widow of his friend Lovell, and the wife of Mr. Coleridge. Such were the movements of Southey till he settled down at Keswick, and there, busy as a bee in its hive, worked out the forty years of his then remaining life. The mere list of his works attests a wonderful industry:—Poems by Southey and Cottle, 1 vol, 1794. Joan of Arc, 1 vol, quarto, 1795. Letters from Spain and Portugal, 1 vol, 1797. Minor Poems, 2 vols, 1797 and 1799. Annual Anthology, 2 vols, 1799-1800. Thalaba, 2 vols, 1801. Chatterton's works, edited, 1802. Amadis of Gaul, 4 vols, 1803. Metrical Tales, 1805. Madoc, 1 vol, quarto, 1807. Espriella's Letters, 1807. Specimens of later Poets, 3 vols, 1807. Remains of H. K. White, 2 vols, 1807. Chronicle of the Cid, 1 vol, 1808. Curse of Kehama, 1810. Omniana, 2 vols, 1812. Life of Nelson, 2 vols, 1813. Roderick, the Last of the Goths, 1 vol, 1814. Carmen Triumphale, &c., 1814. Lay of the Laureate, 1 vol, 1816. Pilgrimage to Waterloo, 1 vol, 1816. Morte d' Arthur, 2 vols, 1817. History of Brazil, 3 vols, quarto, 1810 to 1819. Life of Wesley, 2 vols, 1820. Expedition of Orsua, 1 vol, 1821. A Vision of Judgment, 1 vol, 1821. Book of the Church, 2 vols, 1824. Tale of Paraguay, 1 vol, 1825. Vindiciæ Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ, 1 vol, 1826. History of the Peninsular War, 3 vols, 1822 to 1832. Lives of Uneducated Poets, 1 vol, 1829. All for Love, or a Sinner Well Saved, 1 vol, 1829. Colloquies on the Progress and Prospects of Society, 1829. Life of Bunyan, 1830. Select Works of British Poets, from Chaucer to Johnson, with Biographical Notices, 1 vol, 1831. Naval History of England, 4 vols, 1833-40. The Doctor, 7 vols, 1834 to 1847. Life and Works of Cowper, 15 vols, 1835-1837. Common-Place Book, 4 vols. Oliver Newman, &c., 1 vol, 1845.

This is a striking list of the works of one man, though he took nearly fifty years of almost unexampled health and industry to complete it. But this does not include the large amount of his contributions to the Quarterly and other periodicals; nor does the mere bulk of the work thrown off convey any idea of the bulk of work gone through. The immense and patient research necessary for his histories was scarcely less than that which he bestowed on the subject-matter and illustrative notes of his poems. The whole of his writings abound with evidences of learning and laborious reading that have been rarely equalled. But the variety of talents and humour displayed in his different writings is equally extraordinary. The love of fun, and the keenness of satire, which distinguished his smaller poems, are enough to make a very brilliant reputation. The Devil's Walk, so long attributed to Porson, but, as testified by themselves, conceived and written by Southey, with some touches and additions from the hand of Coleridge; the Old Woman of Berkeley; The Surgeon's Warning; The Pig; Gooseberry Pie; Roprecht the Robber; The Cataract of Lodore; Bishop Hatto; The Pious Painter; St. Antidius, the Pope, and the Devil; The March to Moscow;—these and others of the like kind would make a volume, that might be attributed to a man who had lived only for joke and quiz. Then the wild and wandering imagination of Thalaba and Kehama; the grave beauty of Madoc; the fine youthful glow of liberty and love in Joan of Arc; and the vivid fire and vigour of Roderick the last of the Goths—are little less in contrast to the jocose productions just mentioned, than they are to the grave judgment displayed in his histories, or the keenness with which he enters, in his Book of the Church, the Colloquies, and his critiques, into the questions and interests of the day, and puts forth all the acumen and often the acidity of the partizan.

With all our admiration of the genius and varied powers of Southey, and with all our esteem for his many virtues, and the peculiar amiability of his domestic life, we cannot, however, read him without a feeling of deep melancholy. The contrast between the beginning and the end of his career, the glorious and high path entered upon, and so soon and suddenly quitted for the pay of the placeman and the bitterness of the bigot, cling to his memory with a lamentable effect.

Deploring this grand error of Southey's life—for we bear no resentment to the dead—more especially as England has gone on advancing and liberalizing, spite of his slavish dogmas, and thus rendered his most zealous advocacy of narrow notions perfectly innoxious,—we would ask, whether this peculiar change of his original opinions may not have had a peculiar effect on his poetry? Much and beautifully as he has written, yet, if I may be allowed the expression, he never seems to be at home in his poetry, any more than in the country which, with his new opinions, he adopted. We can read once, especially in our youth, his poems, even the longest—but it is rarely more than once. We are charmed, sometimes a little wearied, but we never wish to recur to them again. There are a few of his smaller poems, as the Penates, the Bee, Blenheim, and a few others, which are exceptions, with some exquisite passages, as that often-quoted one on love in Kehama. But, on the whole, we are quite satisfied with one reading. There is a want, somehow, of *the spiritual* in his writing. Beautiful fancy, and tender feeling, and sometimes deep devotion, there are; but still there lacks that spirit, that essence of the soul, which makes Wordsworth and many of the poems of Lord Byron a never-satiating aliment and refreshment,—a divine substance on which you live and grow, and by its influence seem to draw nearer to the world of mind and of eternity. Southey's poetry seems a beautiful manufacture, not a part of himself. He carries you in it, as in an enchanted cloud, to Arabia, India, or America; to the celestial Meru, to the dolorous depths of Padalon, or to the Domdaniel caves under the roots of the ocean; but he does not seem to entertain you at home; to take you down into himself. He does not seem to be at rest there, or to have there "his abiding city."

It is exactly the same in regard to the country in which he lived. He seemed to live there as a stranger and a sojourner. That he loved the lakes and mountains around, there can be no question; but has he linked his poetry with them? Has he, like Wordsworth, woven his verse into almost every crevice of every rock? Cast the spell of his enchantment upon every stream? Made the hills, the waters, the hamlets, and the people, part and parcel of his life and his fame? We seek in vain for any such amalgamation. With the exception of the cataract of Lodore, there is scarcely a line of his poetry which localizes itself in the fairy region where he lived forty years. When Wordsworth died, he left on the mountains, and in all the vales of Cumberland, an everlasting people of his creation. The Wanderer, and the Clergyman of the Excursion, Michael, and Matthew, and the Wagoner, and Peter Bell, Ruth, and many a picturesque vagrant, will linger there for ever. The Shepherd Lord will haunt his ancient hills and castles, and the White Doe will still cross Rylston Fells. A thousand associations will start up in the mind of many a future generation, as they hear the names of Helvellyn, Blencathra, or Langdale Pikes. But when you seek for evidences of the poetic existence of Southey in Cumberland, you are carried at once to Greta hall, at Keswick, and there you remain. I suppose the phrenologists would say it was owing to his idiosyncrasy—that he had much imitativeness, but very little locality. It is most singular, that look over the contents of his voluminous poems, and you find them connected with almost every region of the world, and every quarter of these kingdoms, except with the neighbourhood of his abode. He would seem like a man flying from the face of the world, and brushing out all traces of his retreat as he goes. In Spain, France, America, India, Arabia, Africa, the West Indies, in Ireland, Wales, England, and Scotland, you perceive his poetical habitations and resting-places; but not in Cumberland. He has commemorated Pultowa, Jerusalem, Alentejo, Oxford, Blenheim, Dreux, Moscow, the Rhine. He has epitaphs and inscriptions for numbers of places in England, Spain, and Portugal. In his Madoc, Wales; in his Roderick, Spain; in his Joan of Arc, France, find abundance of their localities celebrated. In his Pilgrimage to Waterloo, Flanders has its commemorations; but Cumberland—no! You would think it was some district not glorious with mountain, lake and legend, but some fenny flat on which a poetic spirit could not dwell. . . . .

Almost the only clues that we get are to be found in the Colloquies and his private letters. Here we learn that the poet and his family did sometimes walk to Skiddaw, Causey Pike, and Watenlath. At page 119 of vol. i., where these names occur, we find the poet proposing an excursion to Walla Crag, on the borders of the Derwentwater. "I, who perhaps would more willingly have sat at home, was yet in a mood to suffer violence, and making a sort of compromise between their exuberant activity and my own inclination for the chair and the fireside, fixed on Walla Crag." Besides this mention, you have in Colloquy XII. pages 59 to 69, a preface to a long history of the Clifford family, in which you are introduced to Threlkeld farm and village. This peep into the mountains makes you wonder that Southey did not give you more of them; but no, that is all. It is evident that his heart was, as he hinted just above, "at home in the chair by the fireside." It was in his library that he really lived; and there is little question that when his children did get him out, on the plea that it was necessary for his health, his mind was otherwise occupied.

To Keswick we must then betake ourselves as the main haunt of Robert Southey. Here he settled down in the autumn of 1803, and instantly commenced that life of incessant labour which we have described, and which never ceased till his intellectual constitution gave way under it. The poet tried to secure an abode in Wales, in the Vale of Neath, but had been disappointed, and next was on the point of fixing his residence at Richmond, and was about to commence a gigantic work called Bibliotheca Britannica. But Richmond and the Bibliotheca both drifted away, and 1803 saw him hard at work on his Madoc. Incessant literary labour, buying and arranging fresh books, with an occasional trip to London or elsewhere, and a daily walk, constituted the life of Robert Southey from that time to his death. To the very latest years he was constantly conceiving new and enormous labours, many of which he never completed, many were commenced, and he was generally working on four or five at the same time, every day being divided into sections, each of which was appropriated to one particular work. The works which he intended to write were nearly as numerous, and would have been laborious as those he really executed—A History of Monachism; the Age of George III., being a History of Modern Revolutions; a Book of the State, on the principle of his Book of the Church; a Life of George Fox; a continuation of Warton's History of English Poetry, &c. &c.

Of his daily work he gives this account himself in a letter to a friend. "I get out of bed as the clock strikes six, and shut the house-door after me as the clock strikes seven. After two hours with Davies, (arranging Dr. Bell's papers,) home to breakfast, after which Cuthbert (his son) engages me till about half-past ten; and when the post brings me letters that either interest or trouble me, for of the latter I have many, by eleven I have done with the newspaper, and can then set about what is properly the business of the day. But I can scarcely command two or three unbroken hours at the desk. At two I take my daily walk, be the weather what it may, and when the weather permits, with a book in my hand; dinner at four, work about half an hour, then take the sofa with a different book, and after a few pages get my soundest sleep, till summoned to tea at six. My best time during the winter is by candlelight; and in the season of company I can never count upon an evening's work. Supper at half-past nine, after which I work an hour, and then to bed; the greatest part of my miscellaneous work is done in the odds and ends of time."—*Life and Correspondence*, vol. vi. p. 238.

His chief relaxations from this incessant labour were, as I have said, his daily walk and occasional excursions with his family to the summits of Saddleback, Skiddaw, and Helvellyn, or amongst the lakes and tarns which lay on all sides. Sometimes he and his family met Wordsworth and his family and friends, at Leatheswater or Thirlmere, half-way between their residences, where sometimes as many as fifty persons have assembled, and made grand rural festivities.

Sometimes, but more rarely, he cast aside his books, and made a considerable tour. In the autumn of 1805 he made an excursion into Scotland, and visited Walter Scott at Ashestiel. In 1817 he made a journey to the Continent, visiting the Netherlands, the Rhine, Switzerland, and the north of Italy. On this tour he saw Pestalozzi at Yverdun, and Fellenberg at Hofwyl. In 1819 he made a tour to the Highlands, with his friends Hickman and Telford, the engineer. In 1825 he went to Holland, with his friends Mr. Henry Taylor, author of Philip van Artevelde, Mr. Neville White, and Arthur Malet, where he was laid up some time at the house of the celebrated Bilderdijk, whose wife had translated his Roderick into Dutch, and formed a warm friendship with these interesting people; and so much was he pleased, that he paid them another visit the following year. While at Brussels, he learned to his surprise that he had been elected a member of Parliament, which honour he declined, as he afterwards did that of a baronetcy. In 1836 he made a sort of farewell visit, with his only son Cuthbert Southey, down into the West of England. The aged poet went over all the scenes of his boyhood at Bristol, and in that neighbourhood, with the feeling that it was for the last time. There he saw Joseph Cottle, one of his earliest and most generous friends, and Walter Savage Landor, at Clifton. In 1838, again with his son and several of his friends, he made an autumnal tour in France, chiefly in Normandy and Brittany.

Such were the home labours and the brief wanderings of Robert Southey. In his domestic life no one ever showed more amiably and beautifully, and the spirit which he communicated to his children is felt in the kindly and affectionate tone in which his Life is written by his son.

Another most interesting trait in Southey's character was his ever-ready and cordial aid and encouragement to young or struggling authors. One of his earliest acts of authorship was the editing of the Remains and Works of Chatterton, by which he was enabled to hand over to the surviving sister and niece of the poet 300*l.*; thus at once relieving them from great necessity, and doing them justice on a nefarious literary knight, who had been entrusted with Chatterton's MSS., and had published them for his own use. His next Samaritan deed of the same kind was the editing the Remains of Henry Kirke White; and these acts inspired all young poets with so attractive a conception of the generosity of his character, that numbers flocked to submit to him their early compositions, and to solicit his advice. This was never refused; and the publication of his letters demonstrates to what a number of young authors his knowledge and experience were made useful; but how plainly, frankly, and yet kindly, his counsel was administered. Amongst the names of such young aspirants for his favourable notice, we recognise those of Ebenezer Elliott; Shelley, who went to Keswick in 1812 to consult with him; the unfortunate Dusantoy; Bernard Barton, who sent to ask him the sagacious question—Barton being educated a quaker, and Southey being no quaker at all—whether he thought the Society of Friends would be displeased if he published a volume of poems? Herbert Knowles, Chauncey Hare Townshend, Allan Cunningham, Henry Taylor, &c. With several of these gentlemen the correspondence thus formed grew into warm friendship. Besides this general encouragement to rising genius, he edited the writings of Mary Collins and John Jones, two persons in very humble life.

From a similar benevolent feeling he was a great advocate for Protestant Bequinages, or lay nunneries, in which women of education and position, but of small incomes, might live together, and devote their leisure to the soothing of sickness and distress in others, like the Bonne Sœurs, or Sisters of Charity, on the Continent.

All this time he was labouring with never-ceasing exertion for the maintenance of his own family. With a pension of 200*l.*, reduced by deductions to 160*l.*, with 90*l.* per annum, the clear balance of his laureateship, with 400*l.* per annum from the Quarterly for many years, besides the general profit of his works, it might have been supposed that, living in a cheap part of the country, and a house, with gardens and paddocks, at only 50*l.* rental, the life of Southey had passed in tolerable ease and absence of anxiety. On the contrary, we are assured by his son, in his biography of his father, that he was constantly on the stretch to make his income meet his daily expenses. This was the great eating canker of his life, as was the case with Moore, and with far too many literary men. Having no independent property, the very uncertainty of their gains filled them with a perpetual anxiety. Southey appears to have had no expensive habits, except his great passion for book-buying, which must have drained him of very large sums. He had, moreover, insured his life for 4,000*l.*; and he had always a number of relatives resident under his roof.

In this respect what a contrast he presented to Coleridge, who seemed to wander off from his home and domestic duties with as complete an indifference as an ostrich is said to abandon her eggs!

In one of his letters to Cottle, in 1814, Southey asks, "Can you tell me anything of Coleridge? A few lines of introduction for a son of Mr. ——, of your city, are all that we have received since I saw him last September twelve months. The children being left entirely to chance, I have applied to his brothers at Otley concerning them, and am in hopes, through their means and the aid of other friends, of sending Hartley to college. Lady Beaumont has promised 30*l.* a-year for this purpose; Poole, 10*l.* I wrote to Coleridge three or four months ago, telling him that unless he took some steps in providing for this object, I must make the application, and required his answer within three weeks. He promised to answer the letter, but has never taken any further notice of it."—*Life and Correspondence*, vol. iv. p. 82.

It is a melancholy reflection that Southey, with his gigantic labours, could never accumulate sufficient beforehand to ward off the killing effects of anxiety. This was at the bottom of a great portion of his immense periodical composition, of his continual projection of heavy works, and of his eager grasping at posts which frequently were wholly out of the range of his talents and habits. He applied for the stewardship of the Greenwich Hospital Estates, and his friend Bedford informed him, in reply, that the salary was 700*l.* a-year, but that the place of residence varied over a tract of country of about eighty miles; that the steward must be a perfect agriculturist, surveyor, mineralogist, and the best lawyer that, competently with these other characteristics, could be found. The responsibility was that of a revenue of 40,000*l.* per annum. This was a dilemma. He was equally anxious for the post of historiographer to the Crown, as well as the laureateship, but this turned out to have no salary attached to it. Yet, with all his anxiety for place, he refused the editorship of *The Times* at 2,000*l.* a-year, because it implied a total renunciation of his own literary pursuits.

As old age stole upon him, these constantly wearing cares and exhausting labours, with other sorrows incident to humanity, the loss of beloved children, began to undermine the great intellect which had so long seemed actually to revel in the immensity of its undertakings. But this did not take place before he had seen the mind of his wife vanish under the annihilating burden of anxiety. Cuthbert Southey distinctly ascribes the insanity of his mother to this cause,—"An almost life-long anxiety about the uncertainty and highly precarious nature of my father's income," acting on a naturally nervous constitution. How excellent a woman was thus sacrificed, we may judge from her husband's beautiful testimony—"During more than two-thirds of my life, she has been the chief object of my thoughts, and I of hers. No man ever had a truer helpmate! no children a more careful mother! No family was ever more wisely ordered, no housekeeping ever conducted with greater prudence or greater comfort."

My visit to Keswick in the summer of 1845 was marked by a circumstance which may show how well the fame of Dr. Southey, the laureate of Church and State, and the bard who sang the triumphs of legitimacy on the occasion of the allied sovereigns coming to England in 1814, is spread amongst the nations which are the strictest maintainers of his favourite doctrines; a fettered press, a law church, and a government maintained by such statesmen as Castlereagh and Metternich. I was travelling at that time with four of the subjects of these allied sovereigns, whom our laureate had so highly lauded; a Russian, a Cossack, an Austrian, and a Bohemian; the Cossack no other than the nephew of the Hetman Platoff, and the Bohemian, Count Wratislaw, since taking a distinguished command as general in the Austrian army in the Italian campaign, under Radetzky, being, moreover, the present representative of that very ancient family of which the queen of our Richard the Second was one, "the good Queen Anne," who sent out Wycliffe's Bible to Huss, and was thus the mother of the Reformation on the Continent; and, singularly also, still closely connected with our royal family, his mother being sister to the Princess of Leiningen, wife to the half-brother of Queen Victoria. Austrian and Russian nobles are not famous for great reading, but every one of these was as familiar with Dr. Southey's name as most people the world over are with those of Scott and Byron. They not only went over the laureate's house with the greatest interest, but carried away sprigs of evergreen to preserve as memorials.

Southey's house, which lies at a little distance from the town of Keswick, on the way to Bassenthwaite water, is a plain stuccoed tenement, looking as you approach it almost like a chapel, from the apparent absence of chimneys. Standing upon the bridge over the Greta which crosses the high-road here, the view all round of the mountains, those which lie at the back of Southey's house, and those which lie in front, girdling the lake of Derwentwater, is grand and complete. From this bridge the house lies at the distance of a croft, or of three or four hundred yards, on an agreeable swell. In front, that is, between you and the house, ascends towards it a set of homelike crofts, with their cut hedges and a few scattered trees. When Southey went there, and I suppose for twenty years after, these were occupied as a nursery ground, and injured the effect of the immediate environs of the house extremely. Nothing now can be more green and agreeable. On the brow of the hill, if it can be called so, stand two stuccoed houses; the one nearest to the town, and the largest, being Southey's. Both are well flanked by pleasant trees, and partly hidden by them, that of Southey being most so. The smaller house has the air of a good neighbour of lesser importance, who is proud of being a neighbour. It was at that time occupied by a Miss Denton, daughter of a former vicar of Crosthwaite, the place just below on the Bassenthwaite road, and where Southey lies buried.

The situation of Southey's house, taking all into consideration, is exceeded by few in England. It is agreeably distant from the road and the little town, and stands in a fine open valley, surrounded by hills of the noblest and most diversified character. From your stand on Greta bridge, looking over the house, your eye falls on the group of mountains behind it. The lofty hill of Latrig lifts its steep green back, with its larch plantations clothing one edge, and scattered in groups over the other. Stretching away to the left, rises the still loftier range and giant masses of Skiddaw, with its intervening dells and ravines, and summits often lost in their canopy of shadowy clouds. Between the feet of Skiddaw and Greta bridge, lie pleasant knolls and fields with scattered villas and cottages, and Crosthwaite church. On your right hand is the town, and behind it green swelling fields again, and the more distant enclosing chain of hills.

If you then turn your back on the house, and view the scene which is presented from it, you find yourself in the presence of the river, hurrying away towards the assemblage of beautifully varied mountains, which encompass magnificently the lake of Derwentwater.

The vicinity to the lake itself would make this spot as a residence most attractive. I think I like Derwentwater more than any other of the lakes. The mountains round are bold and diversified in form. You see them showing themselves one behind another, many tending to the pyramidal form, and their hues as varied as their shapes. Some are of that peculiar tawny, or lion colour, which is so singular in its effect in the Scotch mountains of the south; others softly and smoothly green; others black and desolate. Some are beautifully wooded, others bare. When you look onwards to the end of the lake, the group of mountains and crags there, at the entrance of Borrowdale, is one of the most beautiful and pictorial things imaginable. If any artist would choose a scene for the entrance into fairyland, let him take that. When, again, you turn and look over the town, there soars aloft Skiddaw, in his giant grandeur, with all his slopes, ridges, dints, ravines, and summits, clear in the blue sky, or hung with the cloud curtains of heaven, full of magnificent mystery. There is a perfect pyramid, broad and massy as those of Egypt, standing solemnly in one of its ascending vales, called Carrsledrum. Then, the beautifully wooded islands of Derwentwater, eight in number; and the fine masses of wood that stretch away between the feet of the hills and the lake, with here and there a villa lighting up the scene, make it perfect. In all the changes of weather, the changes of aspect must be full of new beauty; but, in bright and genial summer days, nothing can be more enchanting. At the moment of our visit, the deep black yet transparent shadow that lay on some of the huge piles of mountain, and the soft light that lay on others, were indescribably noble and poetical; and the strangers exclaimed continually,—"*Prächtig!*" "*Wunderschön!*" and "*Très beau!*"

When we ascend to the house, it is through a narrow sort of croft or a wide shrubbery, which you will. The carriage-road goes another way, and here you have only a single footpath, and on your right hand a grassy plot scattered with a few flower beds, and trees and shrubs, which brings you, by a considerable ascent, to the front of the house, which is screened almost wholly from view by tall trees, amongst which are some fine maples and red beeches. Here, on the left hand, a little side gate leads to Miss Denton's house, and on the other stretches out the lawn, screened by hedges of laurel and other evergreens. Behind this little lawn, on the right hand of the house, lie one or two kitchen gardens; and passing through these, you come to a wood descending towards the river, which you again find here sweeping around the house. Down this wood or copse, which is half orchard and half of forest trees, you see traces of winding foot-paths, but all now grown over with grass. The house is deserted; the spirits which animated the scene are fled, some one way, and some another; and there is already a wildness and a desolation about it. The Greta, rushing over its weir beneath this wood, moans in melancholy sympathy with the rest of the scene. You see that great pleasure has some time been taken in this spot, in these gardens, in this shadowy and steeply descending wood; and the river that runs on beneath, and the melancholy feeling of the dream-like nature and vanity of human things, its fame and happiness included, seizes irresistibly upon you. A little foot-path which runs along the Greta side towards the town deepens this feeling. Through the trees, and behind the river, lie deep and grassy meadows with masses of woodland, having a very Cuyp or Paul Potter look; and, between the higher branches of the trees, you see the huge green bulk of Skiddaw, soaring up with fine and almost startling effect. You may imagine Southey walking to and fro along the foot-path under the trees, in the fields leading to the town, by another route, and thinking over his topics, while he took the air, and had in view a scene of mountain magnificence, of the effect of which the poet was fully conscious. "The height and extent of the surrounding objects seem to produce a correspondent expansion and elevation of mind, and the silence and solitude contribute to this emotion. You feel as if in another region, almost in another world." * Here, too, you may imagine Coleridge lying and dreaming under the trees of the wood within sound of the river. He was here, at one time, a great while.

To return to the house, however. It is a capacious house enough, but not apparently very well built. The floors of the upper rooms shake under your tread; and I have heard, that when Southey had these rooms crowded and piled with books, there was a fear of their coming down. The house is one of those square houses of which you may count the rooms without going into them, but at each end is a circular projection, making each a snug sort of ladies' room. The room on the right hand as we entered was said to be the sitting-room, and that on the left the library, while the room over it was Southey's writing-room; and most of these rooms, as well as the entrance-hall, were all crowded with books. We were told that, after several days' sale at home, where some books as well as the furniture were sold, fourteen tons of books and similar articles were sent off for sale in London.

If Southey has not told us much about his haunts in the mountains, he has, however, particularly described that where his heart

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* Colloquies, vol. ii. p. 61.

lay—his library. To this he has given a whole chapter in his Colloquies.

This noble collection, of which their possessor might well be proud, which is said to have included by far the best collection of Spanish books in England, and the gathering of which together, through many researches, many inquiries, and many years, had, perhaps, given him almost as much pleasurable excitement as their perusal, is once more dispersed into thousands of hands. The house, indeed, at the time we visited it, was in the act of being repaired, fresh painted and papered, ready for a new tenant; and, of course, looked desolate enough. All the old paper had been torn off the walls, or scraped away; and workmen, with piles of rolls of new paper, and buckets of paste, were beginning their work of revival. The whole house, outside and inside, had an air of dilapidation, such as houses in the country are often allowed to fall into; but, no doubt, when all furnished and inhabited, would be comfortable and habitable enough.

But death had been there, and the appraiser and auctioneer, and a crowd of eager sale-attenders after them; and the history of the poet and the poet's family life was wound up and done. A populous dwelling it must have been when Southey and his wife and children, and Mrs. Coleridge and her daughter, and perhaps other friends, were all housed in it. And an active and pleasant house it must have been when great works were going on in it, a Thalaba, a Madoc, an article for the Quarterly, and news from London were coming in, and letters were expected of great interest, and papers were sending off by post to printers and publishers, and correspondents. All that is now passed over as a dream; the whole busy hive is dispersed many ways, and the house and grounds were preparing to let at 55*l.* a year, just as if no genius had set a greater value on them than on any other premises around. It is when we see these changes that we really feel the vanity of human life. But the beauty of the life of genius is, that though the scene of domestic action and sojourn can become as empty as any other, the home of the poet's mind becomes thenceforth that of the whole heart and mind of his nation, and often far beyond that. The Cossack and the Bohemian—did they not also carry away from it to their far-off lands tokens of their veneration?

Before quitting Southey's house for his tomb, I cannot resist referring to that little fact connected with his appointment to the laureateship already alluded to. It is well known that the post was first offered to Sir Walter Scott, who declined it, but recommended Southey, who was chosen. The letters on the whole transaction are given in Lockhart's Life of Scott (chap. xxvi.) Scott, who was then only plain Walter Scott, who was not made Sir Walter for seven years after, who had published the greater number of his popular poetical romances, but had not yet published Waverley, felt, however, quite terrified at the offer of the laureateship, and wrote off to the Duke of Buccleuch to ask his advice how he was to get decently out of the scrape without offending the Prince Regent. "I am," says Scott, "very much embarrassed by it. I am, on the one hand, very much afraid of giving offence, where no one would willingly offend, and perhaps losing the opportunity of smoothing the way to my youngsters through life; on the other hand, the *offer is a ridiculous one;* somehow or other, they and I should be well quizzed," &c. * * * "I feel much disposed to shake myself free of it. I should make but a bad courtier, and an ode-maker is described by Pope as a man out of his way, or out of his senses."

Almost by return of post came the duke's answer. "As to the offer of his Royal Highness to appoint you laureate, I shall frankly say, that I should be mortified to see you hold a situation which by the general concurrence of the world is stamped ridiculous. There is no good reason why it should be so; but it is so. *Walter Scott, Poet Laureate,* ceases to be Walter Scott of the Lay, Marmion, &c. Any future poem of yours would not come forth with the same probability of a successful reception. The poet laureate would stick to you and your productions like a piece of *court plaister.* * * * Only think of being chaunted and recitatived by a parcel of hoarse and squeaking choristers on a birthday, for the edification of the bishops, pages, maids of honour, and gentlemen pensioners! Oh horrible! thrice horrible!"

Scott replied, "I should certainly never have survived the recitative described by your Grace; it is a part of the etiquette I was quite unprepared for, and should have sunk under it."

On this, Scott at once declined the *honour;* and though he said he should make a bad courtier, assuredly no courtier could have done it in better style, professing that *the office was too distinguished for his merits;* that he *was by no means adequate to it.* Now Scott all this time had but an income of 1,000*l.* a-year, independent of literature; we have the particulars calculated and cast up on the very same page, opposite to his letter to Buccleuch; nay, he is in embarrassments, and in the very same letter requests the Duke to be guarantee for 4,000*l.* for him: and he thought the laureateship worth 300*l.* or 400*l.* a-year. These facts all testify to his thorough idea of the ignominy of the office. Nevertheless, he writes at once to Southey—tells him that he has had this offer, but that he has declined it because he has had already two pieces of preferment, and moreover, "my dear Southey, I had you in my eye." He adds—and now let any one who thinks himself flattered on any particular occasion, remember this—"I did not refuse it *from any foolish prejudice against the situation—otherwise how durst I offer it to you,* my elder brother in the muse?—but from a sort of internal hope that they would give it you, on whom it would be so much more worthily conferred. For I am not such an ass as not to know that you are my better in poetry, though I have had, probably but for a time, the tide of popularity in my favour. I have not time to add the thousand other reasons, but I only wished to tell you how the matter was, and to beg you to think before you reject the offer which I flatter myself will be made to you. If I had not been, like Dogberry, a fellow with two gowns already, *I should have jumped at it like a cock at a gooseberry.* Ever yours, most truly, WALTER SCOTT."

Southey accepted it, and Scott wrote him a letter of warmest congratulation on getting this piece of *court plaister* clapped on his back, and putting himself in a position to be "well quizzed;" but was quite confounded to learn that the honorarium for the "horrible! thrice horrible!" was not 400*l.* a-year, but only 100*l.* and a butt of wine.

Wordsworth, when he became the holder of this post, accepted it with a dignity worthy of his character and fame, declining it till it was stripped of all its disgusting duties. Thus qualified, Alfred Tennyson has been able to accept the same title with less repugnance; but the next step, it is to be hoped, will be to abolish an office equally derogatory, under any circumstances, to monarch and subject. No poet of reputation should feel himself in a position which implies the most distant obligation to pay mercenary praise. No monarch of this country need purchase praise; to a worthy occupier of the throne it will be freely accorded from the universal heart of the nation.

Crosthwaite church, in the graveyard of which Robert Southey's remains lie, is about a quarter of a mile from the house, on the Bassenthwaite-water road. It is a very simple and lowly village church, with a low square tower, but stands finely in the wide, open valley, surrounded, at a considerable distance, by the scenery I have described. I suppose it is nearly a mile from the foot of Skiddaw. From Southey's house the walks to it, and again from it along the winding lanes, and over the quiet fields towards Skiddaw, are particularly pleasant. Southey, in his Colloquies, speaks of the church and churchyard with much affection. He quotes the account of an old man who more than fifty years ago spoke of the oldest and finest yew trees in the country standing in this churchyard, and of having seen all the boys of the school-house near, forty in number, perched at once on the boughs of one of them.

At the north-west corner of the churchyard stands Southey's tomb. It is a plain altar-tomb of reddish freestone, covered with a slab of blue slate, with this inscription:—"Here lies the body of Robert Southey, LL.D. Poet Laureate; Born August 12, 1774; Died March 26, 1843. Also of Edith his wife, born May 20, 1774; Died Nov. 16, 1837. I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord."

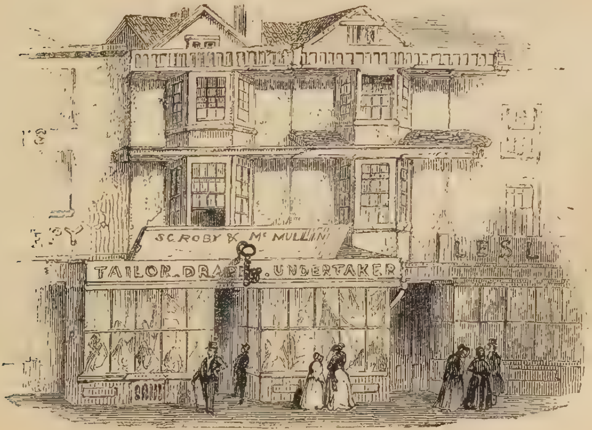
Close in front of the tomb lies the grave of Mrs. Southey; and behind, and close to the hedge, stands a stone bearing this inscription:—"The Lord gave, and the Lord taketh away; blessed be the name of the Lord. Sacred to the memory of Emma Southey, who departed in May, 1809, aged 14 months. And of Herbert Southey, who departed April 17th, 1816, in the tenth year of his age. Also of George Fricker, their uncle, aged 26, 1814. Also Isabel Southey, their sister, who departed on the 16th of July, 1826, aged 13 years. Also of Edith Southey, their mother, who departed Nov. 1837, aged 63. Requiescat in pace."

I recollected that there was something peculiar connected with the death of the son, Herbert. The old clerk said that his disorder could not be discovered till after his death; but that on opening him, a human hair was found fast round his heart! It was, in fact, a disease of the heart.

I wished to see the pew where the Southeys used to sit; but I found the interior of the church, as well as of his house, undergoing the revolution of repair, or rather of renewal. It seemed as if people had only waited for Southey's death to begin and clear off all traces of his existence here. The church is fine and capacious within; but all the old pews, all the old seats, pulpit, and everything belonging to them, have been cleared away, and the whole replaced by fittings in the ancient style. There are nothing but open benches, with one single exception. The benches are of solid oak, with heavy, handsome carving, and have a very goodly and substantial look. The windows are also renewed with handsome painted glass; and the tables of the Decalogue, &c., placed behind the altar, are all painted in the old missal style. The church will be very handsome, at the same time that it is a sign of the times. Of course, Southey's pew is gone. In the church is an ancient monument of the Radcliffes, ancestors of the Earl of Derwentwater; and two of the Brownrigs of Ormathwaite, immediate maternal relations of my wife.

Since my visit, a beautiful monument, consisting of a recumbent figure in white marble, by Lough, has been placed in this church, bearing an epitaph by Wordsworth.

The close of Southey's life was melancholy. His mind gave way, probably from having being overtasked, and he sank into imbecility. Shortly before this event he had married, as his second wife, his friend of many years' standing, Caroline Bowles, the author of Chapters on Churchyards, and one of the sweetest and most genuine poetesses of the age. She did not many years survive her husband. At his death she retired to Buckland, in the New Forest, where she had spent the chief portion of her life, and where she used to attend Bouldre church, in which she was married, and where the venerable Gilpin, the author of Forest Scenery, had once been the minister.



JOANNA BAILLIE.

THE powerful dramatic writer, the graceful and witty lyrist, and the sweet and gentle woman, who for so many years, in her quiet retreat at Hampstead, let the world flow past her as if she had nothing to do with it, nor cared to be mentioned by it, was born in one of the most lovely and historical districts of Scotland. She was born in a Scottish manse, in the upper dale of the Clyde, which has, for its mild character and lavish production of fruit, been termed "Fruitland." As you pass along the streets of Scotch towns, you see on fruit-stalls in the summer piles of plums, pears, and other fruits, labelled "Clydesdale Fruit." One of the finest specimens of the fruit of this luxuriant and genial dale was Joanna Baillie, a name never pronounced by Scot or Briton of any part of the empire, but with the veneration due to the truest genius, and the affection which is the birthright of the truest specimens of womanhood. The sister of the late amiable and excellent Dr. Baillie, the friend of Walter Scott, the woman whose masculine muse every great poet has for nearly half a century delighted to honour, Joanna Baillie wrote because she could not help pouring out the fulness of her heart and mind, and the natural consequence was fame; otherwise, whoever saw that quiet, amiable, and unassuming lady, easy and cheerful as when she played beneath the fruit-laden boughs of her native garden, saw that, though not scorning the fair reputation of well exercised intellect, she was at home in the bosom of home, and let no restless desire for mere fame disturb the pure happiness of a serene life, and the honour and love of those nearest and dearest to her. Had the lambent flame of genius not burned in the breast of Joanna Baillie, that of a pure piety and a spirit made to estimate the blessings of life, and to enjoy all the other blessings of peace and social good which it brings, would have still burned brightly in her bosom, and made her just as happy though not as great.

The birthplace of Joanna Baillie was the pretty manse of Bothwell, in the immediate neighbourhood of Bothwell brig; and, therefore, as will at once be seen, in the centre of ground where stirring deeds have been done, and where the author of Waverley has added the vivid colouring of romance to those of history. Bothwell manse, from its elevated site, looks directly down upon the scene of the battle at Bothwell brig; upon the park of Hamilton, where the Covenanters were encamped; and upon Bothwellhaugh, the seat of Hamilton, who shot the Regent Murray. This is no mean spot in an historical point of view, and it is richly endowed by nature. Near it also, a little farther down the river, stands Bothwell Castle, on *Bothwell bank*, on which the charm of poetry has been conferred with an almost needless prodigality, for it is so delightful in its own natural beauty.

The country as you proceed to Bothwell from Glasgow, from which it is distant about ten miles, though from the first rich and well-cultivated, is not so agreeable, from the quantity of coal that is found along the roads into Glasgow, and which seem to have given a blackness to everything. As you advance, however, it grows continually more elevated, open, airy, and pleasant. About a mile before you reach Bothwell, its tall square church steeple, seen far before you, directs your course, and a pair of lodge gates on your right hand marks the entrance to the grounds of Bothwell Castle. By writing your name and address in a book kept by the gate-keeper, you are admitted, and can then pursue your way alone to the castle, and make your own survey without the nuisance of a guide. The castle lies about half a mile from the high-road. You first arrive at very beautifully kept pleasure grounds, in which stands a good modern mansion, the seat of the proprietor, Lord Douglas. Passing through these grounds, and close to the right of the house, you soon behold the ruins of the old castle. It is of a very red sandstone, extensive in its remains, and bearing evidence of having been much more extensive. Its tall red walls stand up amid fine trees and masses of ivy, and seem as if created by Time to beautify the modern scene with which they blend so well. The part remaining consists of a great oblong square, with two lofty and massy towers overlooking the river which lies to your left. There are also remains of an ample chapel. From the openings in the ruins, the river below, and its magnificent valley or glen, burst with startling effect upon you. The bank from the foot of the castle descends with considerable steepness to the river far below, but soft and green as possible; and beyond the dark and hurrying river rise banks equally high, and as finely wooded and varied. Advancing beyond the castle you come again to the river, which sweeps round the ruins in a fine curve. Here every charm of scenery, the great river in its channel, its lofty and well-wooded banks, the picturesque views of Blantyre Priory opposite, the slopes and swells of most luxurious green, and splendid lime-trees hanging their verdurous boughs to the ground, mingle the noble and the beautiful into an enchanting whole. A gravel-walk leads you down past the front of the castle, and presents you with a new and still more impressive view of it. Here it stands aloft on the precipice above you, a most stately remnant of the old times; and Nature has not stinted her labours in arraying it in tree, bush, and hanging plant, so as to give it the grace of life in its slow decay, making it in perfect harmony with herself. Few scenes are more fascinating than this. Above you the towers of the castle, which once received as its victorious guest Edward I. of England; which again sheltered the English chiefs fleeing from the disastrous field of Bannockburn; which was the stronghold of Archibald the Grim, and the proud hall of the notorious Earl Bothwell. Below, slopes down in softest beauty the verdant bank; and the stately Clyde, dark and deep, flows on amid woods and rocks worthy of all their fame. The taste of the proprietor has seized on every circumstance to give a finish to a scene so lovely; and it is impossible not to exclaim, in the words of the celebrated old ballad,—

"Oh, Bothwell bank, thou bloomest fair."

The village of Bothwell is, as I have said, a mile farther on the way towards Hamilton. The church and manse lie to the left hand as you enter it, and the latter is buried, as it were, in a perfect sea of fruit trees. You may pass through the churchyard to it, and then along a footpath between two high hedges, which leads you to the carriage-road from the village to its front. The house in which Miss Baillie was born, and where she lived till her fourth year, seems to stand on a sort of mount, on one side overlooking the valley of the Clyde, and on the other the churchyard and part of the village. The situation is at once airy and secluded. Between the manse and the churchyard lies the garden, full of fruit-trees; and other gardens, or rather orchards, between that and the village, add to the mass of foliage in which it is immersed. Between the churchyard and the manse garden commences a glen, which runs down on the side of the manse most distant from the village, widening and deepening as it goes, to the great Clyde valley. This gives the house a picturesqueness of situation peculiarly attractive. It has its own little secluded glen, its sloping crofts, finely shaded with trees, and beyond again other masses of trees shrouding cottages and farms.

The church had been rebuilt within a few years, of the same red stone as Bothwell Castle; but the old chancel still remained standing, in a state of ruin. The churchyard is extensive, scattered with old-fashioned tombs, and forming a famous playground for the children of the neighbouring village school, who were out leaping in the deep damp soil, and galloping among its rank hemlocks and mallows to their hearts' content. Having, by the courtesy of the minister, Dr. Matthew Gardner, seen the manse, and had a stroll in the garden, I again wandered over the churchyard, watching the boys at their play, and reading the inscriptions on the tombs and headstones; one of which I copied in evidence of the state of parochial education in Scotland, where it has existed as a national institution, I believe, ever since the days of Knox:—

"Erected by Margaret Scott, in memory of her husband, Robert Stobo, Late Smith and Farrier o' Gowkthrapple, who died 7th May 1834, in the 70th year of his age.

"My sledge and hammer lies declined,
My bellows pipes have lost its wind;
My forge's extinct, my fires decayed,
And in the dust my vice is laid.
My coal is spent, my iron is gone,
My nails are drove, my work is Done."

What struck me as not less curious was the following handbill, posted on the jamb of the church-door:—"Gooseberries for sale, by public roup. The gooseberries in the orchards of Bothwell manse, also at Captain Bogles Laroyet, and in, &c. &c. Sale to begin at Bothwell manse, at five o'clock P. M., 10th of July." This was, certainly, characteristic of "Fruitland."

Though Miss Baillie only spent the first four years of her life at this sweet and secluded parsonage, it is the place in her native country which she said she liked best to think of. And this we may well imagine; it is just the place for a child's paradise, embosomed amid blossoming trees, with its garden lying like a little hidden yet sunny fairyland in the midst of them, with its flowers and its humming bees, that old church and half wild churchyard alongside of it, and its hanging crofts, and little umbrageous valley.

To Bothwell brig you descend the excellent highway towards Hamilton, and coming at it in something less than a mile, are surprised to find what a rich and inviting scene it is. The brig, which you suppose, from being described as narrow, steep, and old-fashioned in the days of the Covenanters, to be something grey and quaint, reminding you of Claverhouse and the sturdy Gospellers, is, really, a very respectable, modern-looking bridge. The gateway which used to stand in the centre of it has been removed, the breadth has been increased, an additional arch or arches have been added at each end, and the whole looks as much like a decent, every-day, well-to-do, and toll-taking bridge as bridge well can do. There is a modern toll-bar at the Bothwell end of it. There is a good house or two, with their gardens descending to the river. The river flows on full and clear, between banks well cultivated and well covered with plantations. Beyond the bridge and river the country again ascends with an easy slope towards Hamilton, with extensive plantations, and park walls belonging to the domain of the Duke of Hamilton. You have scarcely ascended a quarter of a mile, when on your left hand, a handsome gateway, bearing the ducal escutcheons, and with goodly lodges, opens a new carriage-way into the park. Everything has an air of the present time, of wealth, peace, and intellectual government, that make the days of the battle of Bothwell brig seem like a piece of the romance work of Scott, and not of real history.

Scott himself tells us in his Border Minstrelsy, in his notes to the old Ballad of Bothwell Brig, that "the whole appearance of the ground as given in the picture of the battle at Hamilton Palace, even including a few old houses, is the same as the scene now presents. The removal of the porch or gateway upon the bridge is the only perceptible difference." There must have been much change here since Scott visited the spot. The old houses have given way to new houses. The old bridge is metamorphosed into something that might pass for a newish bridge. The banks of the river, and the lands of the park beyond, are so planted and wooded, that the pioneers would have much to do before a battle could be fought. All trace of moorland has vanished, and modern enclosure and cultivation has taken possession of the scene. When we bring back by force of imagination the old view of the place it is a far different one.

" Where Bothwell's bridge connects the margin steep,
And Clyde below runs silent, strong, and deep,
The hardy peasant, by oppression driven
To battle, deemed his cause the cause of Heaven.
Unskilled in arms, with useless courage stood,
While gentle Monmouth grieved to shed his blood;
But fierce Dundee, inflamed with deadly hate,
In vengeance for the great Montrose's fate,
Let loose the sword, and to the hero's shade
A barbarous hecatomb of victories paid."—*Wilson's Clyde.*

When we picture to ourselves the Duke of Monmouth ordering his brave foot-guards, under command of Lord Livingstone, to force the bridge, which was defended by Hackstone of Rathillet, and Claverhouse sitting on his white horse on the hill-side near Bothwell, watching the progress of the fray, and ready to rush down with his cavalry, and fall on the infatuated Covenanters who were quarrelling amongst themselves on Hamilton haughs, we see a wild and correspondent landscape, rough as the Cameronian insurgents, and rude as their notions. The Bothwell brig of the present day has all the old aspect modernized out of it. Its smiling fields, and woods that speak of long peaceful times, and snug modern homes—oh! how far off are they from the grand old melancholy tone of the old ballad:—

" Now farewell, father, and farewell, mother,
And fare ye weel, my sisters three;
An' fare ye weel, my Earlstoun,
For thee again I'll never see!

" So they're away to Bothwell hill,
An' waly they rode bonnily!
When the Duke of Monmouth saw them comin'
He went to view their company.

* * * *

" Then he set up the flag o' red,
A' set about wi' bonny blue;
'Since ye'll no cease, and be at peace,
See that ye stand by ither true.'

" They stelled their cannons on the height,
And showered their shot down in the howe;
An' beat our Scots' lads even doun,
Thick they lay slain on every knowe.

* * * *

" Alang the brae, beyond the brig,
Mony a brave man lies cauld and still;
But lang we'll mind, and sair we'll rue,
The bloody battle of Bothwell hill."

To the left, looking over the haughs or meadows of Hamilton, from Bothwell brig, you discern the top of the present house of Bothwellhaugh over a mass of wood. Here another strange historical event connects itself with this scene. Here lived that Hamilton who shot in the streets of Linlithgow the Regent Murray, the half-brother of the queen of Scots. This outrage had been instigated by another, which was calculated, especially in an age like that when men took the redress of their wrongs into their own hands without much ceremony, to excite to madness a man of honour and strong feeling. The regent had given to one of his favourites Hamilton's estate of Bothwellhaugh, who proceeded to take possession with such brutality that he turned Hamilton's wife out naked, in a cold night, into the open fields, where before morning she became furiously mad. The spirit of vengeance took deep hold of Hamilton's mind, and was fanned to flame by his indignant kinsmen. He followed the regent from place to place, seeking on opportunity to kill him. This at length occurred by his having to pass through Linlithgow on his way from Stirling to Edinburgh. Hamilton placed himself in a wooden gallery, which had a window towards the street; and as the regent slowly, on account of the pressure of the crowd, rode past, he shot him dead.

Add to these scenes and histories that Hamilton Palace, in its beautiful park, lies within a mile of the Bothwell brig, and it must be admitted that no poetess could desire to be born in a more beautiful or classical region. Joanna Baillie's father was at the time of her birth minister of Bothwell. When she was four years old he quitted it, and was removed to different parishes, and finally, only three years before his death, was presented to the chair of divinity at Glasgow. After his death Miss Baillie spent with her family six or more years in the bare muirlands of Kilbride, a scenery not likely to have much attraction for a poetical mind, but made agreeable by the kindness and intelligence of two neighbouring families. She never saw Edinburgh till on her way to England when about twenty-two years of age. Before that period she had never been above ten or twelve miles from home, and, with the exception of Bothwell, never formed much attachment to places. After that, she only saw Scotland as a visitor, and at distant intervals.

For many years Joanna Baillie resided at Hampstead, where she was visited by nearly all the great writers of the age. Scott, as may be seen in his letters to Joanna Baillie, delighted to make himself her guest, and on her visit to Scotland, in 1806, she spent some weeks in his house at Edinburgh. From this time they were most intimate friends: she was one of the persons to whom his letters were most frequently addressed, and he planted, in testimony of his friendship for her, a bower of pinasters, the seeds of which she had furnished, at Abbotsford, and called it Joanna's bower. In 1810 her drama, The Family Legend, was, through his means, brought out at Edinburgh. It was the first new play brought out by Mr. Henry Siddons, and was very well received, a fortune which rarely attended her able tragedies, which are imagined to be more suitable for the closet than the stage. There they will continue to charm, while vigour of conception, a clear and masterly style, and healthy nobility of sentiment, retain their hold on the human mind.

Joanna Baillie died February 23d, 1851, aged 89, and is interred in Hampstead churchyard, beside her mother, who had also reached the venerable age of 86.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

William Wordsworth was born at Cockermouth on the 7th of April, 1770. His father was a solicitor and law-agent to Sir James Lowther, afterwards Earl of Lonsdale. By his mother's side he was related to the Cooksons and Crackenthorps, families of Cumberland and Westmorland. He was educated at Hawkshead school, where he began to write poetry; he then went to St. John's College, Cambridge, of which his uncle, Dr. Cookson, had been a fellow. During the vacation of 1790, when, of course, he was twenty years of age, he went on a short tour in France and Switzerland, with a fellow-collegian, Robert Jones, a Welshman, returning by the Rhine. They travelled on foot, with knapsacks on their backs and twenty pounds each in their pockets at starting. On taking his degree, Wordsworth made a pedestrian tour in Wales with his friend Jones. In the autumn of 1791 he went again to France, and stayed rather more than a year. During his sojourn there the king was deposed, and the massacres of September took place while he was at Orleans. When he reached Paris the king, queen, and their children lay in prison, France was a republic, and the army of the allies was hovering on the frontiers. Soon after his reaching home the king was executed.

At this period, Wordsworth was, like so many others, an ardent republican, and gave credit to all the fine sentimental theories of the revolutionists. The atrocities which they committed, and the subsequent career of Napoleon, cured him of all that. He became a decided advocate of monarchy, but he never ran into the extreme of despotism, like Southey; and as he had not published, like him, in the effervescence of youth, any such violent effusions as Wat Tyler, and the Botany Bay Eclogues, he escaped the fierce resentment which fell upon Southey, from those who were more steadfast to their original liberalism.

On his return to England, Wordsworth continued for some time in an unsettled state. He could not bring his mind to take orders, and his resources were insufficient for his subsistence without a profession. He spent his time in rambling in the Isle of Wight, on Salisbury Plain, in Wales, and amongst his friends in the North. He thought of publishing a magazaine, and then of getting upon a London newspaper. At this juncture a young friend dying, left him 900*l*. About the same time he again regained the society of his sister Dorothy, who had been brought up by a relative. From this time the brother and sister were inseparable.

Wordsworth and his sister took up their abode at Rouden, near Crewkerne, in Somersetshire, and there Coleridge, in 1795, paid them a visit. Coleridge had now become connected with Southey and Lovell, two Bristol men, and was in a great measure located there. The spirit of poetry had revived again after a long period of mere imitation; and by these circumstances three of the chief leaders of literary reform were thus brought together. Southey was a Bristol man, Coleridge was a Devonshire man, Wordsworth a Cumberland man; and Bristol for a time seemed as though it were to have the honour of becoming a sort of western Athens. But Bristol itself had no sympathy with any literary spirit. It is one of those places that have the singular fortune to produce great men, though it never cherishes them. It produced Chatterton, and let him perish; it produced Southey, and let him go away to rear the fabric of his fame where he pleased. The spirit of trade, and that not in its most adventurous or liberal character, was and is the spirit of Bristol. By a wretched and penny-wise policy, even of trade, it has allowed Gloucester, at many miles' distance from the sea, to become a great port at its expense; by the same spirit it has created Liverpool; and whoever now sees its wretched docks coming up into the middle of the town, instead of stretching, business-like and compactly, along the banks of the Avon, its dusty and unwatered streets, and altogether dingy and sluggish appearance, feels at once, that not even the poetry of trade can flourish there. Yet Bristol had the honour thrust upon it of issuing to the world the first productions of Wordsworth, Southey, and Coleridge. Joseph Cottle, the author of Alfred, an epic poem, whom Byron so mercilessly handled, grafting upon him the name of his brother Amos, for the sake of more ludicrous effect,—Joseph Cottle was a bookseller here, and became the patron of those three young, aspiring, but far from wealthy young men.

Coleridge had made the acquaintance of Mr. Thomas Poole, of Nether Stowey, a gentleman of some property, and a magistrate. Mr. Poole was a friend of the two great brother potters, Josiah and Thomas Wedgwood, of Staffordshire; he introduced Coleridge to them, and eventually they settled on him an annuity of 150*l*. a-year; the half of which, however, was afterwards withdrawn by Thomas Wedgwood, or his executors. Poole invited Coleridge to come down to Stowey to see him, and, after his marriage, prevailed on him to go and live in Stowey. The Wedgwoods were accustomed also to visit Mr. Poole; and the same causes drew Wordsworth and Southey occasionally down there. Thus Bristol ceased to be the general rendezvous of this new literary coterie, and the solitudes of Somersetshire received them. People have often wondered what induced this poetical brotherhood to select a scene so far out of the usual haunts of literary men,—so inferior to Wordsworth's own neighbourhood,—as Stowey and its vicinity. These are the circumstances. It was Mr. Poole and cheapness which had a deal to do with it. Poole drew Coleridge; Coleridge and the dreams of Pantisocracy drew most of the others. Wordsworth, I believe, never speculated on the exclusive happiness of following the plough on the banks of the Susquehannah; but the whole of the corps had made the discovery that true poetry was based on nature, and that it was to be found only by looking into their own minds, and into the world of nature around them. They therefore sought, not cities, but solitude, where they could at once read, reflect, and store up that treasury of imagery, full of beauty and truth, which should be reproduced, woven into the living tissue of their own thought and passion, as poetry of a new, startling, and high order. To this life of country seclusion Wordsworth and Southey adhered, from choice, all their after lives.

When Coleridge went to settle at Stowey, Wordsworth also removed to Allfoxden, about five miles further down, near the Bristo' Channel. Here his secluded habits gave rise to some ludicrous circumstances, annoying enough, however, to drive him out of the neighbourhood. He was deep in the composition of poetry. He had a Tragedy on the anvil, a poem called Salisbury Plain (never yet published), and Peter Bell; besides his Lyrical Ballads, which last Cottle brought out while he was here. He sought the deepest solitude, and here, if anywhere, he could find it. Allfoxden House is situated at the very extremity of the Quantock hills, and within about a mile and a quarter of the Bristol Channel. As you advance from Stowey, the Quantock hills run along at some little distance on your left hand. They are of the character of downs, open and moorland on the top, and with great masses of wood here and there on their slopes. The country on your right is level, rich, and well wooded. On arriving near Allfoxden, you turn abruptly to the left; and, winding about through a woody lane, and passing through a little hamlet, you begin to feel as if you were going quite out of the world of mankind. You are at the foot of the hills, and a thick wood terminates your way. But through this wood you have to pass to discover the house where Wordsworth had hidden himself. Entering at a gate, you find yourself in a most Druidical gloom. The wood is of well-grown, tall, and thickly-growing oak; filled still closer with hollies, which were once underwood, but which have shot up, and emulated the very oaks themselves in altitude. They are unquestionably amongst the loftiest hollies in England. Altogether the mass of wood is dense, the scene is shadowy, the ground is strewn with its brown carpet of fallen leaves. As you advance, on your right hand you catch a sound of water; and, pursuing it, you find it issues from the bottom of a deep narrow glen or dean, which no doubt gives the name to the place—All fox den, or glen of all the foxes. This glen is a very poetical feature of the place, and especially attractive to a man in Wordsworth's then turn of mind, which led him to the deepest seclusion for the sake of abstraction. Tall trees soar up from its sides, and meet above; some of them have fallen across, dashed down by the wind. Wild plants grow luxuriantly below; woodbines and other creepers climb and cling from bough to bough; and the pure and crystal water hurries along over its gravelly bed, beneath this mass of shade and overhanging banks, with a merry music to the neighbouring sea.

Leaving this glen, you hold on through the wood to the left, and soon emerge into a park, enclosed by hills and woods, where a good country house looks out towards the sea. It is one of the most secluded, and yet pleasantly secluded, houses in England. Around it sweep the hills, scattered with fine timber, beneath which reposes a herd of deer, and before it stretches the sea at a little distance. The house is somewhat raised above the level of the valley, so as to catch the charming view of the lands, woods, and outspread waters below. To the left, near the coast, you catch a view of the walls of St. Audrey, the seat of Sir Peregrine Ackland, pleasingly assuring you that you are not quite cut off from humanity. Below the house lies a sunny flower garden, and behind, the ascending lawn is enriched by finely disposed masses of trees; amongst them some enormous old oaks, and elms of noblest growth. There are two elms, growing close together, of remarkable size and height, beneath which a seat is placed, commanding a view of the park and sea; and just below it a fine, well-grown larch, which used to be a very favourite tree of the poet's. Under these trees he used to sit and read and compose; and no man could have coveted a more congenial study. Here originated or took form many of his lyrical ballads.

If you ascend the park, you find yourself, after a good stout climb, on the open hills. One summit after another, covered with clumps of Scotch firs, allures you to ascend, till at length you find yourself far from any abode, on the high moorland hills, amidst a profound but glorious solitude. Fine glens, with glittering streams, and here and there a lonely cottage sending up its quiet smoke, run amongst these hills, and extensive tracts of woodland offer you all the charms of forest seclusion. The hills which range along behind Stowey cease here, and were the great haunt of Coleridge and Wordsworth. They might, if they pleased, extend their rambles over them, from the abode of the one to that of the other. We find numerous evidences of their haunting of these hills amongst their poems. The ballad of the Thorn is said to be derived hence. Coleridge mentions their name occasionally. He has a poem to a brook amongst the Quantock hills; and the opening of his Fears in Solitude, written in 1798, when he was at Stowey, and quoted at p. 94, is most descriptive of their scenery.

But the views from the Quantock hills are as charming as the hills themselves. From above Allfoxden you look down directly on the Bristol Channel, the little island of Steepholms lying in the liquid foreground, and the Welsh hills stretching along in the back. On your right you see the whole level but rich country stretching away to Bridgewater, and on towards Bristol.

In this pleasant but solitary region we must recollect, however, that the young poets were not left entirely to their solitary rambles and cogitations. Coleridge had his wife and one or two young children with him. Wordsworth had his sister Dorothy, the great companion in his many wanderings through various parts of the kingdom. Then there was Mr. Poole, their common friend at Stowey; Charles Lloyd, the son of the quaker banker of Birmingham, a poet, with the usual fate of a poet, sorrow and an early death, was there part of the time, as a great admirer of and boarder at Coleridge's. Southey, Cottle, Charles Lamb, and the two Wedgwoods, and others, visited them. We may well believe that this knot of friends, young, full of enthusiasm, of the love of nature, and the dreams of poetry, became a source of the strangest wonder to the simple and very ignorant inhabitants of that part of the country. People whose children at the present hour, as will be seen by the account of Coleridge, do not know what a poet means, were not very likely to comprehend what could bring such a number of strange young men all at once into their neighbourhood. What could they be after there? The honest people had no idea of persons frequenting a place but in pursuit of some honest or dishonest calling. They could not see what calling these young gentlemen were following there, and they very naturally set down their busines to be of the latter description. They were neither lawyers, doctors, nor parsons. They were neither farmers, merchants, nor, according to their notions, thorough gentlefolks; *i.e.* people who lived in large houses, kept large numbers of servants, and drove about in fine carriages. On the contrary, they went wandering about amongst the hills and woods, and by the sea. They were out, it was said, more by night than by day; and I have heard people of rank and education, which ought to have informed them better, assert, and who still do assert, that they led a very dissolute life! The grave and moral Wordsworth, the respectable Wedgwoods, correct Robert Southey, and Coleridge dreaming of glories and intellectualities beyond the moon, were set down for a very disreputable gang! Innocent Mrs. Coleridge, and poor Dolly Wordsworth, were seen strolling about with them, and were pronounced no better than they should be! Such was the character which they unconsciously acquired, that Wordsworth was at length actually driven out of the country.

Coleridge, writing to Cottle, says, "Wordsworth has beeen caballed against *so long and so loudly*, that he has found it impossible to prevail on the tenant of the Allfoxden estate to let him the house, after their first agreement is expired, so he must quit it at Midsummer.

"At all events, come down, Cottle, as soon as you can, but before Midsummer; and we will procure a horse, easy as thy own soul, and we will go on a roam to Linton and Limouth, which, if thou comest in May, will be in all their pride of woods and waterfalls, not to speak of its august cliffs, and the green ocean, and the vast valley of stones, all which live disdainful of the seasons, or accept new honours only from the winter's snows."

This poetic trip, in company with another strange man, would, of course, be considered by the neighbours to be another smuggling or spy excursion. What else could they be going all that way for, to look at "the green sea," and at great "valleys of stones?"

Wordsworth, always a solemn-looking mortal, even in his youth, was particularly obnoxious to their suspicions, especially as he lived in that large house, in that very solitary place. Hear Cottle's account of the affair.

"Mr. Wordsworth had taken the Allfoxden house, near Stowey, for one year, during the minority of the heir; and the reason why he was refused a continuance by the ignorant man who had the letting of it arose, as Mr. Coleridge informed me, from a whimsical cause, or rather a series of causes. The wiseacres of the village had, it seems, made Mr. Wordsworth the object of their serious conversation. One said, that 'he had seen him wander about by night, and look rather strangely at the moon! And then, he roamed over the hills like a partridge.' Another said, 'he had heard him mutter, as he walked, in some outlandish brogue, that nobody could understand!' Another said, 'It's useless to talk, Thomas; I think he is what people call "a wise man"' (a conjuror!). Another said, 'You are every one of you wrong. I know what he is. We have all met him tramping away towards the sea. Would any man in his senses take all that trouble to look at a parcel of water? I think he carries on a snug business in the smuggling line, and, in these journeys, is on the look-out for some *wet* cargo!' Another very significantly said, 'I know that he has got a private still in his cellar; for I once passed his house at a little better than a hundred yards' distance, and I could smell the spirits as plain as an ashen fagot at Christmas.' Another said, 'However that was, he is surely a desperd French jacobin; for he is so silent and dark that nobody ever heard him say one word about politics.' And thus these ignoramuses drove from their village a greater ornament than will ever again be found amongst them."

Southey once thought of settling near Neath instead of the Lakes, and had pitched on a house which was to let, but the owner refused to receive him as tenant, because he had heard a rumour of his being a jacobin.

Cottle gives an amusing adventure at Allfoxden, which must not be omitted. "A visit to Mr. Coleridge at Stowey, in the year 1797, had been the means of my introduction to Mr. Wordsworth. Soon after our acquaintance had commenced, Mr. Wordsworth happened to be in Bristol, and asked me to spend a day or two with him at Allfoxden. I consented, and drove him down in a gig. We called for Mr. Coleridge, Miss Wordsworth, and the servant at Stowey; and they walked, while we rode to Mr. Wordsworth's house, distant two or three miles, where we purposed to dine. A London alderman would smile at our bill of fare. It consisted of philosopher's viands; namely, a bottle of brandy, a noble loaf, and a stout piece of cheese; and as there was plenty of lettuces in the garden, with all these comforts we calculated on doing very well.

"Our fond hopes, however, were somewhat damped, by finding that our stout piece of cheese had vanished! A sturdy *rat* of a beggar, whom we had relieved on the road, with his olfactories all alive, no doubt, *smelt* our cheese; and, while we were gazing at the magnificent clouds, contrived to abstract our treasure. Cruel tramp! an ill return for our pence! We both wished the rind might not choke him! The mournful fact was ascertained a little before we drove into the court-yard of the house. Mr. Coleridge bore the loss with great fortitude, observing that we should never starve with a loaf of bread and a bottle of brandy. He now, with the dexterity of an adept, admired by his friends around, unbuckled the horse, and putting down the shafts with a jerk, as a triumphant conclusion of his work,—lo! the bottle of brandy that had been placed most carefully behind us on the seat, from the inevitable law of gravity, suddenly rolled down, and, before we could arrest the spirituous avalanche, pitching right on the stones, was dashed to pieces! We all beheld the spectacle, silent and petrified! We might have collected the broken fragments of glass; but the brandy, that was gone! clean gone!

"One little untoward thing often follows another; and while the rest stood musing, chained to the place, regaling themselves with the cogniac effluvium, and all miserably chagrined, I led the horse to the stable, where a fresh perplexity arose. I removed the harness without difficulty, but after many strenuous attempts, I could not get off the collar. In despair, I called for assistance, when aid soon drew near. Mr. Wordsworth first brought his ingenuity into exercise, but, after several unsuccessful efforts, he relinquished the achievement as altogether impracticable. Mr. Coleridge now tried his hand, but showed no more grooming skill than his predecessors; for after twisting the poor horse's neck, almost to strangulation, and to the great danger of his eyes, he gave up the useless task, pronouncing that the horse's head must have grown—gout or dropsy! since the collar was put on! 'For,' said he, 'it is a downright impossibility for such a huge os frontis to pass through so narrow a collar!' Just at this instant, the servant girl came near, and understanding the cause of our consternation, 'La, master,' said she, 'you do not go about the work in the right way. You should do like this;' when turning the collar completely upside down, she slipped it off in a moment, to our great humiliation and wonderment; each satisfied, afresh, that there were heights of knowledge in the world to which he had not attained.

"We were now summoned to dinner; and a dinner it was, such as every blind and starving man in the three kingdoms would have rejoiced to behold. At the top of the table stood a superb brown loaf. The centre dish presented a pile of the true cos lettuces, and at the bottom appeared an empty plate, where the stout piece of cheese ought to have stood!—cruel mendicant! and though the brandy was clean gone, yet its place was well, if not *better* supplied by a superabundance of fine sparkling Castalian champagne! A happy thought at this time started into one of our minds, that some sauce would render the lettuces a little more acceptable, when an individual in the company recollected a question once propounded by the most patient of men—'How can that which is unsavoury be eaten without salt?' and asked for a little of that valuable culinary article. 'Indeed, Sir,' said Betty, 'I quite forgot to buy salt.' A general laugh followed the announcement, in which our host heartily joined. This was nothing. We had plenty of other good things; and while crunching our succulents, and munching our crusts, we pitied the far worse condition of those, perchance as hungry as ourselves, who were forced to dine alone, off ether. For our next meal, the mile-off village furnished all that could be desired, and these trifling incidents present the sum and the result of half the little passing disasters of life."

In September of 1798, Wordsworth, his sister, and Coleridge, set out for Germany. On his return to England he settled at Grasmere, about the beginning of this century. At Grasmere, he resided in two or three different houses; one was Town-end, where his friends the Cooksons now reside; another at Allan-bank, at a white house on the hill-side, conspicuous in our vignette; a third, the parsonage. He continued to live at Grasmere fifteen years, and in 1811 removed to Rydal Mount, where he spent the remainder of his years.

His patrimony could not have been large, as I have heard Mrs. Wordsworth say, that, at the time of their marriage, they had in joint income about one hundred pounds a-year. This, however, would go a good way with a young couple, of simple habits, in a place like Grasmere at that time of day; and he did not hesitate in those circumstances to expect any one staying with him to pay for their board. Mrs Wordsworth was a Miss Hutchinson of Cockermouth. Poetry was Wordsworth's real business from the first, and it continued the great business of his life. His sister Dorothy, also gifted with considerable poetic power, as may be seen in the Address to a Child during a boisterous winter evening, and The Mother's Return, at pp. 9 and 12 of the first volume of his poems, as well as in the Journal of their Wanderings together, was his great and congenial companion. She had a passion for nature not less ardent than his own, and went on at his side, fearless of rain, or cold, or tempest, nor shrinking from heat. She was ready to climb the mountain, to cross the torrent, or slide down the slippery steep, with equal boldness and skill, derived from long practice. With him she traversed a great part of Scotland, Wales, and parts of England. He describes their thus setting out from Grasmere:—

> "To cull contentment upon wildest shores,
> And luxuries extract from bleakest moors;
> With prompt embrace all beauty to enfold,
> And having rights in all that we behold."

To this ramble, chiefly on foot, we are indebted for some of the most vigorous and characteristic lyrics that Wordsworth ever wrote. He was young, ardent, and overflowing with enthusiasm; and the soil of Scotland, on which so many deeds of martial fame had been done, or where Ossian had sung in the misty years of far-off times, or other bards whose names had for centuries been embalmed in the strains which the spirit of the people had perpetuated, kindled in him a fervent sympathy. We can imagine the delighted brother and sister marching on, over the beautiful hills, the dark heaths, and down the enchanting vales of the Highlands, conversing eagerly of the scenes they had seen, and the incidents they had heard, till the glowing thoughts had formed themselves, in the poet's mind, into almost instant song. These poems have all the character of having been cast, hot from the furnace of inspiration, into their present mould. There is a life, an original freshness, and a native music about them. Such are Ellen Irvine, or the Braes of Kirtle; To a Highland Girl; Glen Almain, or the Solitary Glen: Stepping Westwood; The Solitary Reaper; Rob Roy's Grave; Yarrow Revisited; In the Pass of Killicranky; The Jolly Matron of Jedburgh and her Husband; The Blind Highland Boy; The Brownie's Cell; Cora Linn, &c.

It was to this beloved companion of his wanderings that he, the year afterwards, addressed the beautiful verses, on revisiting Tintern.—Vol. II. p. 179.

Was there something in "the shooting gleams of those wild eyes, which foretold that, like the lights of a fitful sky, they should flash and quickly disappear? The mind of that beloved sister went for many years, as it were, before her, and she lived on in a second infancy, carefully cherished in the poet's home.

Wordsworth, as I have observed, devoted himself to no profession but that of poetry. He followed the stream of life as it led him down the retired vale of poetic meditation, but not without, at times, being visited by fears of what the end might be. Of this he gave a graphic description in his poem of Resolution and Independence, the hero of which is the old leech gatherer.

> "I heard the skylark warbling in the sky;
> And I bethought me of the playful hare:
> Even such a happy child of earth am I;
> Even as these blissful creatures do I fare:
> Far from the world I walk and from all care.
> But there may come another day to me—
> Solitude, pain of heart, distress and poverty.

"My whole life I have lived in pleasant thought,
As if life's business were a summer mood;
As if all needful things would come unsought
To genial faith, still rich in genial good.
But how can he expect that others should
Build for him, sow for him, and at his call
Love him, who for himself will take no care at all?

I thought of Chatterton, the marvellous boy,
The sleepless soul that perished in his pride;
Of him who walked in glory and in joy,
Following his plough along the mountain side.
By our own spirits are we deified:
We poets in our youth begin in gladness,
But thereof comes in the end despondency and madness."

But this sad and common fate of poets was not to visit Wordsworth. The devotion he had vowed to nature was to remain hallowed, happy, and unbroken to the end. His lot was to be the very *ideal* of the poetic lot. He was to live amid his native mountains, guaranteed against care and poverty; at liberty to roam at will amid beauty and solitude; to work out his deepest thoughts in stately verse, and in his old age to receive there the reverence of his countrymen. He had the interest of the Lowther family. By that he was appointed distributor of stamps for the counties of Cumberland and Westmorland; in his case a mere sinecure, for the business of the office was easily executed by one or more experienced clerks. His three children married well: his eldest son, a clergyman, to a daughter of Mr. Curwen, formerly M.P.; and his daughter to Mr. Quillinan. This charming woman is since deceased. His second son has succeeded him in his stamp-distributorship. Wordsworth succeeded Southey in the laureateship, and had superadded a pension of three or four hundred a-year. Perhaps none of the purely poetic tribe laboured less for fortune, and few have been more fortunate. The early experience of himself and his poetic cotemporaries is very instructive to all who seek to realize a reputation; it is, to have faith, to persevere, and believe nature and not critics. Never was a fiercer onslaught made than by the Edinburgh Review on the whole race of poets who then arose. With the same fatality which has since led that journal to declare that no steamer would be able to cross the Atlantic, and that Grey, the author of the railway system, was a madman and ought to be put into Bedlam, it denounced the whole class of young poets, who were destined to revive real poetry in the land, as it afterwards did Lord Byron, as drivellers and fools. Scotland, having starved to death its own Burns, made a determined attempt to annihilate all the rising poetry of England. It commenced the review of Wordsworth's Excursion with the ludicrous words,—"This will never do!" and declared that there was not a line of poetry, or scarcely of common sense, in it, "From the hour that the driveller squatted himself down in the sun, to the end of his preaching." If any unfortunate author had made one-tenth of the gross blunders which Jeffrey did in meddling with poets, he would have been pronounced an idiot. But Jeffrey had no conception whatever of poetry; yet in the height of critical conceit, he went on, dwarf as he was, assailing every inspired giant that appeared, till Byron with one cuff settled him. Let every youthful aspirant remember this history; and that if criticism could prevail over genius, we should not at this moment have one great established poet on our list of fame.

It was Professor Wilson who first, in Blackwood's, by the most glowing and eloquent eulogiums, month after month, made Wordsworth popular; and one of the most curious facts in modern literature is that, in the Life and Letters of Wordsworth, Wilson is scarcely mentioned and nowhere thanked.

Wordsworth's poetical philosophy is now thought to be too well known to need much explanation. He has indeed expounded it himself in almost every page.

Yet, after all the brilliant and profound criticism which has been expended upon it, by almost every review in these kingdoms, and by every writer on poetry and poets, the simple truth remains to be told. The fact lies too much on the surface for very deep and metaphysical divers to perceive. And what, then, is the fundamental philosophy of Wordsworth?

It is, what he, perhaps, would himself have started to hear, simply a poetic Quakerism. The Quaker's religious faith is in immediate inspiration. He believes that if he "centres down," as he calls it, into his own mind, and puts to rest all his natural faculties and thoughts, he will receive the impulses and intimations of the Divine Spirit. He is not to seek, to strive, to inquire, but to be passive, and receive. This is precisely the great doctrine of Wordsworth, as it regards poetry. He believes the Divine Spirit which fills the universe, to have so moulded all the forms of visible nature, as to make them to us perpetual monitors and instructors:—

"To inform
The mind that is within us; to impress
With quietness and beauty, and to feed
With lofty thoughts."

Thus, in Expostulation and Reply, this doctrine is most distinctly pronounced:—

"'Why, William, on that old grey stone,
Thus for the length of half a day,
Why, William, sit you thus alone,
And dream your time away?

"'Where are your books? that light bequeathed
To beings else forlorn and blind!
Up! up! and drink the spirit breathed
From dead men to their kind.

"'You look round on your mother earth,
As if she for no purpose bore you;
As if you were her first-born birth,
And none had lived before you!'

"One morning thus by Esthwaite lake,
When life was sweet, I knew not why,
To me my good friend Mathew spake,
And thus I made reply:—

"'The eye, it cannot choose but see;
We cannot bid the ear be still;
Our bodies feel, where'er they be;
Against, or with our will.

"'Nor less I deem that there are powers
Which of themselves our minds impress;
That we can feel this mind of ours
In a wise passiveness.

"'Think you, 'mid all this mighty sum
Of things for ever speaking,
That nothing of itself will come,
But we must still be seeking?'"

The same doctrine is inculcated in the very next poem, The Tables Turned. Here the poet calls his friend from his books as full of toil and trouble, adding:—

"And hark! how blithe the throstle sings!
He, too, is no mean preacher:
Come forth into the light of things,
Let Nature be your teacher.

"She has a world of ready wealth
Our minds and hearts to bless—
Spontaneous wisdom breathed by health,
Truth breathed by cheerfulness.

"One impulse from a vernal wood
May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good,
Than all the sages can.

"Sweet is the lore which Nature brings;
Our meddling intellect
Mis-shapes the beauteous forms of things;
We murder to dissect.

"Enough of science and of art;
Close up these barren leaves;
Come forth, and bring with you a heart
That watches and receives."

Now, if George Fox had written poetry, that is exactly what he would have written. So completely does it embody the grand Quaker doctrine, that Clarkson, in his Portraiture of Quakerism, has quoted it as an illustration, without, however, perceiving that the grand and complete fabric of Wordsworth's poetry is built on this foundation: that this dogma of quitting men, books, and theories, and sitting down quietly to receive the unerring intimations and influences of the spirit of the universe, is identical in Fox and Wordsworth—is the very same in the poetry of the one as in the religion of the other. The two reformers acquired their faith by the same process, and in the same manner. They went out into solitude, into night, and into woods, to seek the oracle of truth. Fox retired to a hollow oak, as he tells us, and with prayers and tears sought after the truth, and came at length to see that it lay not in schools, colleges, and pulpits, but in the teaching of the great Father of Spirits; and that to receive this divine intuition the human soul must withdraw from outward objects, and become wholly passive and receptive. Wordsworth retired to the

"Mountains, to the sides
Of the deep rivers, and the lonely streams,
Wherever Nature led."

And he tells us to this practice he owed

"Another gift
Of aspect most sublime; that blessed mood
In which the burden of the mystery,
In which the heavy and the weary weight

Of all this unintelligible world
Is lightened: that serene and blessed mood,
In which the affections gently lead us on,
Until the breath of this corporeal frame,
And even the motion of our human blood,
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
In body, and become a living soul.
While with an eye made quiet by the power
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
We see into the life of things."—Vol. II. p. 181.

So literal was this in Wordsworth, that Mrs. Wordsworth observed to me that her husband had injured his health by almost ceasing to breathe in his moods of deep abstraction. This is perfect Quakerism; the grand demand of which is, that you shall put down "this meddling intellect, which mis-shapes the beauteous forms of things"—shall lay at rest the actions and motions of your own minds, and subdue the impatience of the body.

It was this very doctrine of the non-necessity of human interference between us and all knowledge, of the all-sufficiency of this invisible and "great teacher," as Wordsworth calls him, which led George Fox and his disciples to abandon all forms of worship, to strip divine service of all music, singing, formal prayers, written sermons, and to sit down in a perfectly passive state of silence, to gather a portion of

"All this mighty sum
Of things for ever speaking,"

into

"A heart
That watches and receives."

"Come out," says Fox, "from all your vain learning and philosophy, from your schools and colleges, from all your teachings and preachings of human instruction, from all your will-worship and your man-made-ministers, and sit down in the presence of Him who made all things, and lives through all things,—who made the ear, the eye, and the heart of man, and lives in and through them, and can and will inform them. Put down every high and airy imagination, every carnal willing and doing; cease to strive in your own strength, and learn to depend on the teaching and strength of the Holy Spirit that filleth heaven and earth; and the light given to enlighten every man that cometh into the world will soon shine in upon you, and the truth in all its fulness will be made known to you far beyond the teaching of all bishops, archbishops, professors, or other swelling men, puffed with the vain wind of human learning. Come out from among them; be not of them; leave the dead to bury the dead. He that sits at the king's table needeth not the dry crumbs and the waste offal of hireling servitors; he that hath the sun itself shining on his head needeth no lesser, much less artificial lights." These, though not his actual words, are the spirit of his words.

In this state he regards man as restored to the original privilege of his nature, and admitted to communion with the spirit of the Creator, and into contact with all knowledge. "He sees into the life of things." So fully did Fox consider that he saw into the life of things, that he believed that the knowledge of the quality of all plants, minerals, and physical substances was imparted to him; and that had he not had a still higher vocation assigned him, as a discerner and comforter of spirits, he could have practised most successfully as a physician. He believed and taught—and Barclay, his great disciple, in his famous Apology, teaches the same thing—that in this state of communion with the Spirit of all knowledge, a man needs no interpreter of the Scriptures; that without any knowledge of the original languages, he can instinctively tell where they are erroneously rendered, and what is the true meaning. He has penetrated to the fountain of truth, and not only of truth, but, to use Wordsworth's words again, of "the deep power of joy." He is raised above all earthly evil and anxiety, and breathes in the invisible presence the pure air of heaven. He is restored to the unity of his nature, to power, intelligence, and felicity. How exactly is this the language of our poet!

"I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man:
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still
A lover of the meadows, and the woods,
And mountains; and of all that we behold
From this green earth; of all the mighty world
Of eye and ear, both what they half create,
And what perceive: well pleased to recognise,
In nature and the language of the sense,
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
Of all my moral being."—Vol. II. pp. 183, 184.

But this doctrine is not the casual doctrine of Wordsworth in one or two casual or isolated poems; it is the foundation and fabric of the whole. It is the great theme everywhere pursued. Of his principal and noblest production, The Excursion, it is the brain, the very backbone, the vitals, and the moving sinews. Take away that, and you take all. Take that, and you reduce the poet to a level with a hundred others. His hero, the wanderer, is a shepherd-boy grown into a pedlar, or pack-merchant, who has been educated and baptized into this sublime knowledge of God speaking through nature. In his sixth year he tended cattle on the hills.

"He, many an evening, to his distant home
In solitude returning, saw the hills
Grow larger in the darkness, all alone
Beheld the stars come out above his head,
And travelled through the wood, with no one near
To whom he might confess the things he saw.
So the foundations of his mind were laid.
In such communion, not from terror free,
While yet a child, and long before his time,
He had perceived the presence and the power
Of greatness."

"He had received a precious gift," the poet tells us, that gift of spiritual perception which the poet himself adds that he also had received. In the features of nature,—

> "Even in their fixed and steady lineaments,
> He traced an ebbing and a flowing mind,
> Expression ever varying. Thus informed,
> He had small need of books."

There "was wanting yet the pure delight of love" in his inspiration, but that came also, and—

> "Such was the boy; but for the growing youth
> What soul was his, when, from the naked top
> Of some bold headland, he beheld the sun
> Rise up, and bathe the world in light! He looked—
> Ocean and earth, the solid frame of earth
> And ocean's liquid mass, beneath him lay
> In gladness and deep joy. The clouds were touched,
> And in their silent faces did he read
> Unutterable love. Sound needed none,
> Nor any voice of joy; his spirit drank
> The spectacle: sensation, soul, and form
> All melted into him: they swallowed up
> His animal being; in them did he live,
> And by them did he live: they were his life.
> *In such access of mind, in such high hour*
> *Of visitation from the living God,*
> *Thought was not; in enjoyment it expired.*
> No thanks he breathed, he proffered no request,
> *Rapt into still communion that transcends*
> *The imperfect offices of prayer and praise,*
> *His mind was a thanksgiving to the Power*
> *That made him; it was blessedness and love!*"

That is one of the finest pieces of Quakerism that ever was written; there is nothing in George Fox himself more perfect. It is a description of that state to which every true Friend aspires; which he believes attainable without the mediation of any priest, or the presence of any church; which Fox and the early Friends so often describe as having been accorded to them in the midst of their public meetings, or in the solitude of the closet, or the journey. It is that state of exaltation, the very flower and glorious moment of a religious life, which is the privilege of him who draws near to and walks with God. That

> "Access of mind,
> Of visitation from the living God,"

when

> "Thought is not; in enjoyment it expires."

It is an eloquent exposition of the genuine worship to which, according to the Friends, every sincere seeker may and will be admitted, when

> "Rapt into still communion that transcends
> The imperfect offices of prayer and praise,
> His mind is a thanksgiving to the Power
> That made him; it is blessedness and love."

But to show how completely Wordsworth's system is a system of poetical Quakerism, I should be obliged to take his Excursion, and collate the whole with passages from the writings of the early

Friends, Fox, Penn, Barclay, Pennington, and others. The Excursion is a very bible of Quakerism. Every page abounds with it. It is, in fact, wholly and fervently permeated by the soul of Quaker theology. The Friends teach that the great guide of life is "the light which enlighteneth every man that cometh into the world;" hence they were originally termed "children of light," till the nickname of Quakers superseded it. They declare this light to be "the infallible guide" of all men who will follow it. What says Wordsworth?

"Early he perceives
Within himself a measure and a rule,
Which to the Sun of Truth he can apply,
That shines for him, and shines for all mankind.
* * * he refers
His notions to this standard; on this rock
Rest his desires; and hence in after life,
Soul-strengthening patience, and sublime content."

The whole of the fourth book, from which this extract is made, is no other than a luminous and vivid exposition of pure Quakerism. The Wanderer is its apostle. He shows how in all ages and countries men have been influenced by this voice of God in nature; and, not comprehending it fully, have mixed it up with the forms and phenomena of nature itself, and shaped religions out of it. Hence the Chaldean faith; hence the Grecian mythology.

"They felt
A spiritual Presence, ofttimes misconceived,
But still a high dependence, a divine
Bounty and government, that filled their hearts
With joy and gratitude, and fear and love;
And from their fervent lips drew hymns of praise,
That through the desert rang. Though favoured less,
Far less than these, yet such in their degree
Were those bewildered pagans of old time."—P. 169.

So say the Friends; and to such a pitch do they carry their belief in their "universal and saving light," that they contend, that to the most savage nations, "having not law, it becomes a law," and that through it the spirit, if not the history of the Saviour is revealed and made operative, and that thus the voice of salvation is preached in the heart where never outward gospel has been heard. The Friends contend that science and mere human wisdom most commonly tend to darken and weigh down this divine principle, to cloud this eternal lustre in the soul. So says the eloquent Wanderer. He asks, Shall our great discoverers obtain less from sense and reason than these obtained?

"Shall men for whom our age
Unbaffled powers of vision hath prepared,
To explore the world without, and world within,
Be joyless as the blind? Ambitious souls,
Whom earth, at this late season, hath produced
To regulate the moving spheres, and weigh
The planets in the hollow of their hand;
And they who rather dive than soar, whose pains
Have solved the elements, or analysed
The thinking principle;—shall they, in fact,
Prove a degraded race? And what avails
Renown, if their presumption makes them such?

O! there is laughter at their work in heaven!
Inquire of ancient wisdom; go, demand
Of mighty nature, if 'twas ever meant
That we should pry far off, yet be unraised;
That we should pore, and dwindle as we pore.

* * * * *

That this magnificent effect of power,
The earth we tread, the sky that we behold
By day, and all the pomp that night reveals—
That these, and that superior mystery,
Our vital frame, so fearfully devised,
And the dread soul within it, should exist
Only to be examined, pondered, searched,
Probed, vexed, and criticised?—Accuse me not
Of arrogance, unknown Wanderer as I am,
If, having walked with nature threescore years
And offered, far as frailty would allow,
My heart a daily sacrifice to Truth,
I now affirm of Nature and of Truth,
Whom I have served, that their DIVINITY
Revolts, offended at the ways of men,
Swayed by such motives, to such ends employed."—Pp. 170, 171.

This divine principle, which can thus outsoar and put to shame the vanity and conceit of science, can also baffle and repulse all the sophistries of metaphysics.

" Within the soul a faculty abides,
That with interpositions which would hide
And darken, so can deal, that they become
Contingencies of pomp, and serve to exalt
Her native brightness."—P. 174.

There, too, Wordsworth and the Friends are entirely agreed, and yet further. This faculty exists in and operates for all; and whoever trusts in it shall, like the Friends, pursue their way, careless of all the changes of fashions or opinions.

" Access for you
Is yet preserved to principles of truth,
Which the Imaginative Will upholds
In seats of wisdom, not to be approached
By the inferior faculty that moulds,
With her minute and speculative pains,
Opinion, ever changing."

He illustrates the operation of this inward and primeval faculty by the simile of the child listening to a shell, and hearing, as it were, the murmurs of its native sea. Such a shell, he says, is

" The universe itself
Unto the ear of faith;"

and in this you have a sanctuary to retire to at will, where you will become victorious over every delusive power and principle. The Friends consider this the glory of our mortal state; and Wordsworth says,—

" Yes, you have felt, and may not cease to feel,
The estate of man would be indeed forlorn,
If false conclusions of the reasoning power
Made the eye blind, and closed the passages
Through which the ear converses with the heart."—P. 178.

But the poet and the Friends agree that there is a power seated in the human soul, superior to the understanding, superior to the reasoning faculty, the sure test of truth, to which every man may confidently appeal in all cases; for it is the voice of God himself. With the poet and the Friends the result of this divine philosophy is the same—the most perfect patience, the most holy confidence in the ever-present divinity; connected with no forms, no creeds, no particular conditions of men; not confined by, not approachable only in temples and churches, but free as his own winds, boundless as his own seas, universal as his own sunshine over all his varied lands and people; whispering peace in the lonely forest, courage on the seas, adoration on the mountain tops, hope under the burning tropics and the blistering lash of the savage white man, joy in the dungeon, and glory on the death-bed.

> "Religion tells of amity sublime,
> Which no condition can preclude: of One,
> Who sees all suffering, comprehends all wants,
> All weakness fathoms, can supply all needs."—P. 175.

There is an illumination for the critics! For these thirty years have they been astounding themselves at the originality of Wordsworth's philosophy, and expounding it by all imaginable aids of metaphysics. We have heard endless lectures on the ideality, the psychological profundity, the abstract doctrines of the poet; his new views, his spiritual communion with and exposition of the mysteries of nature, and of the soul in harmony with nature, &c. &c. That is the simple solution; it is Quakerism in poetry, neither more nor less. The question is, how Wordsworth stumbled on this doctrine—a doctrine on which his great poetical reputation is, in fact, built. Possibly, like George Fox, he found it in his solitary wanderings and cogitations; but more probably he drew it direct from George Fox's Journal itself. It is a curious but a well-known fact, that all that knot of young and enthusiastic writers at Bristol, and afterwards at Stowey and Allfoxden, Wordsworth, Southey, and Coleridge, were deeply read and imbued with the old Quaker worthies. Probably they were made acquainted with them by their two Quaker friends, Lovell and Lloyd. Coleridge was so impressed with their principles, that, though he preached, he did it in a blue coat and white waistcoat, that, as he said, "he might not have a rag of the woman of Babylon on him." He imbibed and proclaimed all the Quaker hatred of slavery and war. He declares in his Biographia Literaria his admiration of Fox. "One assertion I will venture to make, as suggested by my own experience, that there exist folios on the human understanding, and the nature of man, which would have a far juster claim to their high rank and celebrity, if, in the whole huge volume, there could be found as much fulness of heart and intellect as burst forth in many a simple page of George Fox." Southey always cherished the idea of writing the life of George Fox, but never accomplished it. Charles Lamb, another visitor of Stowey, at the time of this youthful effervescence, has recorded his visit to a Friends' meeting, and says, that in it he soon began to ask himself far more questions than he could quickly answer. He declares Sewell's History of the Quakers worth all ecclesiastical history put together. Wordsworth was not only as deeply read in these books as any of them, but was, to my knowledge, remarkably well acquainted with the history and opinions of Friends; he has immortalized the very spade of one of them, Thomas Wilkinson, and—*ecce signum*—has perfected the development of this great poetical system.

There is, perhaps, no residence in England better known than that of William Wordsworth. Rydal Mount, where he lived for more than thirty years, is as perfectly poetical in its location and environs as any poet could possibly conceive in his brightest moment of inspiration. As you advance a mile or more on the road from Ambleside towards Grasmere, a lane overhung with trees turns up to the right, and there, at some few hundred yards from the highway, stands the modest cottage of the poet, elevated on Rydal Mount, so as to look out over the surrounding sea of foliage, and to take in a glorious view. Before it, at some distance across the valley, stretches a high screen of bold and picturesque mountains; behind, it is overtowered by a precipitous hill, called Nab-scar; but to the left, you look down over the broad waters of Windermere, and to the right over the still and more embosomed flood of Grasmere. Whichever way the poet pleased to advance from his house, it must be into scenery of that beauty for mountain, stream, wood, and lake, which has made Cumberland so famous over all England. He might steal away up backward from his gate, and ascend into the solitary hills; or diverging into the grounds of Lady Mary Fleming, his near neighbour, might traverse the deep shades of the woodland, wander along the banks of the rocky rivulet, and finally stand before the well-known waterfall there. If he descended into the highway, objects of beauty still presented themselves. Cottages and quiet houses here and there glance from their little spots of Paradise, through the richest boughs of trees; Windermere, with its wide expanse of waters, its fairy islands, its noble hills, allured his steps in one direction; while the sweet little lake of Rydal, with its heronry and its fine background of rocks, invited him in another. In this direction the vale of Grasmere, the scene of his early married life, opened before him, and Dunmail-raise and Langdale-pikes lifted their naked rocky summits, as hailing him to the pleasures of old companionship. Into no quarter of this region of lakes, and mountains, and vales of primitive life, could he penetrate without coming upon ground celebrated by his muse. He was truly "sole king of rocky Cumberland."

The immediate grounds in which his house stands are worthy of the country and the man. It is, as its name implies, a mount. Before the house opens a considerable platform, and round and beneath lie various terraces and descend various walks, winding on amid a profusion of trees and luxuriant evergreens. Beyond the house, you ascend various terraces, planted with trees now completely overshadowing them; and these terraces conduct you to a level above the house-top, and extend your view to the enchanting scenery on all sides. Above you tower the rocks and precipitous slopes of Nab-scar; and below you, embosomed in its trees, lies the richly ornate villa of Mr. William Ball, a Friend, whose family and the poet's were on such social terms, that a little gate between their premises opened them both to each family alike. This cottage and its grounds were formerly the property of Charles Lloyd, the brother-in-law of Dr. Wordsworth, Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, also a Friend, and one of the Bristol and Stowey coterie. Both he and Lovell have long been dead; Lovell, indeed, was drowned, on a voyage to Ireland, in the very heyday of the dreams of Pantisocracy, in which he was an eager participant.

The poet's house itself is a proper poet's abode. It is at once modest, plain, yet tasteful and elegant. An ordinary dining-room, a breakfast-room in the centre, and a library beyond, form the chief apartments. There are a few pictures and busts, especially those of Scott and himself, a fine engraving of Burns, and the like, with a good collection of books, few of them very modern. In the dining-room there stands an old cabinet, which is a sort of genealogical piece of furniture, bearing this inscription:—

> Hoc op' fiebat A° Dni M°CCCCC°XXV° ex sūptu Will'mi Wordsworth, filii W. fil. Joh. fil. W. fil. Nich. viri Elizabeth filiæ et hered. W. P'ctor de Pengstō quorū aniabus p' picietur De'!

A great part of the labour of laying out the garden, raising the terraces at Rydal, and planting the trees, was that of the poet himself. The property belongs to Lady Fleming, but Wordsworth bought a piece of land lying just below, with the fatherly intent, that should his daughter at any time incline to live there, she might, if she chose, erect a house for herself in the old and endeared situation.

The trees display a prodigality of growth, that make what are meant for walks almost a wilderness. On observing to the poet that he really should have his laurels pruned a little, the old man smiled, paused, and said, with a pardonable self-complacency,—"Ay, I will tell you an anecdote about that. A certain general was going round the place attended by the gardener, when he suddenly remarked, as you do, the flourishing growth of the trees, especially of the evergreens, and said, 'Which of all your trees do you think flourishes most here?'

"'I don't know, Sir,' said James; 'but I think the laurel.'

"'Well, that is as it should be, you know,' added the general.

"Why it should be so, James could not tell, and made the remark.

"'Don't you know,' continued the general, 'that the laurel is the symbol of distinction for some achievement, and especially in that art of which Mr. Wordsworth is so eminent a master? therefore it is quite right that it should flourish so conspicuously here.'

"By this," continued the poet, "James acquired two new pieces of intelligence; first, that the laurel was a symbol of eminence, and that his master was an eminent man, of both which facts he had been before very innocently ignorant."

It may be supposed that, during the summer, Wordsworth being in the very centre of a region swarming with tourists and hunters of the picturesque, and in the very highway of their route, was regularly beset by them. Day after day brought up whole troops of them from every quarter of these kingdoms, and no few from America. The worthy old man professed a good deal of annoyance at being thus lionized, but it was an annoyance which obviously had its agreeable side. No one can doubt that it would have been a far greater annoyance if, after a life devoted to poetry, people, in quest of "the sublime and beautiful," had hurried past, scoured over all the hills and dales, and passed unnoticed the poet's gate. As it was, he had an ever-swinging censer of the flattery of public curiosity tossing at his door. Note after note was sent in, the long levee continued from day to day—the aged minstrel voted it a bore, and quietly enjoyed it.

Some years ago, Mrs. Howitt and myself spending a few days there, we witnessed a curious scene of this kind. The servant came in, announcing that a gentleman and a large party of ladies wished to see the place. "Very well, they can see it," said Mr. Wordsworth.

"But the gentleman wished to see you, Sir." "Who is it?—Did he give his name?" "No, Sir." "Then ask him for it."

The servant went, and returned, saying, "The gentleman said that he knew Mr. Wordsworth's name very well, as everybody did, but that Mr. Wordsworth would not know his if he sent him his card."

"Then say, I am sorry, but I cannot see him."

The servant once more disappeared, and the poet broke forth into a declamation on the bore of these continual and importunate, not to say impudent, visits. In the midst of it the servant entered.

"Well, what did he say?"

"That he had had the honour to shake hands with the Duke of Wellington, and that his last remaining wish in life was to shake hands with Mr. Wordsworth."

This was too good. The poet rose, laughing heartily. Mrs. and Miss Dora Wordsworth, laughing as heartily, gently seized him, each by an arm, and merrily pushed him out of the room. In another minute, we beheld the worthy host bowing to the man who possessed such irresistible rhetoric, and to his large accompaniment of ladies, and doing the amiable, by pointing out to them the prominent beauties of the view.

The life of Wordsworth is not yet written. It is not in the mere family memoir that you see the complete man—the man, as well as the poet and philosopher—the man in his daily habits, and in the character which he presented to those constantly about him. Whatever may be the ideal of a poet, "a man's a man for a' that;" and it is that genuine, domestic, and homely view of him, combined with our conception of his genius, which we always wish to acquire, and so rarely do, from the limnings of filial or kindred biographers, who are generally anxious to present us, not a mortal man, but a hero. The son of Crabbe is an admirable exception to this rule, and he has given us numerous traits of his father which make us smile, but only heighten our regard. And an abundance of such traits had Wordsworth, not yet to be met with in any biography. He was, with all his solemnity and his poetry, a plain man. He did not walk his mountains in stilts, but in good hob-nailed shoes, often with a grey shepherd's plaid on his shoulders, and a broad straw hat, or a simple cloth cap, on his head. You might have taken him for a good honest old countryman, and it would only be by entering into conversation with him that you would discover the man of great mind.

In truth, no man ever devoted a whole life so thoroughly, so exclusively to his art, as did Wordsworth. It was his one and perpetual employment. His distributorship of stamps went on with scarcely a thought from him. To ramble up and down his mountain-glens, humming over and shaping his poetry, was his life-long business. Like almost all poets, he was an actual humming-bird; that is, he went about perpetually humming aloud the verses which he was making. By this hum you might find him at any time if he were on the premises.

By his habit of living almost wholly apart from society, and dwelling in his own mental perceptions, he had certainly acquired a very cold and solemn exterior. His whole soul, and the totality of his sympathies, appeared centred in himself. That he did sympathise with other men you had to learn from his writings. He had, undoubtedly, a very serious conviction that he was nearly the sole, and certainly far the most exalted poet in England. Hogg has recorded, in infinite disgust, his undisguised display of this feeling in the presence of himself and John Wilson; and though Wilson was the man who, by chalking up the praises of Wordsworth regularly and for a long time in Blackwood, as Warren used to chalk up his blacking, did really stem the tide of public ridicule, and accelerate his popularity, we nowhere perceive in Wordsworth, as we have stated, a reciprocation of this generous feeling, and Wilson is scarcely mentioned in the whole Life of Wordsworth, though they lived many years within a few miles of each other. Nay, no one could be long in Wordsworth's company without discovering that he was affected by a deep jealousy of the great fame of Sir Walter Scott, and delighted to depreciate his claims to it, as is very truly noticed by Moore in his Journal.

On the other hand, never was he so happy as when detailing the merits of William Wordsworth, or reading you his poetry; and if you expressed an approbation of any passage, he would say, "Ha! do you like that?" and read it you again. Egotism in him was become a simple and unconscious egotism. Yet in the most ordinary or unceremonious hours of life he never seemed to relax his stately solemnity, and this sometimes gave an irresistibly ludicrous character to his proceedings. Emerson has given a laughable account of his breaking out and declaiming to him some of his verses in school-boy style, and his appearance rendered the more strange by his green goggles.

If you sat down and entered into earnest conversation with him, Mrs. Wordsworth would come very quickly and seat herself on the other side of him. She would bring a great basket of stockings to mend, or would pull off her slipper and begin stitching it. She said that her object on these occasions was to prevent his forgetting to breathe; but you soon discovered another cause. Leigh Hunt observed, even in his youth, that he had a habit of putting his hand into his waistcoat bosom when engaged in argument, and seeming to clutch at himself as he became earnest. This had grown so much upon him, that if not prevented he would soon pull his shirt quite out at his bosom. A hint from time to time by his watchful spouse prevented this catastrophe.

A lady who spent a considerable time at Rydal Mount was, soon after going there, rather astonished at this incident. They were sitting by each other in Grasmere church, to which they had walked, when the poet, taking the skirt of her dress, and spreading it over his knees, whispered to her, "Excuse me, but I forgot to put on my drawers this morning, and I find it very cold."

On another occasion, as they were walking up the mountain side behind Rydal Mount, the poet wrapped in his grey plaid, and wearing a remarkably broad hat, and still more remarkable pair of green spectacles, was haranguing on his poetry in a high and solemn strain, when suddenly he disappeared. The lady, in amazement, looked round, but she could perceive nothing but a very rapid motion and whirling of the dead leaves which filled a ravine beneath her, till, at length, she saw Wordsworth roll out of these leaves at the bottom of the glen. He had set his foot, not upon solid ground, but on this delusive accumulation of leaves, and had spun down the ravine through them to the valley below.

The lady hastened in alarm down the hill side as well as she could, and inquired if he was hurt. To all appearance he was greatly so. He stood motionless, dark and solemn; but to her anxious inquiry, he replied, raising his finger in a most imposing manner, in a deep and serious tone, "Promise me, that while I live you will never mention this circumstance. Promise—promise faithfully." He did not say why he extorted this great promise, but the lady felt that it was because he considered his dignity at stake.

But Rogers once told me a still more amusing occurrence, and appeared to enjoy the relation of it greatly. Soon after being appointed poet laureate, he said, Wordsworth being in town, and his guest, came in one day in great trepidation, exclaiming, "What is to be done? I have received the commands of her Majesty to attend the levee to-morrow. I never was at court in my life, and what is worse, I have no other dress than this in town!" an ordinary morning costume, of not the most fashionable cut. "Oh! never mind," said Rogers, "I'll tog you out. And so," he continued, "we stuffed him into my court suit, as well as we could; but, as he was a much larger man than me, that was no easy matter. However, by dint of labour, we did it. He was buttoned up as tight as a beetle in its shell, and away I sent him in my carriage."

The next day a lady called, and was talking over the incidents of the levee. "But of all things," she said, "I would like to know who that venerable old gentleman was, who knelt so long before the

Queen. Her Majesty smiled most graciously upon him, and there the old gentleman remained, as though he would never get up."

"Ah, madam!" said Rogers, laughing, "he would have been glad enough to get up, I can tell you. That was Wordsworth; but he had my breeches on, and they were so tight for him, that he was actually in despair of ever rising to his feet again."

These are simple incidents which might occur in any one's life; but it is the characteristic solemnity of Wordsworth's demeanour which gives them a peculiar force. To Scott or Campbell, or John Wilson, who with all their reputation could indulge in whim and merriment, they would have been but the laughter of the moment. And who thinks one whit the worse of Wordsworth for such amusing occurrences? He is not the less the great poet, but he is far more the actual man of flesh and blood. It is when we discover that he was like ourselves, had his little oddities and foibles, that we approach nearer to him. He ceases to be to us a mere picture or statue, a mere walking phantasm amongst his mountain mists, and we now feel the pulsation in his extended hand, and know that his blood has warmth in it.

It is well known that the dread of a railroad into the lake country alarmed Wordsworth into the firing off a sonnet against it, and that his annoyance was increased by the launch of a steam-boat on Windermere. There is some mitigation of our surprise, that the poet who knew and had so well described the nuisances of cities and manufacturing towns, should thus see with disgust the beautiful and breezy region of the lakes laid open to them, when we know that this railroad was proposed to be carried close under his beloved retirement; but still it was befitting the generosity of the man, who had, in so many forms, given us an interest in the toil-worn and the lowly, to be prepared to make some sacrifice of that quiet which he had so long and so richly enjoyed, to the spread of health and rational pleasure amongst the humble workers of the mill; remembering his own impressive words:—

"Turn to private life
And social neighbourhood: look we to ourselves;
A light of duty shines on every day
For all, and yet how few are warmed or cheered!"

None of our poets had ampler opportunities of expanding their intellectual horizon, and storing their minds with various and sublime imagery by travel, than Wordsworth. He made numerous tours in Italy, France, Germany, and into all the finest parts of these islands. One of the haunts of Wordsworth must not be omitted, that of Coleorton, the seat of his friend, Sir George Beaumont, the artist, in Leicestershire, where there are several memorials with inscriptions by the poet, erected in the grounds, commemorating his visits there.

Wordsworth lost his very interesting daughter, Dora, before his own death. She was married to Mr. Quillinan in 1841, and died in 1847. His brother, Dr. Wordsworth, Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, died in 1846, and the poet closed his own career in 1850, on the twenty-third of April, the day of Shakspeare's birth and death, having just completed his eightieth year.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

SHEFFIELD has been poetically fortunate. It has had the honour, not to give birth to two eminent poets—a mere accident, but to produce them. Neither Montgomery nor Elliott was born in Sheffield; but there their minds, tastes, and reputations grew. In both poets are strongly recognisable the intellectual features of a manufacturing town. They are both of a popular and liberal tendency of mind. They, or rather their spirits and characters, grew amid the physical sufferings and the political struggles of a busy and high-spirited population, and by these circumstances all the elements of freedom and patriotism were strengthened to full growth in their bosoms. Montgomery came upon the public stage, both as a poet and a political writer, long before Elliott, though the difference of their ages was not so great as might be supposed from this fact, being only about ten years.

It is not my object in this article to compare or to contrast the intellectual characters of these two genuine poets. They are widely different. In both, the spirit of freedom, of progress, of sympathy with the multitude, and of steady antagonism to oppression, manifest themselves, but with much difference of manner. Both possess great vigour, and fervour of feeling; but in James Montgomery the decorums of style are more strictly preserved. We feel that he received his education in a very different school to that of Ebenezer

Elliott. In the still halls and gardens of the Moravian brethren, Montgomery imbibed the softness of bearing, and that peculiarly religious tone, which distinguish him. Amidst the roughest and often most hostile crowd of struggling life, Elliott acquired a more fiery and battling aspect, and he learned involuntarily to thunder against evils, where Montgomery would reason and lament. Yet it would be difficult to say in which all that characterises real patriotism, and real religion, most truly resides. In very different walks they both did gloriously and well, and we will leave to others to decide which is the greater poet of the two. Elliott, by both circumstance and temperament, was led to make his poetry bear more directly and at once upon the actual condition of the working classes; Montgomery displayed more uniform grace, and in lyrical beauty far surpassed his townsman, though not in the exquisite harmony of many portions of his versification. But they are not now to be compared, but to be admired; and nothing is more beautiful than to find in what tone and manner they spoke of each other. Montgomery gave Ebenezer Elliott the highest praise for his genius, and was for years, in the Iris, the only one who could or would see the merit of the great but unacknowledged bard; while Elliott modestly dedicated his poem of "Spirits and Men" to the author of The World before the Flood, "as an evidence of his presumption and his despair."

James Montgomery had a strictly religious education; he was the son of religious parents, and belonged to a preeminently religious body, the Moravian brethren; and the spirit of that parentage, education, and association, is deeply diffused through all that he has written. He was essentially a religious poet. Perhaps there are no lyrics in the language which are so truly Christian; that is, which breathe the same glowing love to God and man, without one tinge of the bigotry that too commonly eats into zeal as rust into the finest steel. We have no dogmas, but a pure and heavenly atmosphere of holy faith, filial and fraternal affection, and reverence of the great Architect of the universe, and of the destinies of man. There is often a tone of melancholy, but it is never that of doubt. It is the sighing of a sensitive heart over the evils of life; but ever and anon this tone rises into the more animated one of conscious strength and well-placed confidence; and terminates in that pæan of happy triumph to which the Christian only can ascend. There is no "dealing damnation round the land" in the religious poetry of James Montgomery; we feel that he has peculiarly caught the genuine spirit of Christ; and a sense of beauty and goodness, and of the glorious blessedness of an immortal nature, accompanies us through all his works. That is the spirit which, more than all other, distinguishes his lyrical compositions; and how many, and how beautiful are they! as, The Grave, The Joy of Grief, Verses on the Death of Joseph Brown, a prisoner for conscience' sake in York Castle, commencing, "Spirit, leave thine house of clay;" The Common Lot, Prayer, The Harp of Sorrow, The Dial, The Mole-hill, The Peak Mountains, A Mother's Love, those noble Stanzas to the Memory of the Rev. Thomas Spencer, The Alps, Friends, Night, and many others in the same volume with the Pelican Island, perhaps some of them the most beautiful and spiritual things he ever wrote. The poetry of Montgomery is too familiar to most readers, and especially religiously intellectual readers, to need much quotation here; but a few stanzas may be ventured upon, and will of themselves more forcibly indicate the peculiar features of his poetical character, than much prose description.

The opening stanzas on the death of Thomas Spencer embody his very creed and doctrine as a poet.

"I will not sing a mortal's praise,
To thee I consecrate my lays,
To whom my powers belong;
These gifts upon thine altar thrown,
O God! accept;—accept thine own:
My gifts are Thine,—be Thine alone
The glory of my song.

"In earth and ocean, sky and air,
All that is excellent and fair,
Seen, felt, or understood,
From one eternal cause descends,
To one eternal centre tends,
With God begins, continues, ends,
The source and stream of good.

"I worship not the Sun at noon,
The wandering Stars, the changing Moon,
The Wind, the Flood, the Flame;
I will not bow the votive knee
To Wisdom, Virtue, Liberty;
'There *is* no God but God,' for me:
—Jehovah is his name.

"Him through all nature I explore,
Him in His creatures I adore,
Around, beneath, above;
But clearest in the human mind,
His bright resemblance when I find,
Grandeur with purity combined,
I most admire and love."

I cannot resist transcribing one more specimen. It is one in which the quaint but adoring spirit of Quarll, Withers, or Herrick, seems to speak; nor shall I ever forget the thrilling tone in which I have heard it repeated by a sainted friend, in whom the love of her Saviour was the very life-blood of her heart, and who resembled him in his beneficent walk on earth as much, perhaps, as it is possible for mortal to do.

THE STRANGER AND HIS FRIEND.

"Ye have done it unto me."—Matt. xxv. 40.

"A poor wayfaring man of grief
Hath often crossed me on my way,
Who sued so humbly for relief,
That I could never answer, 'Nay:'
I had not power to ask his name,
Whither he went or whence he came;
Yet was there something in his eye
That won my love, I knew not why.

"Once when my scanty meal was spread,
He entered;—not a word he spake;—
Just perishing for want of bread,
I gave him all; he blessed it, brake,
And ate,—but gave me part again:
Mine was an angel's portion then,
For while I fed with eager haste,
That crust was manna to my taste.

"I spied him where a fountain burst
Clear from the rock; his strength was gone;
The heedless water mocked his thirst,
He heard it, saw it hurrying on.
I ran to raise the sufferer up;
Thrice from the stream he drained my cup,
Dipt, and returned it running o'er;
I drank, and never thirsted more.

"'Twas night; the floods were out; it blew
A winter hurricane aloof;
I heard his voice abroad, and flew
To bid him welcome to my roof;
I warmed, I clothed, I cheered my guest,
Laid him on my own couch to rest;
Then made the hearth my bed, and seemed
In Eden's garden while I dreamed.

"Stript, wounded, beaten, nigh to death,
I found him by the highway side;
I roused his pulse, brought back his breath,
Revived his spirit, and supplied
Wine, oil, refreshment: he was healed:
I had myself a wound concealed;
But from that hour forgot the smart,
And Peace bound up my broken heart.

"In prison I saw him next, condemned
To meet a traitor's doom at morn;
The tide of lying tongues I stemmed,
And honoured him 'midst shame and scorn:
My friendship's utmost zeal to try,
He asked if I for him would die;
The flesh was weak, my blood ran chill,
But the free spirit cried, 'I will.'

"Then in a moment to my view,
The stranger darted from disguise;
The tokens in his hands I knew,
My Saviour stood before mine eyes:
He spake; and my poor name He named:
'Of me thou hast not been ashamed:
These deeds shall thy memorial be:
Fear not, thou didst them unto Me.'"

But it is not merely in the lyrical productions of his muse that Montgomery has indicated the deep feeling of piety that lives as a higher life in him; in every one of those larger and very beautiful poems, in which we might have rather supposed him bent on indulging his literary ambition, and sitting down to a long and systematic piece of labour, which should remain a monument of the more continuous if not higher flights of his genius, we perceive the same still higher object of a sacred duty towards God and man. In no instance has he been content merely to develop his poetical powers, merely to aim at amusing and delighting. Song has been to him a holy vocation, an art practised to make men wiser and better, a gift held like that of the preacher and the prophet, for the purposes of heaven and eternity. In every one of those productions are still recognised the zealous and devoted spirit of one of that indefatigable and self-renouncing people, who from the earliest ages of the Christian Church have trod the path of persecution, and won the burning crown of martyrdom; and in the present age continue to send out from their still retreats in Europe an increasing and untiring succession of labourers, male and female, to the frozen regions of the north, and to the southern wilds of Africa, to civilize and Christianize those rude tribes, which others, bearing the Christian name, have visited only to enslave or extirpate. The Wanderer of Switzerland, the poem which first won him a reputation, was a glowing lyric of liberty, and denunciation of the diabolical war-spirit of the revolutionary French. It was animated by the most sacred love of country, and of the hallowed ground and hallowed feelings of the domestic hearth. The West Indies was a heroic poem, on one of the most heroic acts which ever did honour to the decrees of a great nation—the abolition of the slave trade. But it was a work not merely of triumph over what was done, but of incentive to what yet remained to do—to the abolition of slavery itself. Time has shown what a stupendous mustering of national powers that achievement has demanded. What a combination of all the eloquence, and wisdom, and exertions, of all the wisest, noblest, and best men of, perhaps, the most glorious period of our history, was needed! Time has shown that the very slave trade was only abolished on paper. That, like a giant monster, that hideous traffic laughed at our enactments, and laughs at them still, having nearly quadrupled the number of its annual victims since the great contest against it was begun. But amongst those whose voices and spirit have been in fixed and perpetual operation against this vile cannibal commerce, none more effectually exercised their influence than James Montgomery. His poem, arrayed in all the charms and graces of his noble art, has been read by every genuine lover of genuine poetry, It has sunk into the generous heart of youth; and who shall say in how many it has been in after years the unconscious yet actual spring of that manly demand for the extinction of the wrongs of the African, which all good men in England, and wherever the English language is read, still make, and will make till it be finally accomplished? What fame of genius can be put in competition with the profound satisfaction of a mind conscious of the godlike privilege of aiding in the happiness of man in all ages and regions of the earth, and feeling that it has done that by giving to its thoughts the power and privileges of a spirit, able to enter all houses at all hours, and stimulate brave souls to the bravest deeds of the heroism of humanity?

There are great charms of verse displayed in the poem of The West Indies. One would scarcely have believed the subject of the slave trade capable of them. But the genial, glowing description of the West Indian islands, of the torrid magnificence of the interior of Africa—

"Regions immense, unsearchable, unknown—
Bask in the splendour of the solar zone;
A world of wonders,—where creation seems
No more the works of Nature, but her dreams,—
Great, wild, and wonderful."

The white villains of Europe, desecrating the name of Christian—Spaniards, Englishmen, Frenchmen, Dutchmen, Danes, and Portuguese—all engaged in the brutal traffic, are sketched with the same vigorous pencil; but the portraiture of the Creole is a master-piece, and I quote it because it still is not a mere picture, but a dreadful reality.

"Lives there a reptile baser than the slave?
—Loathsome as death, corrupted as the grave;
See the dull Creole, at his pompous board,
Attendant vassals cringing round their lord;
Satiate with food, his heavy eye-lids close,
Voluptuous minions fan him to repose;
Prone on the noonday couch he lolls in vain,
Delirious slumbers rock his maudlin brain;
He starts in horror from bewildering dreams;
His bloodshot eye with fire and frenzy gleams;
He stalks abroad; through all his wonted rounds,
The negro trembles, and the lash resounds,
And cries of anguish, shrilling through the air,
To distant fields his dread approach declare.
Mark, as he passes, every head declined;
Then slowly raised—to curse him from behind.
This is the veriest wretch on nature's face,
Owned by no country, spurned by every race;
The tethered tyrant of one narrow span;
The bloated vampire of a living man:
His frame,—a fungus form of dunghill birth,
That taints the air, and rots above the earth:
His soul;—has *he* a soul, whose sensual breast
Of selfish passions is a serpent's nest?
Who follows headlong, ignorant and blind,
The vague, brute-instinct of an idiot mind;
Whose heart 'mid scenes of suffering senseless grown,
Even from his mother's lap was chilled to stone;
Whose torpid pulse no social feelings move;
A stranger to the tenderness of love;
His motley harem charms his gloating eye,
Where ebon, brown, and olive beauties vie:

His children, sprung alike from sloth and vice
Are born his slaves, and loved at market price:
Has *he* a soul?—With his departing breath
A form shall hail him at the gates of death,
The spectre Conscience,—shrieking through the gloom,
'Man, we shall meet again beyond the tomb!'"

There are few more pathetic passages in the English language than these, describing the labours and the extinctions of the Charib tribes.

"The conflict o'er, the valiant in their graves,
The wretched remnant dwindled into slaves;
Condemned in pestilential cells to pine,
Delving for gold amidst the gloomy mine.
The sufferer, sick of life-protracting breath,
Inhaled with joy the fire-damp blast of death;
—Condemned to fell the mountain palm on high,
That cast its shadow from the evening sky,
Ere the tree trembled to his feeble stroke,
The woodman languished, and his heart-strings broke;
—Condemned in torrid noon, with palsied hand,
To urge the slow plough o'er the obdurate land,
The labourer, smitten by the sun's fierce ray,
A corpse along the unfinished furrow lay.
O'erwhelmed at length with ignominious toil,
Mingling their barren ashes with the soil,
Down to the dust the Charib people passed,
Like autumn foliage, withering in the blast;
The whole race sunk beneath the oppressor's rod,
And left a blank among the works of God."

When we bear in mind that these beautiful passages of poetry are not the mere ornamental descriptions of things gone by and done with; but that, though races are extinguished, and millions of negroes, kidnapped to supply their loss, have perished in their misery, the horrors and outrages of slavery remain, spite of all we have done to put an end to them,—we cannot too highly estimate the productions of the muse which are devoted to the cause of these children of misery and sorrow, nor too often return to their perusal.

In the World before the Flood, and Greenland, the same great purpose of serving the cause of virtue is equally conspicuous. The one relates the contests and triumphs of the good over the vicious in the antediluvian ages, and is full of the evidences of a fine imagination and a lofty piety. Many think this the greatest of Montgomery's productions. It abounds with beauties which we must not allow ourselves to particularize here. In Greenland he celebrates the missionary labours of the body to which his parents and his brother belonged. In the Pelican Island he quitted his favourite versification, the heroic, in which he displays so much force and harmony, and employed blank verse. There is less human interest in this poem, but it is, perhaps, the most philosophical of his writings, and gives great scope to his imaginative and descriptive powers. He imagines himself as a sort of spiritual existence, watching the progress of the population of the world, from its inanimate state till it was thronged with men, and the savage began to think, and to be prepared for the visitation of the Gospel messengers of peace and knowledge. It is obvious that vast opportunity is thus given for the recital of the wonders, awful and beautiful, of the various realms of nature—the growth of coral islands and continents in the sea, and the varied developments of life on the land. The last scene, with a noble savage and his grandchild, in which the old man is smitten with a sense of his immortality, and of the presence of God, and praying, is followed in his act of devotion by the child, is very fine. But I must only allow myself to quote, as a specimen of the style of this poem, so different to all others by the same author, one of its opening passages already referred to.

"I was a spirit in the midst of these,
All eye, ear, thought; existence was enjoyment;
Light was an element of life, and air
The clothing of my incorporeal form,—
A form impalpable to mortal touch,
And volatile as fragrance from the flower,
Or music in the woodlands. What the soul
Can make itself at pleasure, that I was;
A child in feeling and imagination;
Learning new lessons still, as Nature wrought
Her wonders in my presence. All I saw,
Like Adam, when he walked in Paradise,
I knew and named by secret intuition.
Actor, spectator, sufferer, each in turn,
I ranged, explored, reflected. Now I sailed
And now I soared; anon, expanding, seemed
Diffused into immensity, yet bound
Within a space too narrow for desire.
The mind, the mind, perpetual themes must task,
Perpetual power impel and hope allure.
I and the silent sun were here alone,
But not companions; high and bright he held
His course; I gazed with admiration on him—
There all communion ended; and I sighed
To feel myself a wanderer without aim,
An exile amid splendid desolation,
A prisoner with infinity surrounded."

James Montgomery was born November 4, 1771, in the little town of Irvine, in Ayrshire; a place which has also had the honour of giving birth to John Galt, and of being for about six months the abode of Robert Burns, when a youth, who was sent there to learn the art and mystery of flax-dressing, but his master's shop being burnt, he quitted Irvine and that profession at the same time. The house in which Burns resided does not seem to be now very positively known, but it was in the Glasgow Vennel. The house where Montgomery was born is well known. It is in Halfway-street, and was pointed out to me by the zealous admirer and chronicler of all that belongs to genius, Mr. Maxwell Dick, of Irvine, in whose possession are some of the most interesting of the autograph copies of Burns's Poems, especially the Cotter's Saturday Night.

The house of Montgomery, at the time of his birth and till his fifth year, was a very humble one. His father was the Moravian minister there, and probably had not a large congregation. We know how the ministers of this pious people will labour on in the most physically or morally desolate scene, if they can hope but to win one soul. The cottage is now inhabited by a common weaver, and consists of two rooms only, on the ground floor, one of which is occupied by the loom. The chapel, which used to stand opposite, is now pulled down. This cottage is located in a narrow alley, back from the street. When sixty years of age, the poet visited his birthplace, and was received there by the provost and magistrates of the town with great honour; in his own words, "the heart of all Irvine seemed to be moved on the occasion, and every soul of it, old and young, rich and poor, to hail me to my birthplace." Accompanied by his townsmen, he visited the cottage of his birth, and was surprised to find the interior marked by a memorial of his having been born there. Mr. Dick, who was present on this occasion, said, that no sooner had he entered the first room, which used to be, as it is still, the sitting-room, than the memory of his childhood came strongly back upon him, and he sat down and recounted various things which he recollected of the apartment, and of what had taken place in it.

The year after this visit to his birthplace, Montgomery received an official letter from the authorities, stating that, as the town-chest contained one of the original manuscripts of the poet Burns, it was requested that he would enrich this depository with a similar gift. He accordingly sent them the original copy of The World before the Flood in manuscript, which is there preserved.

In his fifth year he returned with his parents to Grace Hill, a settlement of the Moravian Brethren, near Ballymena, in the county of Antrim, in Ireland; and where his parents had resided previously to the year of the poet's birth. When between six and seven he was removed to the seminary of the Brethren at Fulneck, in Yorkshire. In the year 1783 his parents were sent out as missionaries to the West Indies, to preach to the poor slave the consoling doctrine of another and a better world, "where the wretched hear not the voice of the oppressor," and "where the servant is free from his master." There they both died. One lies in the island of Barbadoes, the other in Tobago.

"Beneath the lion-star they sleep,
Beyond the western deep,
And when the sun's noon-glory crests the waves,
He shines without a shadow on their graves."

In the Fulneck academy, amongst a people remarkable for their ardour in religion, and their industry in the pursuit of useful learning, James Montgomery received his education. He was intended for the ministry, and his preceptors were every way competent to the task of preparing him for the important office for which he was designed. His studies were various: the French, German, Latin, and Greek languages; history, geography, and music; but a desire to distinguish himself as a poet soon interfered with the plan laid out for him. When ten years old he began to write verses, and continued to do so with unabated ardour till the period when he quitted Fulneck, in 1787; they were chiefly on religious subjects.

This early devotion to poetry, irresistible as it was, he was wont himself to regard as the source of many troubles. It retarded his improvement at school, he has said, and finally altered his destination in life, compelling him to exchange an almost monastic seclusion from society, for the hurry and bustle of a world, which, for a time, seemed disposed to repay him but ill for the sacrifice. It is not to be supposed, however, that his opinion of this change remained the same. In whatever character James Montgomery had performed his allotted work in this world, I am persuaded that he would have performed it with the same conscientious steadfastness. In his heart, the spirit of his pious parents, and of that society in which he was educated, would have made him a faithful servant of that Master whom he has so sincerely served. Whether he had occupied a pulpit here, or had gone out to preach Christianity in some far-off and savage land, he would have been the same man, faithful and devout. But it may well be questioned whether in any other vocation he could have been a tenth part as successfully useful as he has been. There was need of him in the world, and he was sent thither, spite of parentage, education, and himself. There was a talent committed to him that is not committed to all. He was to be a minister of God, but it was to be from the hallowed chair of poetry, and not from the pulpit. There was a voice to be raised against slavery and vice, and that voice was to perpetuate itself on the rhythmical page, and to kindle thousands of hearts with the fire of religion and liberty long after his own was cold. There was a niche reserved for him in the temple of poetry, which no other could occupy. It was that of a bard who, freeing his most religious lays from dogmas, should diffuse the love of religion by the religion of love. He himself has shown how well he knew his appointed business, and how sacredly he had resolved to discharge it, when, in A Theme for a Poet, he asks,—

"What monument of mind
Shall I bequeath to deathless fame,
That after-times may love my name?"

And after detailing the characteristics of the principal poets of the age, he adds:—

"Transcendent masters of the lyre!
Not to your honours I aspire;
Humbler, yet higher views
Have touched my spirit into flame,
The pomp of fiction I disclaim:
Fair Truth! be thou my muse:
Reveal in splendour deeds obscure—
Abase the proud, exalt the poor.

"I sing the men who left their home,
Amidst barbarian hordes to roam,
Who land and ocean crossed,—
Led by a load-star, marked on high
By Faith's unseen, all-seeing eye,—
To seek and save the lost;
Where'er the curse on Adam spread,
To call his offspring from the dead.

"Strong in the great Redeemer's name,
They bore the cross, despised the shame;
And, like their Master here,
Wrestled with danger, pain, distress,
Hunger, and cold, and nakedness,
And every form of fear;
To feel his love their only joy,
To tell that love their sole employ."

The highest ambition of James Montgomery was, then, to do that by his pen which his brethren did by word of mouth. He had not abandoned that great object to which he had as an orphan been, as it were, dedicated by those good men in whose hands he had been left; he had only changed the mode of attaining it. At the very time that he quitted their tranquil asylum and broke forth into the world, he was, unknown to himself and them, following the unseen hand of Heaven. His lot was determined, and it was not to go forth into the wilderness of the north or south, of Labrador or South Africa, but of the active world of England. There wanted a bold voice, of earnest principle, to be raised against great oppressions; a spirit of earnest duty, to be infused into the heart of poetic literature; and a tone of heavenly faith and confidence given to the popular harp, for which thousands of hearts were listening in vain; and he was the man. That was the work of life assigned to him. He was to be still of the UNITAS FRATRUM—still a missionary;—and well has he fulfilled his mission!

Fulneck, the chief settlement of the Moravian Brethren in England, at which we have seen that Montgomery continued till his sixteenth year, is about eight miles from Leeds. It was built about 1760, which was near the time of the death of Count Zinzendorf. It was then in a fine and little inhabited country. It is now in a country as populous as a town, full of tall chimneys vomiting out enormous masses of soot rather than smoke, and covering the landscape as with an eternal veil of black mist. The villages are like towns for extent. Stone and smoke are equally abundant. Stone houses, door-posts, window-frames, stone floors, and stone stairs, nay, the very roofs are covered with stone slabs, and when they are new, are the most completely drab buildings. The factories are the same. Where windows are stopped up, it is with stone slabs. The fences to the fields are stone walls, and the gate-posts are stone, and the stiles are stones reared so close to one another, that it is tight work getting through them. Not a bit of wood is to be seen except the doors, water-spouts, and huge water-butts, which are often hoisted in front of the house on the level of the second floor, on strong stone rests. The walls, as well as wooden frames in the fields, are clothed with long pieces of cloth, and women stand mending holes or smoothing off knots in them, as they hang. Troops of boys and girls come out of the factories at meal times, as blue as so many little blue devils, hands, faces, clothes, all blue from weaving the fresh dyed yarn. The older mill girls go cleaner and smarter, all with coloured handkerchiefs tied over their heads, chiefly bright red ones, and look very continental. Dirty rows of children sit on dirty stone door-sills, and there are strong scents of oat cake, and Genoa oil, and oily yarn. There is a general smut of blackness over all, even in the very soil and dust. And Methodist chapels,—Salems and Ebenezers,—are seen on all hands. Who that has ever been into a cloth-weaving district, does not see the place and people?

Well, up to the very back of Fulneck, throng these crowds and attributes of cloth manufacturing. Leaving the coach and the high road, I walked on three miles to the left, through this busy smoke-land, then through a large village, and then over some fields. Everywhere were the features of a fine country, but like the features of the people, full of soot, and with volumes of vapour rolling over them. Coming, at length, to the back of a hill, I saw emerging close under my feet a long row of stately roofs, with a belfry, or cupola, crowned with a vane in the centre. These were the roofs of the Moravian settlement of Fulneck, the back of which was towards me, and the front towards a fine valley, on the opposite slope of which were noble woods, and a stately old brick mansion. That is the house, and that the estate of a Mr. Tempest, who will have no manufactory on his land. This is the luckiest tempest that was ever heard of; for it keeps a good open space in front of Fulneck clear, though it is elbowed up at each end, and backed up behind with factories, and workpeople's houses; and even beyond Mr. Tempest's estate you see other tall soot-vomiting chimneys rearing themselves on other ridges; and the eternal veil of Cimmerian smoke-mist floats over the fair, ample, and beautifully wooded valley, lying between the settlement and these swarthy apparitions of the manufacturing system, which seem to long to step forward and claim all—ay, and finally to turn Fulneck into a weaving mill, as they probably will one day.

The situation, were it not for these circumstances, is fine. It has something monastic about it. The establishment consists of one range of buildings, though built at various times. There are the school, chapel, master's house, &c., in the centre, of stone, and a sisters' and brothers' house, of brick, at each end, with various cottages behind. A fine broad terrace-walk extends along the front, a furlong in length, being the length of the buildings; from which you may form a conception of the stately scale of the place, which is one-eighth of a mile long. From this descend the gardens, play-grounds, &c, down the hill for a great way, and private walks are thence continued as far again, to the bottom of the valley, where they are further continued along the brook side, amongst the deep woodlands. The valley is called the Tong valley; the brook the Tong; and Mr. Tempest's house, on the opposite slope, Tong hall.

At the left hand, and as you stand in front of the building, looking over the valley, lies the burial-ground, or, as they would call it in Germany, the "Friedhof," or court of peace. It reminded me much of that of Herrnhut, except that it descends from you, instead of ascending. It is covered with a rich green turf, is planted round and down the middle with sycamore trees, and has a cross walk, not two or three, like Herrnhut. I asked Mr. Wilson, the director, who walked with me, whether this arrangement had not originally a meaning—these walks forming a cross. He said, he believed it had, and that the children were buried in a line, extending each way from the centre perpendicular walk, along the cross walk, from a sentimental feeling that they were thus laid peculiarly in the arms of Jesus, and in the protection of his cross. The grave-stones are laid flat, just as at Herrnhut and of the same size and fashion. Here, however, we miss the central row of venerable tombs of the Zinzendorf family, and those simple memorial stones lying around them, every one of which bears a name of patriarchal renown in the annals of this society of devoted Christians. Yet even here we cannot avoid feeling that we walk amid the ashes of the faithful descendants of one of the most remarkable and most ancient branches of God's church, whose history Montgomery has so impressively sketched in a few lines:—

> "When Europe languished in barbarian gloom,
> Beneath the ghostly tyranny of Rome,
> Whose second empire, cowled and mitred, burst
> A phœnix from the ashes of the first;
> From persecution's piles, by bigots fired,
> Among Bohemian mountains Truth retired.
> There, midst rude rocks, in lonely glens obscure,
> She found a people, scattered, scorned, and poor;
> A little flock through quiet valleys led,
> A Christian Israel in the desert fed;
> While roaming wolves that scorned the shepherd's hand,
> Laid waste God's heritage through every land.
> With these the lovely exile sojourned long;
> Soothed by her presence, solaced by her song,
> They toiled through danger, trials, and distress,
> A band of virgins in the wilderness,
> With burning lamps, amid their secret bowers,
> Counting the watches of the weary hours,
> In patient hope the Bridegroom's voice to hear,
> And see his banner in the clouds appear.
> But when the morn returning chased the night,
> These stars that shone in darkness, sunk in light.
> Luther, like Phosphor, led the conquering day,
> His meek forerunners waned, and passed away.
>
> "Ages rolled by; the turf perennial bloomed
> O'er the lorn relics of those saints entombed;
> No miracle proclaimed their power divine,
> No kings adorned, no pilgrims kissed their shrine;
> Cold and forgotten, in the grave they slept:
> But God remembered them:—their Father kept
> A faithful remnant; o'er their native clime
> His Spirit moved in his appointed time;
> The race revived at his Almighty breath,
> A seed to serve him from the dust of death.
> 'Go forth, my sons, through heathen realms proclaim
> Mercy to sinners in a Saviour's name.'
> Thus spake the Lord; they heard and they obeyed;
> —Greenland lay wrapped in nature's heaviest shade;
> Thither the ensign of the cross they bore;
> The gaunt barbarians met them on the shore
> With joy and wonder, hailing from afar,
> Through polar storms, the light of Jacob's star."

The internal arrangements of the establishments are just the same as at all their settlements. The chapel, very much like a Friends' meeting-house, only having an organ; and the bed-rooms of the children are large, ventilated from the roof, and furnished with the same rows of single curtainless beds, with white coverlets, reminding you of the sleeping-rooms of a nunnery.

My reception, though I took no introduction, was most kind and cordial. The brethren have here about seventy boys and fifty girls, as pupils, who had just returned from the Midsummer holidays. and were, many of them, very busy in their gardens. As I heard their merry voices, and caught the glance of their bright eager eyes amongst the trees, I wondered how many would look back hereafter to this quiet sweet place, and exclaim, with the poet who first met the muse here,—

> "Days of my childhood, hail!
> Whose gentle spirits wandering here,
> Down in the visionary vale
> Before mine eyes appear,
> Benignly pensive, beautifully pale:
> O days for ever fled, for ever dear,
> Days of my childhood, hail!"

When Montgomery removed from Fulneck, the views of his friends were so far changed, that we find him placed by them in a retail shop, at Mirfield, near Wakefield. Here, though he was treated with great kindness, and had only too little business, and too much leisure to attend to his favourite pursuit, he became exceedingly disconsolate, and after remaining in his new situation about a year and a half, he privately absconded, and with less than five shillings in his pocket, and the wide world before him, began his career in pursuit of fame and fortune. His ignorance of mankind, the result of his retired and religious education,—the consequent simplicity of his manners, and his forlorn appearance,—exposed him to the contempt of some, and to the compassion of others, to whom he applied. The brilliant bubble of patronage, wealth, and celebrity, which floated before his imagination, soon burst, and on the fifth day of his travels he found a situation similar to the one he had left, at the village of Wath, near Rotherham. A residence in London was the object of his ambition; but wanting the means to carry him thither, he resolved to remain in the country till he could procure them. Accordingly, he wrote to his friends amongst the Moravian Brethren, whom he had forsaken, requesting them to recommend him to his new master, conscious that they had nothing to allege against him, excepting the imprudent step of separating himself from them; and not being under articles at Mirfield, he besought them not to compel him to return. He received from them the most generous propositions of forgiveness, and of an establishment more congenial to his wishes. This he declined, frankly explaining the causes of his late melancholy, but concealing the ambitious motives which had secretly prompted him to withdraw from their benevolent protection. Finding him unwilling to yield, they supplied his immediate necessities, and warmly recommended him to the kindness of the master he had chosen. It was this master, with whom he remained only twelve months, that, many years afterwards, in the most calamitous period of Montgomery's life, sought him out amidst his misfortunes, not for the purpose of offering consolation only, but of serving him substantially by every means in his power. The interview which took place between the old man and his former servant, the evening previous to his trial at Doncaster, ever lived in the remembrance of him who could forget an injury, but not a kindness. No father could have evinced a greater affection for a darling son; the tears he shed were honourable to his feelings, and were the best testimony to the conduct and integrity of James Montgomery.

A curious incident, worth relating here, is told in Holland and Everett's life of the poet, as occurring at the time when he waited at Wath for his testimonials from Fulneck, before being engaged by his new master. Aware of the proximity of Wentworth House, and having heard of the affable and generous character of its noble owner, Earl Fitzwilliam, the young adventurer conceived the idea of presenting him with a copy of verses. Accordingly, with a fluttering heart in his bosom, and a fairly-transcribed copy of his poem in his pocket, he proceeded to Wentworth Park, where he had the good fortune to meet his lordship. The verses were presented, read by the Earl on the spot, and in return the young poet received a golden guinea—the first money which his poetry procured for him.

From Wath he removed to London, having prepared his way by sending a volume of his manuscript poems to Mr. Harrison, then a bookseller in Paternoster-row. Mr. Harrison, who was a man of correct taste and liberal disposition, received him into his house, and gave him the greatest encouragement to cultivate his talents, but none to publish his poems ; seeing, as he observed, no probability that the author would acquire either fame or fortune by appearing at that time before the public. The remark was just ; but it conveyed the most unexpected and afflicting information to our youthful poet, who yet knew little of the world, except from books, and who had permitted his imagination to be dazzled with the accounts which he had read of the splendid success and magnificent patronage which poets had formerly experienced. He was so disheartened by this circumstance, that, on occasion of a misunderstanding with Mr. Harrison, he, at the end of eight months, quitted the metropolis, and returned to Wath, where he was received with a hearty welcome by his former employer. While in London, having been advised to turn his attention to prose, as more profitable than verse, he composed an Eastern story, which he took one evening to a publisher in the east end of the town. Being directed through the shop, to the private room of the great man, he presented his manuscript in form. The prudent bookseller read the title, marked the number of pages, counted the lines in a page, and made a calculation of the whole ; then, turning to the author, who stood in astonishment at this summary mode of deciding on the merit of a work of imagination, he very civilly returned the copy, saying,—“ Sir, your manuscript is too small—it won't do for me ; take it to K——, he publishes those kind of things.” Montgomery retreated with so much confusion from the presence of the bookseller, that, in passing through the shop, he dashed his unfortunate head against a patent lamp, broke the glass, spilt the oil, and, making an awkward apology to the shopmen, who stood tittering behind the counter, to the no small mortification of the poor author, he rushed into the street, equally unable to restrain his vexation or his laughter, and retired to his home, filled with chagrin at this ludicrous and untoward misfortune.

On his journey from London to Wath, which was made in one of the heavy coaches of those days, Montgomery was so much struck by the countenance and appearance of his *vis-à-vis* traveller, that the impression never left his mind. He was stern and silent, with a gloomy visage, like that of a Cortes or Pizarro. His figure was tall and thin; he had an atrabilious countenance, with a spasmodic twitching of the muscles of the face, and a blue beard reaching almost to his keen eyes, from the occasional glances of which Montgomery shrank as from the fascination of a rattlesnake. "He was," said Montgomery, "precisely one of those persons whom you feel it would be unsafe to offend." On the arrival of the coach at Nottingham, this mysterious stranger left it, and Montgomery read upon the label of his portmanteau, "Hon. Captain Byron." No doubt, therefore, that this remarkable individual was no other than the father of the afterwards celebrated poet Lord Byron, and who was on his way to Newstead Abbey.

From Wath, where Montgomery had sought only a temporary residence, he removed in 1792, and engaged himself with Mr. Gales of Sheffield, as an assistant in his business of auctioneer. Gales was also a bookseller, and printed a newspaper, in which popular politics were advocated with great zeal and ability. To this paper Montgomery contributed essays and verses occasionally; but though politics sometimes engaged the service of his hand, the Muses had his whole heart, and he sedulously cultivated their favour; though no longer with those false, yet animating hopes, which formerly stimulated his exertions. In 1794, when Mr. Gales left England, a gentleman, to whom Montgomery was an almost entire stranger, enabled him to undertake the publication of the paper on his own account: but it was a perilous situation on which he entered; the vengeance which was ready to burst upon his predecessor soon fell upon him.

At the present day it would scarcely be believed, were it not to be found in the records of a court of justice, that in 1795 Montgomery was convicted of a libel on the war then carrying on between Great Britain and France, by publishing, at the request of a stranger whom he had never seen before, a song written by a clergyman of Belfast, *nine months before the war began.* This fact was admitted in the court; and though the name of this country did not occur in the libel, nor was there a single note or comment of any kind whatever affixed to the original words, which were composed at the time and in censure of the Duke of Brunswick's proclamation and march to Paris, he was pronounced *guilty*, and sentenced to three months' imprisonment, and a fine of twenty pounds. Mr. M. A. Taylor presided on this occasion. The first verdict delivered by the jury, after an hour's deliberation, was "*Guilty of publishing.*" This verdict, tantamount to an acquittal, they were directed to reconsider, and to deduce the malicious intention, not from the circumstances attending the publication, but from the words of the song. Another hour's deliberation produced the general verdict of "*Guilty.*"

Scarcely had Montgomery, then but about twenty-three years of age, returned to his home, when he was again called upon to answer for another offence. A riot took place in the streets of Sheffield, in which, unfortunately, two men were shot by the military. In the warmth of his feelings he detailed the dreadful occurrence in his paper. The details were deemed a libel, and he was again sentenced to six months' imprisonment, and a fine of thirty pounds. The magistrate who prosecuted him on this occasion is now dead, and Montgomery would be the last man in the world who could permit anything to be said here, in justification of himself, which might seem to cast a reflection on the memory of one who afterwards treated him with the most friendly attention, and promoted his interest by every means in his power.

The active imagination of Montgomery had induced him to suppose that the deprivation of liberty was the loss of every earthly good; in confinement he learned another lesson, and he bore it with fortitude and cheerfulness. In York Castle he had opportunities of amusement, as well as leisure for study; and he found kindness, consolation, and friendship within the walls of a prison. Writing to one of his friends at this time, he says of his prison companions,—"There are four well-behaved persons, who have lived in the most respectable circles, and seen better days; and also eight of the people called Quakers, who are confined for refusing to pay tithes. There are three venerable grey-headed men amongst them. One of the old Quakers is my principal and best companion; a very gay, shrewd, cheerful man, with a heart as honest and as tender as his face is clear and shining." Another was Joseph Brown, who afterwards died in prison, after a confinement of two years, and in whose memory Montgomery wrote a well-known and greatly-admired poem. During confinement he wrote, and prepared for the press, a volume of poems, which he published, in 1797, under the title of Prison Amusements.

I went, in August, 1845, to visit York Castle, with the particular object of seeing the room which Montgomery occupied during his last imprisonment, and where he wrote the Prison Amusements. "The room which I occupied," said the poet to me, "is up-stairs, and is distinguished by a round window between two Ionic pillars, at the end of the building nearest to the city and Clifford's tower, and facing the Court-house." On requesting the turnkey to show me that as the room where Montgomery had been confined, he assured me that it was not the room, but the true place was the corresponding room at the opposite end of the building; and which, in fact, was the scene of his first imprisonment. The poet's first imprisonment was, in many respects, the bitterest; but it was during the second term that the view from his window, commanding the meadows along the Ouse, with their walks, trees, and a particular windmill, caused in him such intense longings for liberty, that the moment he was liberated he hurried out of the court, descended to the Ouse, and perambulated its banks, where he had seen the people so often walking. The poet's account of this enjoyment of his restored liberty is extremely touching: "One fine morning, in the middle of April," says he, "I was liberated. Immediately I sallied forth, and took my walk in that direction from whence, with feelings which none but an emancipated captive can fully understand, I looked back upon the castle walls to the window of that very chamber from which I had been accustomed to look forward with wishful eye and with hope, upon the ground which I was now treading with a spring in my step, as though the very ground were elastic under my feet. While I was thus traversing the fields, in the joy of liberty long wished for and come at last, I diverged from the track, now to the right, then to the left, like a butterfly fluttering here and there, just to prove my legs that they were no longer under restraint, but might tread where they pleased, and that I was in reality abroad in the world again,—not gazing at a section of landscape over stone walls that might not be scaled; nor, when in the castle-yard the ponderous gates or the little wicket happened to be opened, looking up the street from a particular point which might not be passed. To some wise people this may appear very childish, even in such a stripling as I then was, but the feeling was pure and natural."

The castle is spacious. It consists of buildings of different dates and styles, and an ample court. No part of it is old, except a large round tower, called Clifford's Tower, which stands on a mount just within the walls. The rest consists of four buildings. One is the Court-house, in which the county assizes are held, parallel with the river Ouse, from which it is but a few hundred yards distant. Opposite to this is what was once the felons' and crown-prisoners' prison; a building with several Ionic columns in the centre, and two at each end. This is now chiefly occupied by a turnkey's family, and the female prisoners. The large area between these buildings is closed at one end by the debtors' prison, and at the other by Clifford's Tower. Between the tower and the turnkey's house just mentioned stands the new felons' prison. This, as well as the outer court walls and entrance gate, is built of solid stone in castellated style. The room occupied by Montgomery is now in the turnkey's house, and is the bedroom of the servant.

The felons' prison is much in the shape of a fan, forming alternate ranges of cells and court-yards, where the prisoners walk in the daytime. The assizes being just over, there were scarcely any prisoners in the jail except those convicted and awaiting their punishments, of which none were capital, but most of them transportation. These men were all clothed in the convict's dress, a jacket and trousers of coarse cloth, of broad green and yellow check. They were mostly basking in the sun in groups, on the pavement of their respective court-yards, and appeared anything but sad. The whole prison seemed as if hewed out of solid stone; and everywhere were gates of iron, closing with a clang and a twank of the lock behind you, which must sound anything but cheering to a prisoner just conducted in. The openings into the different court-yards were filled with massy iron railing; and the pavements, walls, everything else, was one mass of solid stone. Many of the stones in the wall were nine feet long, and of proportionate quadrature. The chapel presented a range of partitions with strong bars, as for a wild beast's den, in front, and doors behind, so that the prisoners from separate cells are let in there, and cannot get sight of each other. The partition for the women is boarded up in front, so that they are quite unseen, except to the preacher. The windows were everywhere, as it were, a complete network of knotted iron bars ; and the dining-rooms of the prisoners were those long winding passages of massy stone, along which we went to their cells. In these, with the iron gates locked behind them, they stand at a long narrow board fixed along the wall, about the width of a plate, and take their meals. No place surely was at once so clean and so hopelessly ponderous and strong. The very idea of it seemed to weigh on one like a nightmare, and make one stretch one's-self, as for a sense of freedom.

The few women who were in prison, were, of course, convicts. They all rose at our entrance into their room, where they were all together, and curtsied very respectfully ; and if one were to judge from their countenances, we could not think them very criminal. The men seemed hardy, reckless, and inclined to be insolent, for every word uttered in passing along these courts of solid stone was flung back from wall to wall, and was heard in the remotest corners ; and more than once, we heard the convicts take up our words, imitate them in a burlesque style, and then join in laughter at their own audacity. There were numbers of them that we should not be glad to meet in a solitary wood. But the women, had I not known that they were convicts, I should have regarded as a set of as decent, modest, and honest women of the working class as one usually sees. There was no expression of hardened guilt or gross depravity about them. A thoroughly debased woman is one of the most revolting objects in creation ; but how rarely is woman's nature so thoroughly degraded ! How long do the feminine qualities of gentleness and amiability outlive in them the temptations and incentives to crime ! How often are they the tools and victims of men, and how often and readily might they be called back from error to the purest and most devoted virtue !

The beds of all the prisoners were laid on iron frames, supported on solid stones, so that they could cut no wood from them for any purposes of escape. Everywhere, above and below, all was stone, stone, solid stone, and bars of massy iron ; and yet out of even this place there have been escapes.

But the most extraordinary scene in the whole place is an iron cage in the lobby of the keeper's house, containing the irons of the most signal malefactors, and the weapons with which they committed their murders. There are Dick Turpin's shackles, with a massy bar of iron, about two feet long, and more than twenty-eight pounds weight, which were put on his legs when he had twice escaped out of the castle ; and a girdle of iron to put round his waist, with chains and iron handcuffs for his hands. There is the most horrid collection of hedge-stakes, huge and knotted pieces of rails, of pokers, and hammers, of guns, and knives, and razors, with which murders have been perpetrated, each of which the jailer relates. There is a huge piece of a spar and a heavy stone with which one murderer destroyed his victim. The stakes with which three men knocked out the brains of another in a wood. There is a stone, I suppose ten pounds weight at least, hanging by the cord which a mother put round the neck of her infant, and sank it to the bottom of a pond. There is a piece of the skull of Daniel Clarke, murdered, as it is said, by Eugene Aram; and hats battered in, or shot through by the assassin. There are iron bludgeons terminated with knobs of lead, to conceal under coats; and crowbars bent at the end, to force open doors. These, with the casts of the heads of some of the most noted murderers, form a sufficiently horrible spectacle. It is a history of human ferocity and guilt, actually written in iron and in blood, which still dyes the dreadful instruments of its perpetration with its dismal rust of death. Escaping from this exhibition, I did not do as one of the visitors said he must go and do—get a stout glass of brandy to rid him of his queerness; but I did as Montgomery did on escaping from the prison,—went and walked along the footpath by the Ouse, under the noble elms which he had so often seen waving in their greenness from his cell.

From the period of his imprisonment in this place, Mr. Montgomery continued to reside in Sheffield. For the long period of half a century he was essentially bound up with the literary and social progress of the place. Editing, for the greater part of that period, the Iris newspaper, on which his name and writings conferred a popular celebrity; and from time to time sending forth one of his volumes of poetry, there is no question that the influence of his taste and liberal opinions has been greatly instrumental in the growth of that spirit of intelligence and moral culture which highly distinguish Sheffield. With the religious world, as was to be expected, James Montgomery has always stood in high esteem, and in the most friendly relation. Besides the works already mentioned, Montgomery published Songs of Zion in 1822; Prose by a Poet, 1824; A Poet's Portfolio, 1835. His collected works, in three vols., in 1836. Through his own exertions, the proceeds of his pen, and a pension of 150*l.* a-year, in testimony of his poetic merit, the poor orphan who set out from the little shop at Mirfield to seek fame and fortune with less than five shillings in his pocket, for some years retired to an enjoyment of both; and no man ever reached the calm sunshine of life's evening with a purer reputation, or a larger share of the grateful affection of his townsmen, or of the honour of his countrymen in general. One of his oldest friends, from whose written statements I have been enabled to draw some of the facts here given, sketched during his lifetime the following well-merited character of James Montgomery: "It may be said, that nature never infused into a human composition a greater portion of kindness and general philanthropy. A heart more sensibly alive to every better, as well as every finer feeling, never beat in a human breast. Perhaps no two individuals, in manners, pursuits, character, and composition, ever more exactly corresponded with each other, than Montgomery and Cowper. The same benevolence of heart, the same modesty of deportment, the same purity of life, the same attachment to literary pursuits, the same fondness for solitude and retirement from the public haunts of men; and to complete the picture, the same ardent feeling in the cause of religion, and the same disposition to gloom and melancholy. His person, which is rather below the middle stature, is neatly formed: his features have the general expression of simplicity and benevolence, rendered more interesting by a hue of melancholy that pervades them. When animated by conversation, his eye is uncommonly brilliant, and his whole countenance is full of intelligence. He possesses great command of language; his observations are those of an acute and penetrating mind, and his expressions are frequently strikingly metaphorical and eloquent. By all who see and converse with him he is esteemed; by all who know him, he is beloved."

Strangers visiting Sheffield will have a natural curiosity to see where Montgomery so many years resided, and whence he sent forth his poems and his politics. That spot is in the Hartshead; one of the most singular situations for such a man and purpose often to be met with. Luckily, it was in the centre of the town, and not far to seek. Going up the High-street, various passages under the houses lead to one common centre,—the Hartshead,—a sort of *cul de sac*, having no carriage road through, but only one into it, and that not from the main street. The shop, which used to be the Iris office, is of an odd ogee shape, at the end of a row of buildings. It has huge, ogee-shaped windows, with great dark-green shutters. The door is at the corner, making it a three-cornered shop. It was, at the time of my visit, a pawnbroker's shop, the door and all round hung with old garments. The shelves were piled with bundles of pawned clothes, ticketed. The houses round this strange hidden court, in which it stands, are nearly all public-houses, as the Dove and Rainbow, and the like, with low eating-houses, and dens of pettifogging lawyers; and, strange to say, even the pawnbroker's shop was afterwards converted into another beer-house!

But, leaving the beer-house of the Hartshead, we shall find the poet of religion and refinement residing at the Mount, on the Glossop road, the WEST END of Sheffield. It is, I suppose, at least a mile and a half from the old Iris office, and is one regular ascent all the way. The situation is lovely, lying high; and there are many pleasant villas built on the sides of the hill in their ample pleasure grounds, the abodes of the wealthy manufacturers. The Mount, *par excellence*, is the house, or rather terrace, where Montgomery lived. It is a large building, with a noble portico of six fine Ionic columns, so that it seems a residence fit for a prince. It stands in ample pleasure grounds, and looks over a splendid scene of hills and valleys. The rooms enjoy this fine prospect over the valleys of the Sheaf and Porter, which, however, was obscured while I was there with the smoke blowing from the town.

In the drawing-room hung the portrait of the Incognita, on whom the beautiful lyric under that title was written, and which may be found in the same volume as Greenland. As is there stated, he saw the picture at Leamington; it hung, in fact, in his lodgings, and completely fascinated his fancy—and no wonder. It was afterwards purchased by one of his friends, and presented to him.

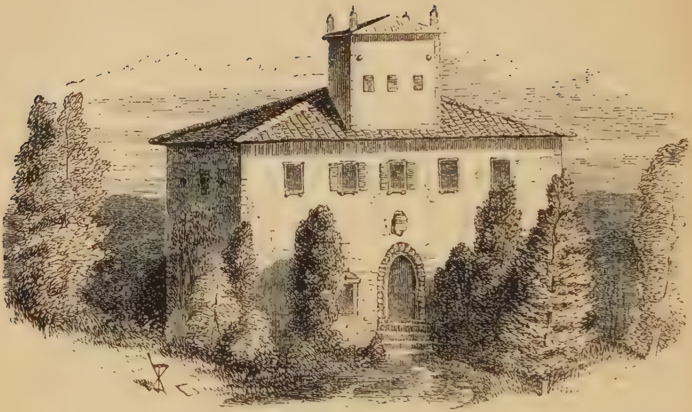
It is evidently a family portrait, and is no doubt by Lely or Kneller, probably by the latter; at all events, by a master. It is of the size of life, three-quarters figure; a slender young lady in a pale silk dress. She is very beautiful, and the expression of her countenance is extremely amiable. All that Montgomery could learn from his landlady was, that it had belonged to Sir Charles Knightly of Warwickshire; and there can, therefore, be little doubt that this fascinating creature, fit to inspire any poet, was one of his family.

Below the mount, on the other side of the road, lie the botanic gardens. These, stretching down the hill-side, are charmingly situated. The kind and active poet, though in his seventy-fifth year, accompanied me to see them. You enter by a sort of Grecian portico, and to the right hand, along the top of the gardens, see a fine, long conservatory, in which the palms, parasitical, and other tropical plants are in the most healthy state. The curator, a very sensible Scotchman, seemed to have a particular pleasure in pointing out his plants to us. What struck me most was, however, not so much the tropical plants, as the size to which he has cultivated certain plants which we commonly see small. The common, sweet-scented heliotrope, in a pot, was at least five feet high, and had a stem quite woody, and at least an inch in diameter. It formed, in fact, a tree, and being in full bloom, filled all the conservatory with its odour. The fuchsias were the same, though this is not so unusual. They were tied up to rods, and reaching to the very roof, formed archways hung with their crimson blossoms. The scarlet geraniums were the same; had stems nearly as thick as one's wrist, and were not, I suppose, less than twelve feet high. How much superior to the dwarf state in which we usually keep this magnificent plant! which in Australia forms the lofty perennial hedge of gardens, mingled with some woody shrub. The curator said that they cut all the side branches from these plants quite close, in the autumn or early spring, and that they shoot out afresh and flower.

The gardens themselves are extensive and beautifully varied. In one place you come to secluded waters and thickets; in another, to an open wide lawn, all filled with beds of every imaginable kind of roses in glowing masses; in another, to the remains of the original forest, with its old trees and heathery sward; and with fine views over the neighbouring valleys in different directions. It is a most delightful place for walking in, and was naturally a great resort and luxury of the poet's. We traversed it, I suppose, for a couple of hours, and talked over a multitude of poets and poetry. At the gate I took my adieu of James Montgomery, the most genuinely religious poet of the age. The visitor to those pleasant gardens will find the memory of the poet beautifully commemorated by several trees which he planted; two of which are Chilian pines, at the head of the principal walk, and immediately in front of the conservatory.

Montgomery died at the Mount, April 30th, 1854, in the eighty-third year of his age. His townspeople honoured him by a public funeral, and he was interred in a beautiful spot of the cemetery, near the western end of the church; one of his own beautiful hymns being sung over the uncovered grave, at the conclusion of the usual burial service, by the choir of the parish church and the children of the boys' and girls' charity-schools, to which the poet had long been a benefactor, and to which he left bequests in his will.

With a wisdom, founded not on calculation, but on a sacred sense of duty, Montgomery made even his ambition subservient to his aspirations as a Christian, and he thus reared for himself a pedestal in the poetic Walhalla of England peculiarly his own. The longer his fame endures, and the wider it spreads, the better it will be for virtue and for man.



WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

Walter Savage Landor is one of the class of fortunate authors. He was born with the silver spoon in his mouth; and he was far more fortunate than the host of those who are born thus; he cared little for the silver spoon of indulgence, and has always been ready to help himself to his share of the enjoyment of life with the wooden ladle of exertion. His fortune has given him all those substantial advantages which fortune can give, and he has despised its corrupting and effeminating influence. It gave him a first-rate education; a power of going over the surface of the earth at his will, of seeing all that is worth seeing at home and abroad, of indulging the real and true pleasure of surveying the varieties and the sublimities of scenery, and studying the varieties and genuine condition of man. Hence his original talents, which were strong, have been strengthened; his mind, which was naturally broad, has been expanded; his classical tastes have been perfected by the scenery of classic countries, while he read the ancient works of those countries, not twisted into pedantic one-sidedness in monkish institutions of barren learning. To him classical literature was but the literature of one, though of a fine portion of the human race. He imbibed it with a feeling of freshness where it grew, but at the same time he did not avert his eyes from the world of to-day. It was humanity in its totality which interested him. Hence the universality of his genius; the healthiness of his tastes; the soundness of his opinions. In stretching his inquiries into all corners of the world he loosened himself from the restrictions of sects, parties, and coteries. Born an aristocrat, he has nevertheless remained fully conscious of the evils of aristocracy; educated at the schools and in the bosom of the Established Church, he is as vividly sensible of the pride and worldliness of the hierarchy as any dissenter, without the peculiar bigotry and narrowness of dissent. Born a gentleman, he has felt with and for the poor; being interested, if men of landed estate are interested, in things remaining as they are, he has announced himself, in no timid terms, for advance, liberty, and law for the many.

These are the characteristics of the man and of his works. His prose and his poetry, his life and his conversation, alike display them. The man is a man of large and powerful physical frame, of a passionate, impulsive, yet reflective mind. There is no disguise about him. He lives, he writes, he talks, from the vigorous strength of this great and equally developed nature, and you cannot be a day in his society without hearing him enunciate every principle of his action, and much of its history. His sentiments and doctrines seem continually to radiate on all around him, from the living central fire of a heart which feels, as a sacred duty, every great truth, which the mind has received into its settled conviction. It is therefore astonishing, after a few hours' conversation with him, to find on opening his works how much of his philosophy you are acquainted with. But though you soon learn, through the noble transparency of Landor's nature, what are his principles of action, you do not soon reach the extent of his thoughts. Those which play about his great principles, which illustrate and demonstrate them, are endless in their variety, and astonish you not the less by their originality than by their correctness. His extensive range of observation through nature, through men and things, has stored his mind with an inexhaustible accumulation of imagery, equally beautiful and effective. Whenever you meet with similes drawn from life or from nature in Landor's writings, you may rely upon their accuracy.

The same accuracy marks his conclusions regarding men and society. He is one of the few who, with the inherited means to distinguish himself in politics, to ascend in the scale of artificial life, to acquire fame and wealth by the ordinary modes of promotion, has reserved himself for a higher ambition, that of directing the future rather than the present, and of living as a philosophical reformer when the bulk of his cotemporaries are dead for ever to this world For this purpose he has stood aloof from the movements of the hour; he has refused to sit in parliament; he has gone and spent years abroad, when shallower thinkers would presume the only patriotic position was at home; and by these means he has qualified himself, in various countries and various society, but chiefly through the steady use of his faculties in poring through men and books, and viewing them on all sides, unfettered by interest and uninfluenced by hope, except that of arriving at a true knowledge of things, to speak with authority. From these causes it is, that there have been and there are few men who will so permanently and so beneficially act on the progress of society as Walter Savage Landor. The independence of his position and of his nature, his thoroughly high and honourable disposition, seeking truth and hating meanness, thus aided by the wide sphere of his observation, stamp upon his experience the characters of indisputable truth and genuine wisdom. He has no petty bias to any party, any school, any religious sect—all his aspirations are for the benefit of man as man; and whatever comes in the way of the growth of what is intrinsically true, beautiful, and beneficent, he attacks with the most caustic sarcasm; strikes at it with the most ponderous or trenchant weapons that he can lay hands upon, and, careless of persons or consequences, calls on all within hearing to help him to annihilate it. In this respect his fortune has enabled him to do much with impunity.

He promulgates doctrines, and attacks selfish interests, in a manner which would, on the other hand, bring down destruction on an author who had to live by his labours. There are critics, and those calling themselves liberal too, who have crushed others for the very deeds for which they have applauded and still continue to applaud Savage Landor. Why? Because they know that Landor is invulnerable through his property. If they raised the hue and cry against him of democrat, republican, of violent, or revolutionary, he would still eat and drink independently of them; his books would remain, and his position and influence would enable it at length to testify against them. There is, moreover, a large class of critics who see principles, when they see them at all, through the medium of a man's condition in the world, and that which is audacious in a poor man becomes only a generous boldness in a rich. If I were to select the opinions of Savage Landor on half-a-dozen great questions from his works, and quote him in all his undisguised strength upon them, I could show half a score men of less fortune who have been immolated by Landor's own admirers for the proclamation of these identical opinions, or whose works have been left unnoticed because they could not very consistently condemn in them what they had eulogized in him! How few men in this country can afford to be honest!

But not the less do I recognise, nor the less estimate, the sacrifices of Landor to immortal truth. Though he could not be deprived of his daily bread for his sins of plain speaking, yet he has had his share of the malevolence of the low and selfish. The reptiles have bitten, and no doubt have stung, at times, deeply, when he has trodden them beneath his feet, or flung amongst them his clinging and scalding Greek fire. But he knows that the fruit of his life will not be lost. Already he has lived long enough to see that the tide of opinion and reform is setting in strongly in the direction which he has indicated. It is amazing what progress the truth has made within the last twenty years; and a man like Landor knows that at every future step it must derive fresh strength from his writings. He has pandered to no corruption, he has flattered no fashion; his efforts are all directed to the uprooting of error and the spread of sound reason; and therefore, the more the latter prevails the more his writings will grow into the spirit of the age. There are those who say that Landor's writings never can be popular. They are greatly mistaken. There is a large reading class, every day becoming larger, in which, were they made cheap enough, they would find the most lively acceptation. It is the class of the uncorrupted people itself. His opinions, and his manly, uncompromising spirit, are just what fall on the popular spirit like showers in summer. They are drunk in with a thirsty avidity, and give at once life and solace. In this respect I do not hesitate to place them amongst the very first of the age.

The poetry of Savage Landor has not been so much read as his prose. His Imaginary Conversations have eclipsed his verse. Yet there is great vigour, much satire, and much tender feeling in his poems, which should render them acceptable to all lovers of manly writing. His Gebir was written early. The scene lies chiefly in Egypt, and introduces sorcerers, water nymphs, and the like characters, which might charm a youthful imagination, but are too far removed from reality to make them general favourites. Yet there is much fine, imaginative, and passionate poetry in this composition. His Hellenics transport you at once to the ordinary life of ancient Greece, and are written with great force, clearness, and succinct effect. His dramas of Count Julian, Andrea of Hungary, Giovanna of Naples, Fra Rupert, the Siege of Ancona, &c., are reading dramas, very fine of their kind. They abound with splendid writing and the noblest sentiments. Giovanna of Naples is one of the finest and most beautiful characters conceivable; and Fra Rupert has furnished Landor with a vehicle for expressing his indignant contempt of a proud, arbitrary, and hypocritical priest. There are many occasional verses, in which the poet has expressed the feelings of the moment, arising out of the connexions and incidents of his life; and these are equally remarkable for their tenderness and their very opposite quality of caustic satire. I must not allow myself to do more than quote a few passages from his poetical writings, which are characteristic of the man. This fine one occurs in the last of his Hellenics, p. 486, Vol. II. of his uniform edition.

> "We are what suns, and winds, and waters make us;
> The mountains are our sponsors, and the rills
> Fashion and win their nurslings with their smiles.
> But where the land is dim from tyranny,
> There tiny pleasures occupy the place
> Of glories and of duties; as the feet
> Of fabled fairies, when the sun goes down,
> Trip o'er the grass where wrestlers strove by day.
> Then justice, called the Eternal One above,
> Is more inconstant than the buoyant form
> That burst into existence from the froth
> Of ever-varying ocean; what is best
> Then becomes worst; what lovliest, most deformed.
> The heart is hardest in the softest climes,
> The passions flourish, the affections die."

This true sentiment is put into the mouth of Count Julian,--page 596, Vol. II.

> "All men with human feelings love their country.
> Not the high-born or wealthy man alone,

Who looks upon his children, each one led
By its gay handmaid from the high alcove,
And hears them once a day; not only he
Who hath forgotten, when his guest inquires
The name of some far village all his own;
Whose rivers bound the province, and whose hills
Touch the last clouds upon the level sky:
No; better men still better love their country.
'Tis the old mansion of their earliest friends,
The chapel of their first and best devotions.
When violence or perfidy invades,
Or when unworthy lords hold wassail there,
And wiser heads are drooping round its moat
At last they fix their steady and stiff eye,
There, there alone, stand while the trumpet blows,
And view the hostile flames above its towers
Spire, with a bitter and severe delight."

There is not less truth than satire in this:—

"In all law-courts that I have ever entered,
The least effrontery, the least dishonesty
Has lain among the prosecuted thieves."—P. 557.

I shall have occasion to quote a few more verses when speaking of Mr. Landor's life. His Imaginary Conversations is the work on which his fame, a worthy and well-earned fame, will rest. From his great experience of men of various nations, and his familiar acquaintance with both ancient and modern literature, he has been enabled to introduce the greatest variety of characters and topics, and to make the dialogues a perfect treasury of the broadest and most elevated axioms of practical wisdom. As I have observed, his station and personal interests have not been able to blind him to the claims of universal justice. He attacks all follies and all selfish conventionalisms with an unsparing scorn, which, in a poor man, would have been attributed to envy; but, in his case, cannot be otherwise regarded than as the honest convictions of a clear-seeing and just mind. In all his writings he insensibly slides into the dramatic form; even in his Pentameron, not less than in his Citation and Examination of William Shakspeare. His Pericles and Aspasia is in the form of letters, a form but one remove from conversation; in fact, conversation on paper. He must raise up the prominent characters of all ages, and, bringing the most antagonistic together, set them to argue some great or curious topic suited to their minds and pursuits. Through all these the author's own sentiments diffuse themselves, and become the soul of the book. Whoever converse, we are made to feel that virtue, generosity, self-sacrifice, and a warm sense of the wants and the true claims of the multitude, animate the soul of the author, and maintain a perpetual warfare against their opposite qualities, and the world's acquiescence in them. Mr. Landor, no doubt, like his fellows, does not despise the advantages which fortune has conferred on him; but he prides himself far more obviously on the power which resides in his pen. In his conversation with the Marchese Pallavicini, that nobleman relates the atrocious conduct of an English general at Albaro, and says, "Your houses of parliament, Mr. Landor, for their own honour, for the honour of the service, and the nation, should have animadverted on such an out rage; he should answer for it." To which Landor replied:—"These two fingers have more power, Marchese, than those two houses. A pen! he shall live for it. What, with their animadversions, can they do like this?"

In his conversation between Southey and Porson, he puts into the mouth of Southey a sentence which all people would do well to ground firmly into their minds, and remember when they are reading reviews:—"We have about a million of critics in Great Britain; not a soul of which critics entertains the least doubt of his own infallibility. You, with all your learning, and all your canons of criticism, will never make them waver." Into Porson's mouth he puts also a great fact, which, had he been a poor man, would have been hurled back on his head, and have crushed him to death. "Racy wine comes from the high vineyard. There is a spice of the scoundrel in most of our literary men; an itch to filch and detract in the midst of fair-speaking and festivity. This is the reason why I have never much associated with them. There is also another. We have nothing in common but the alphabet. The most popular of our critics have no heart for poetry: it is morbidly sensitive on one side, and utterly callous on the other. They dandle some little poet, and never will let you take him off their knees; him they feed to bursting, with their curds and whey. Another they warn off the premises, and will give him neither a crust nor a crumb, until they hear that he has succeeded to a large estate in popularity, with plenty of dependants; then they sue and supplicate to be admitted among the number; and, lastly, when they hear of his death, they put on mourning, and advertise to raise a monument or a club-room to his memory."

In the same conversation he has a striking illustration of the nature of metaphysics. "What a blessing are metaphysics to our generation! A poet or any other who can make nothing clear, can stir up enough sediment to render the bottom of a basin as invisible as the deepest gulf of the Atlantic. The shallowest pond, if turbid, has depth enough for a goose to hide its head in." He has a remark, not the less happy, on the folly of our reading ill-natured critiques on ourselves, and on the light in which those who inform you of them ought to be regarded. "The whole world might write against me, and leave me ignorant of it to the day of my death. A friend who announces to me such things has performed the last act of his friendship. It is no more pardonable than to lift up the gnat net over my bed, on pretext of showing me there are gnats in the room. If I owed a man a grudge, I would get him to write against me; but if any owed me one, he would come and tell me of it."

Here are two opinions worthy of the deepest reflection. "In our days, only men who have some unsoundness of conscience and some latent fear, reason against religion; and those only scoff at it who are pushed back and hurt by it."—Vol. I. p. 372. "More are made insurgents by firing on them than by feeding them; and men are more dangerous in the field than in the kitchen."—P. 379. Mr. Landor's opinion of gambling, even ordinary, every-day play in private houses for money stakes, is expressed with a virtuous force which proves the depth of the feeling against it. "You played! Do you call it playing, to plunder your guests and overreach your friends? Do you call it playing, to be unhappy if you cannot be a robber, happy if you can be one? The fingers of a gamester reach further than a robber's, or a murderer's, and do more mischief. Against the robber or murderer, the country's up in arms at once; to the gamester every bosom is open, that he may contaminate or stab it."—Vol. II. p. 76. Stern to faults which are tolerated, nay, are cherished by society, Savage Landor would be lenient where the wide-spreading misery and degradation of women in the present day calls loudly for a change in our social philosophy.

"*Marvel.*—Men who have been unsparing of their wisdom, like ladies who have been unfrugal of their favours, are abandoned by those who owe most to them, and hated or slighted by the rest. I wish beauty in her lost estate had consolations like genius.

"*Parker.*—Fie, fie, Mr. Marvel! consolations for frailty!

"*Marvel.*—What wants them more? The reed is cut down, and seldom does the sickle wound the hand that cuts it. There it lies; trampled on, withered, and soon to be blown away."

Perhaps there is no one conversation in which so many popular fallacies and customs are so ruthlessly dealt with, as in that between the Emperor of China and his servant Tsing-Zi, who has been in England. His description of the Quakers is most characteristic. Tsing-Zi is astonished at the anti-christian pugnacity of those calling themselves Christians. They make wars to make their children's fortune, and the preachers of the peaceful gospel are ready, if they disagree in a doctrine, to fight like a pair of cockerels across a staff on a market-man's shoulder. One scanty sect is different. "These never work in the fields or manufactories; but buy up corn when it is cheap, sell it again when it is dear, and are more thankful to God for a famine than others are for plenteousness. Painting and sculpture they condemn; they never dance, they never sing; music is as hateful to them as discord. They always look cool in hot weather, and warm in cold. Few of them are ugly, fewer handsome, none graceful. I do not remember to have seen a person of dark complexion, or hair quite black, or very curly, in their confraternity. None of them are singularly pale, none red, none of diminutive stature, none remarkably tall. They have no priests amongst them, and constantly refuse to make oblations to the priests royal."—Vol. II. p. 119.

But there is, in fact, scarcely any great question of religion, morals, government, or the social condition, on which in these conversations the boldest opinions are not expressed in the most unshrinking style. Landor strips away all the finery in which follies, vices, and imposture are disguised for selfish ends, with a strong and unceremonious hand. He lifts up the veil of worldly policy, and showing us the hideous objects behind, says, "Behold your gods, O Israel!" His doctrines are such as would, less than ages ago, have consigned him to a pitiless persecution; they are such as, perhaps, in less than half another century, through the means of popular education, will be the common property of the common mind. The works of Savage Landor, both prose and poetry, place him amongst the very first men of his age. They are masterly, discriminating, and full of a genuine English robustness. "Energy and imagination," he remarked in conversation, "make the great poet." If he does not equal some of our poets in intensity of imagination, there are few of them who can compete with him in energy; and what is peculiarly fortunate, the instinct by which he clings to the real, and spurns the meretricious with contempt, makes him eminently safe for a teacher. You can find no glittering, plausible, destructive monstrosity, whether in the shape of man or notion, which Landor, like too many of our writers, has taken the perverse fancy to deify. His opinion of Buonaparte is a striking example of this. Hazlitt, acute and discriminating as he often was, placed this selfish and brutal butcher on a pedestal for adoration. Landor, in his conversation between "Landor, English visitor, and Florentine visitor," has given us an analysis of his character. He commences this with this remark. "Buonaparte seems to me the most extraordinary of mortals, because I am persuaded that so much power never was acquired by another, with so small an exertion of genius, and so little of anything that captivates the affections; or maintained so long unbroken in a succession of enormous faults, such scandalous disgraces, such disastrous failures and defeats." He shows that he lost seven great armies in succession, which in every case of defeat he abandoned to destruction. If he has not said it in his works he has in conversation, that the true mark of a great man is, that he has accomplished great achievements with small means. Buonaparte never did this. He overwhelmed all obstacles by enormous masses of soldiery. He was as notorious for his recklessness of human life, for no possible end but his own notoriety, for his private cruelties and murders, as for his insolence and undignified anger; scolding those who offended him like a fishwoman, boxing their ears, kicking them, &c. Landor's words have ever been my own—"It has always been wonderful to me, what sympathy any well-educated Englishman can have with an ungenerous, ungentlemanly, unmanly Corsican."

Such is Walter Savage Landor as a writer; let us now look at him as a man. Landor's physical development is correspondent to that of his mind. He is a tall, large man, broadly and muscularly built, yet with an air of great activity about him. His ample chest, the erect bearing of his head, the fire and quick motion of his eye, all impress you with the feeling of a powerful, ardent, and decided man. The general character of his head is fine, massy, ample in phrenological developement, and set upon the bust with a bearing full of strength and character. His features are well formed, and full of the same character. In his youth, Landor must have been pronounced handsome; in his present age, with grey hair and considerable baldness, he presents a fine, manly, and impressive presence. There is instantaneous evidence of the utter absence of disguise about him

You have no occasion to look deep and ponder cautiously to discover his character; it is there written broadly on his front. All is open, frank, and self-determined. The lower part of his face displays much thought and firmness; there is a quick and hawk-like expression about the upper portion, which the somewhat retreating yet broad forehead increases. His eyebrows, arched singularly high on his forehead, diminish the apparent height of the head; but, on looking at his profile, you soon perceive the great elevation of the skull above the line running from the ear to the eye. The structure, the air of the whole man, his action, voice, and mode of talking, all denote an extraordinary personage. His character is most unequivocally passionate, impulsive, yet intellectual and reflective,—capable of excitement and of becoming impetuous, and perhaps headlong, for the fire and strength in him are of no common intensity. One can see that the quick instincts of his nature, that electric principle by which such natures leap to their conclusions, would render him excessively impatient of the slower processes or more sordid biases of more common minds; that he must be liable to great outbursts of indignation, and capable of becoming arbitrary and overbearing: yet you soon find, on conversing with him, that no man is so ready to be convinced of the right, or so free to rectify the errors of a hasty judgment. He has, in short, an essentially fine, high, vigorous nature,—one which speaks forth in every page of his writings, and yet is so different to the stereotype of the world as to incur its dictum of eccentricity.

Walter Savage Landor was born at Warwick, on the 30th of January, 1775; consequently he is in his eighty-second year. The house in which he was born is near the chapel, and has a fine old spacious garden, which, at the time of my visit, was well kept up by his only surviving sister. It is the best house in the town, and had a beautiful front before the improvement of the street required that four or five feet of the basement should be erased. Savage Landor's mother used to spend nearly half the year there, as his sister has done since; for the garden has great charms, swarming with blackbirds, thrushes, and even wood-pigeons, which haunt several lofty elms and horse-chestnuts; which, however, I dare say, are not thought very charming by the gardener.

His family had considerable estates both in Staffordshire and Warwickshire, many centuries ago. His mother was eldest daughter and co-heiress of Charles Savage, Esq., of Tachbrook, whose family were lords of that manor, and of the neighbouring manor of Whitmarsh, in the reign of Henry II., and much earlier. One of this family, according to Rapin, played a conspicuous part in demanding a charter from the weak king, Edward II., and in bringing his minion, Piers Gaveston, to his end. This was Sir Arnold Savage, whom Landor has commemorated by a conversation between him and Henry IV., and by a note at the end of it, viz.—"Sir Arnold Savage, according to Elsyne, was the first Speaker of the House of Commons who appeared *upon any record* to have been appointed to the dignity as now constituted. He was elected a second time, four years afterwards, a rare honour in earlier days; and during this presidency he headed the Commons, and delivered their resolutions in the plain words recorded by Hakewell." One of these was that the king should receive no subsidy till he had removed every cause of public grievance. Landor has come of good patriot blood. The Savages have also figured in Ireland; and Landor has introduced one of them, Philip Savage, Chancellor of the Irish Exchequer in Swift's time, in his Conversation with Archbishop Boulter, also connected by marriage with the Savage family. "Boulter," says Landor, "Primate of Ireland, and President of the Council, saved that kingdom from pestilence and famine in the year 1729, by supplying the poor with bread, medicines, attendance, and every possible comfort and accommodation. Again, in 1740 and 1741, two hundred and fifty thousand were fed twice a-day, principally at his expense, as we find in *La Biographie Universelle*—an authority the least liable to suspicion. He built hospitals at Drogheda and Armagh, and endowed them richly. No private man, in any age or country, has contributed so largely to relieve the sufferings of his fellow-creatures; to which object he and his wife devoted their ample fortunes, both during their lives and after their decease. Boulter was certainly the most disinterested, the most humane, the most beneficent man that ever guided the councils of Ireland." Philip Savage, the chancellor, was so irreproachable, that even Swift, the reviler of Somers, could find in him no motive for satire and no room for discontent. Such was the ancestry of Walter Savage Landor.

Mr. Landor spent the first days of his youth at Ipsley Court, near Redditch, in Warwickshire, which manor belongs to him. You may trace his life and his residences by glimpses in his works. Of his old family mansion he speaks in his Conversation with the Marchese Pallavicini.

"*Pallavicini.*—We Genoese are proud of our door-ways.

"*Landor.*—They are magnificent; so are many in Rome, and some in Milan. We have none in London, and few in the country; where, however, the staircases are better. They are usually oak. I inherit an old, ruinous house, containing one, up which the tenant rode his horse to stable him."

In his poems, too, occurs this:—

WRITTEN IN WALES.

"Ipsley! when hurried by malignant fate
I passed thy court, and heard thy closing gate,
I sighed, but sighing to myself I said,
Now for the quiet cot and mountain shade.
Oh! what resistless madness made me roam
From cheerful friends and hospitable home!
Whether in Arrow's vale, or Tachbrook's grove,
My lyre resounded liberty and love.
Here never Love hath fanned his purple flame,
And fear and anger start at Freedom's name.
Yet high exploits the churlish nation boasts
Against the Norman and the Roman hosts.
'Tis false; where conquest had but reaped disgrace
Contemptuous valour spurned the reptile race.

> Let me once more my native land regain,
> Bounding with steady pride and high disdain;
> Then will I pardon all the faults of fate,
> And hang fresh garlands, Ipsley, on thy gate."

Landor laughingly calls this old house a barracks. It is nearly a hundred feet in front, if not quite, but this portion formed only the offices of the old March house, which the steward of the Savages, the clergyman, pulled down, and built his own with!

He received his education at Rugby, and at Trinity College, Oxford. At Rugby, as we are told by Mr. Horne in his New Spirit of the Age, he was famous for riding out of bounds, boxing, leaping, net-casting, stone-throwing, and making Greek and Latin verses. A droll anecdote is related of his throwing his casting-net suddenly over the head of a farmer who found him fishing in his ponds, and keeping him there till the fellow was tame enough to beg to be allowed to go away, instead of seizing Landor's net, as he had threatened. He was conspicuous there for his resistance to every species of tyranny, either of the masters and their rules, or the boys and their system of making fags, which he violently opposed against all odds; and he was considered arrogant and overbearing in his own conduct. All this, I have no doubt, is quite correct—it is most characteristic of the man and his writings; as well as that he was a leader of the boys in all things, and yet did not associate with them. This trait sticks by him to the present hour. He declares that he never can bear to walk with men; with ladies he can, but not with men, and that to walk in the streets of London drives him mad. To this peculiarity he alludes in the opening of the conversation between Southey and Landor; where also Southey mentions another, which no one can be long in Landor's society without noticing—his hearty peals of laughter at some merry story or other, often of his own.

"*Landor.*—The last time I ever walked hither in company (which, unless with ladies, I rarely have done anywhere), was with a just, a valiant, and a memorable man, Admiral Nichols.

"*Southey.*—I never had the same dislike to company in my walks and rambles as you profess to have, but of which I perceived no sign whatever when I visited you, first at Lantony Abbey, and afterwards on the Lake Como. Well do I remember four long conversations in the silent and solitary church of Sant' Abondio (surely the coolest spot in Italy), and how often I turned back my head towards the open door, fearing lest some pious passer-by, or some more distant one in the wood above, pursuing the pathway which leads towards the tower of Luitprand, should hear the roof echo with your laughter, at the stories you had collected about the brotherhood and sisterhood of the place."

At Oxford, Landor was rusticated for firing off a gun in the quadrangle; and as he never intended to take a degree, he never returned. On quitting the University, he published, in 1793, a small volume of poems. After spending some time in London studying Italian, he went to reside at Swansea, where he wrote "Gebir."

Having been pressed in vain by his friends to enter the army or to study the law, he was moved by his old spirit of resistance to oppression, by the French invasion of Spain. He embarked for that country, raised a number of troops at his own expense, and—being the first Englishman who landed in Spain for the purpose of aiding it—marched with his men from Corunna to Aguila, the head-quarters of General Blake. For this he received the thanks of the supreme junta in the Madrid Gazette, together with an acknowledgement of the donation of 20,000 reals. On the subversion of the constitution by Ferdinand, he returned the letters and documents, with his commission, to Don Pedro Cevallos, telling Don Pedro that he was willing to aid a people in the assertion of its liberties against the antagonist of Europe, but he could have nothing to do with a perjurer and traitor.

I suppose it was before he left Spain that a circumstance occurred which led to his being robbed by George III., of which he often talks. Expressing to a Spanish nobleman, the Marques de Portasgo, a desire to have a ram and a couple of ewes of his celebrated Merino breed, the nobleman replied, "Oh, I will give you a score." Mr. Landor thanked him, but replied, that he did not wish to tax his generosity to that extent. "Oh," said he, "I kill them for mutton: you shall have a score. The king of England is to have a cargo of them, from the flocks of the Prince de Par, and I will send yours in the same ship." The ship arrived; a letter from MacMahon, agent of the Marques, also arrived to say that, "according to promise, there they were, thirty in number, and that on applying to the king's steward, he would have them." Away went Landor to the steward, showed his letter, and demanded his sheep. The steward said he had no commands on the subject. "But his majesty," suggested Landor, "has undoubtedly information of the fact." "That," replied the steward, "is in his own breast." "But on seeing this letter," continued Landor, "his majesty will certainly give command for the sheep to be delivered to me. Be so good as to see that it is laid before his majesty." The steward declined, declaring that it would be at the risk of his place.

On this Landor applied to a nobleman in high favour with the king, and who was well known to himself. On announcing that he wanted him to do him a service, the nobleman replied, "With all the pleasure in the world: anything that is in my power." Landor then explained the case, showed his letter from the Spanish nobleman, and begged that his noble friend would lay the matter before the king. The nobleman seemed struck dumb. After a while, recovering his speech, he exclaimed—"Lay the case before his majesty! Advise his majesty to have thirty Merinos of this quality delivered up to you! Why, Landor, you must be mad. There is not a man in the kingdom who dare do any such thing. It would be his ruin." All similar efforts were in vain, and so the royal farmer kept Landor's sheep. They were at that time worth 1,000*l.* Landor has the subject in his mind when he makes Sheridan say to Wyndham, "I do believe in my conscience he would rather lose the affection of half his subjects than the carcase of one fat sheep. I am informed that all his possessions in Ireland never yielded him five thousand a-year. Give him ten, and he will chuckle at overreaching you; and not you only, but his own heirs for ever, as he chuckled when he cheated his eldest son of what he pocketed in twenty years from Cornwall, Lancashire, and Wales."—Vol. II. p. 179. Landor never relates one of these facts without the other, adding, "When George was asked to account for the revenues of the duchies of Cornwall and Lancaster, and the Principality during the prince's minority, he said he had spent the money in the prince's education! What an education George IV, the prince, must have had!"

If the life of Savage Landor were written, it would be one of the most remarkable on record. He has lived much abroad in the most eventful times in the history of the world. He witnessed the progress of the French Revolution; saw Buonaparte made First Consul; saw him and his armies go out to victory; saw and conversed with the greatest of his generals, and the most remarkable men of those times and scenes. His conversation, therefore, abounds with facts and personages from his own actual knowledge, of which most other men have only read, and many of which no one has read. On the fall of Napoleon he saw him ride, followed by one servant, into Tours, whose inhabitants hated him, and would have rejoiced to give him up to his enemies. He was disguised, but Landor recognised him in a moment. Hating and despising the man as he did, yet he never for an instant dreamed of betraying him. Napoleon rode away, wholly undiscovered by the townsmen.

This is his own account of the affair, communicated by letter to me:—"I had called to pay my respects to Count Miramon, the prefect. The sentinel said, 'Sir, the prefect does not receive on this evening.' I then walked along the esplanade, and had taken two or three turns, when I saw a man in a grey coat, buttoned under the chin, although the weather was hot, trot up to the prefect's gate. The sentinel presented arms; the rider leapt from his horse, leaving him loose. A servant, whom I had not seen, galloped up, took the horse, entered the gate, and it was closed. The figure and the reception struck me at once. The day but one after I called on the prefect. After a few words, letting him know when I called before, and that I was not admitted, I said, 'I was master of a secret too valuable to communicate.' He laid his hand on mine, and said, 'It could not be in better keeping.' Shortly afterwards news was brought of Buonaparte's attempt to escape at Rochefort. I then mentioned to Arthur Clifford, and, about the same time, to General Comte Ornano, what I had seen; and, though the latter was a relative of Napoleon's, neither knew nor believed that the emperor passed through Tours."

Before this time, however, Landor had done what gave him infinite annoyance. I quote the account from Mr. Horne:—"In 1806, Mr. Landor sold several estates in Warwickshire, which had been in his family nearly seven hundred years, and purchased Lantony and Comjoy in Monmouthshire, where he laid out nearly 70,000*l*. Here he made extensive improvements, giving employment daily, for many years, to between twenty and thirty labourers in building and planting. He made a road at his own expense, of eight miles long, and planted and fenced half a million of trees. The infamous behaviour of some tenants caused him to leave the country. At this time he had a million more trees ready to plant, which, as he observed, 'were lost to the country, by driving me from it. I may speak of *their* utility, if I must not of my own.' The two chief offenders were brothers, who rented farms of Mr. Landor to the amount of 1,500*l*. per annum, and were to introduce an improved system of Suffolk husbandry. Mr. Landor got no rent from them, but all manner of atrocious annoyances. They even rooted up his trees, and destroyed whole plantations. They paid nobody. When neighbours and work-people applied for money, Mr. Landor says, 'they were referred to the devil, with their wives and families, while these brothers had their two bottles of wine upon the table. As for the Suffolk system of agriculture, wheat was sown upon the last of May, and cabbage, for winter food, were planted in August or September.' Mr. Landor eventually remained master of the field, and drove his tormentors across the seas; but so great was his disgust at these circumstances that he resolved to leave England." Some years afterwards he caused his house, which had cost him about 8,000*l*., to be taken down, that his son might never have the chance of similar vexations in that place.

To this there want a few additional facts. It was not only the Suffolk farmers, but the general spirit and brutality of the people of the country which wearied and disgusted him beyond endurance. In the verses we have recently quoted he vents unmitigated hatred of the Welsh, as a "churlish nation," and a "reptile race." He seems to have been subjected to a system of universal plunder and imposition. None but they who have lived amongst such a rude, thievish, and unattractive crew can conceive the astonishment and exasperation of it to an intelligent and generous mind. He used to have twenty watchers on his moorland hills night and day to protect his grouse. He had 12,000 acres of land, and never used to see a grouse upon his table. He says the protection of game that he never ate or benefited by, cost him more than he now lives at. Disgusted by all these circumstances, he left the place, and resolved never to return to it. But it was not, as Mr. Horne asserts, before he left England, that he ordered the destruction of his new and splendid house, in which he only resided six months. He ordered his steward to let it. Years went on, and it still remained unlet. Twelve or fifteen years afterwards he chanced to meet with Lord Dillon in Italy, who had once applied to him for its occupation. "How was it," he asked, "that you did not take my house at Lantony?" "How? why, it was not to be let." "It has been to let these dozen years." "You amaze me. I was most anxious to take it, but your steward assured me it was not to be let on any account."

Landor immediately wrote to England to make particular inquiries, and found that the steward was keeping the house to accommodate his own friends, who came down there in parties to shoot his master's grouse. With characteristic indignation, Mr Landor at once ordered the steward to quit his service and estate, and that the house should be levelled to the ground.

The steward had distrained on the Bethunes, the tenants, to the amount of 1,000*l.* "The money," says Mr. Landor, in a letter to me, "he permitted to remain in the hands of the sheriff; and what became of it, wholly or partly, he knows best, I never received one shilling of it, but I received a long bill from him, which was immediately paid out of several thousands that I borrowed at exorbitant interest, my estates being all entailed." Such are a few of the pleasures of property.

In 1811 Mr. Landor married Julia, the daughter of J. Thuillier de Malaperte, descendant and representative of the Baron de Neuveville, first gentleman of the bed-chamber to Charles the Eighth. He went to reside in Italy, and during several years occupied the Palazzo Medici, in Florence. The proprietor dying, and the palace being to be sold, he looked out for a fresh residence, and found that the villa Gherardesca, at Fiesole, with its gardens and farm of about 100 acres, was to be sold, and he purchased it. The villa Gherardesca lies only two miles from Florence, on the banks of the Affrico. It was built by Michael Angelo, and is one of the most delightful residences in the world. Here Landor lived many years, and here, I believe, his family still resides. In both poetry and prose, he frequently refers to this beloved spot with deep feeling and regret, as in the verses commencing—

"Let me sit here and muse by thee
Awhile, aërial Fiesole!
Thy sheltered walks and cooler grots,
Villas, and vines, and olive plots,
Catch me, entangle me, detain me,
And laugh to hear that aught can pain me."—Vol. II. p. 625

And the

FAREWELL TO ITALY.

"I leave thee, beauteous Italy; no more
From thy high terraces at even-tide
To look supine into thy depths of sky,
Thy golden moon between the cliff and me,
On thy dark spires of fretted cypresses,
Bordering the channel of the milky way.
Fiesole and Valdarno must be dreams
Hereafter, and my own lost Affrico
Murmur to me but in the poet's song.
I did believe,—what have I not believed?—
Weary with age, but unoppressed by pain,
To close in thy soft clime my quiet day,
And rest my bones in the Mimosa shade.
Hope! hope! few ever cherished thee so little;
Few are the heads thou hast so rarely raised;
But thou didst promise this, and all was well.
For we are fond of thinking where to lie
When every pulse hath ceased, when the lone heart
Can lift no aspiration . . . . reasoning
As if the sight were unimpaired by death,
Were unobstructed by the coffin lid,
And the sun cheered corruption. Over all
The smiles of nature shed a potent charm,
And light us to our chamber at the grave."—Vol. II. p. 647.

Walter Savage Landor now resides at Bath. In his modest house in St. James's-square, he has surrounded himself with one of the most exquisite miniature collection of paintings in the world. Everything is select, from the highest masters, Raphael, Titian, Correggio, and older and more quaint hands, and everything perfect of its kind. These, including some by our own Wilson, he collected in Italy. His larger collection of larger pictures he gave to his son, on leaving Italy, and brought these only as more adapted to the house he proposed to inhabit. Peace, meditation, and the gradual resumption of simple tasks and habits, seem the leading objects of his present old age. "I have a pleasure," said he, "in renouncing one indulgence after another; in learning to live without so many wants. Why should I require so many more comforts than the bulk of my fellow-creatures can get? We should set an example against the selfish self-indulgence of the age. We should discountenance its extravagant follies. The pride and pomp of funerals is monstrous. When I die I will spend but six pounds on mine. I have left orders for the very commonest coffin that is made for the commonest man; and six of the stoutest and very poorest men to carry me to the grave, for which each shall receive one sovereign."

"But don't you pine for your beautiful Fiesole and its beautiful climate; don't you want your children, especially that daughter whose bust there opposite reminds one so of Queen Victoria?"

"I could wish it, but it is better as it is. *I* cannot live there. They can, and are happy. I have their society in their letters; they are well off, and therefore—I am contented."

With this he diverted the conversation to the decease of a mutual friend. "Ah! what a good, warm-hearted creature that was! There never was a woman so self-forgetting and full of affection. She lies in the churchyard just by here. We used to joke merrily on what is now half fulfilled. 'I shall be buried in —— churchyard,' she once said. 'Why, *I* mean to be buried there myself. My dear Mrs. Price, we'll visit! Being such near neighbours, we'll have a chair, and make calls on one another!'" And at this idea he burst forth into one of those hearty resounding laughs, that show in Landor how strangely fun and feeling can live side by side in the human mind.

Walter Savage Landor is one of those men who are sent into the world strong to teach. Strong in mind and body; strong in the clear sense of the right and the true, they walk unencumbered by prejudices, unshackled by fears. They tread over the trim borders of artificial life, often oversetting its training glasses, and kicking over its tenderest nurslings. They break down the hedge of selfish monopoly, and carry along with them a stake from the gap, to have a blow at the first bull or *bully* they meet in the field. They stop to gaze at the idol of the day when they reach the city, and pronounce it but the scarecrow of last summer new dressed. They enter churches, and are oftener disgusted with the dreadful religion made for God, than delighted with the preaching of that divine benevolence sent down by God for man. They weep at some recollectd sorrow; but remembering that this is but a contagious weakness, they laugh, to make their neighbours awake from sad thoughts, and are pronounced unfeeling. They attack old and bloody prejudices, and are asked if they are wiser than any one else. They know it: the divine instinct, the teaching faculty within them replies—"Yes." They go on strong and unmoved, though fewer perceive their great mission than feel them poking them in the delicate sides of their interests; fewer sympathise with their tenderest and purest feelings than are shocked by their ridicule of old and profitable humbugs. Misunderstood, misrepresented, and calumniated, they go on—nothing can alter them—for their burden and command are from above; yet every day the world is selecting some truth from the truths they have collected, admiring some flower in the bouquet of beauties they have gathered as they have gone through the wilderness, picking up some gem that they have let fall for the first comer after them, till eventually comparing, and placing all side by side, the world with a sudden flash of recognition perceives that all these truths, beauties, and precious things, belonged to the strange, rude man, who *was* actually wiser than anybody else. Long may Savage Landor live to see the fruit of his undaunted mind gradually absorbed into the substance of society!

LEIGH HUNT.

Some forty years ago, three youths went forth, one fine summer's day, from the quiet town of Mansfield, to enjoy a long luxurious ramble in Sherwood forest. Their limbs were full of youth—their hearts of the ardour of life—their heads of dreams of beauty. The future lay before them, full of brilliant, but undefined achievements in the land of poetry and romance. The world lay around them, fair and musical as a new paradise. They traversed long dales, dark with heather—gazed from hill-tops over still and immense landscapes—tracked the margins of the shining waters that hurry over the clear gravel of that ancient ground, and drank in the freshness of the air, the odours of the forest, the distant cry of the curlew, and the music of a whole choir of larks high above their heads. Beneath the hanging boughs of a wood-side they threw themselves down to lunch, and from their pockets came forth, with other good things, a book. It was a new book. A hasty peep into it had led them to believe that it would blend well in the perusal with the spirit of the region of Robin Hood and Maid Marian, and with the more tragical tale of that Scottish queen, the grey and distant towers of one of whose prison-houses, Hardwicke, could be descried from their resting-place, clad as with the solemn spirit of a sad antiquity. The book was *The Story of Rimini.* The author's name was to them little known; but they were not of a temperament that needed names—their souls were athirst for poetry, and there they found it. The reading of that day was an epoch in their lives. There was a life, a freshness, a buoyant charm of subject and of style, that carried them away from the sombre heaths and wastes around them to the sunshine of Italy—to gay cavalcades and sad palaces. Hours went on, the sun declined, the book and the story closed, and up rose the three friends, drunk with beauty, and with the sentiment of a great sorrow, and strode homewards with the proud and happy feeling that England was enriched with a new poet. Two of those three friends have for more than five and thirty years been in their graves; the third survives to write this article.

For forty years and more from that time the author of Rimini has gone on adding to the wealth of English literature, and to the claims on his countrymen to gratitude and affection. The bold politician, when it required moral bravery to be honest; the charming essayist; the poet, seeming to grow with every new effort only more young in fancy and vigorous in style—he has enriched his country's fame, and his country has not altogether forgotten him. Since the former edition of this work was published, a pension of 200*l*. a-year has been conferred on him.

We have the authority of Mr. Leigh Hunt himself, in a memoir written six and forty years ago, for the fact that he was born in 1784, at Southgate. His parents were the Rev. J. Hunt, at that time tutor in the family of the Duke of Chandos, and Mary, daughter of Stephen Shewell, merchant of Philadelphia, whose aunt was the lady of Mr. President West. Thus the poet was by his mother's marriage nearly related to the great American painter; and here, he says, he could enlarge seriously and proudly; but this boasting, it turns out very characteristically, is not of any adventitious alliance with celebrated names, but of a truer and more happy cause of gratulation:—"If any one circumstance of my life could give me cause for boasting, it would be that of having had such a mother. She was, indeed, a mother in every exalted sense of the word—in piety, in sound teaching, in patient care, in spotless example. Married at an early age, and commencing from that time a life of sorrow, the world afflicted, but it could not change her: no rigid economy could hide the native generosity of her heart, no sophistical skulking injure her fine sense, or her contempt of worldly-mindedness, no unmerited sorrow convert her resignation into bitterness. But let me not hurt the noble simplicity of her character, by a declamation, however involuntary. At the time when she died, the recollection of her sufferings and virtues tended to embitter her loss; but knowing what she was, and believing where she is, I now feel her memory as a serene and inspiring influence, that comes over my social moments only to temper cheerfulness, and over my reflecting ones to animate me in the love of truth."

That is a fine filial eulogy; but still finer and more eloquent has been the practical one of the life and writings of the son. Whoever knows anything of these, perceives how the qualities of the mother have lived on, not only in the grateful admiration of the poet, but in his character and works. This is another proud testimony added to the numerous ones revealed in the biographies of illustrious men, of the vital and all-prevailing influence of mothers. What does not the world owe to noble-minded women in this respect? and what do not women owe to the world and themselves in the consciousness of the possession of this authority? To stamp, to mould, to animate to good, the generation that succeeds them, is their delegated office. They are admitted to the co-workmanship with God; his actors in the after age are placed in their hands at the outset of their career, when they are plastic as wax, and pliant as the green withe. It is they who can shape and bend as they please. It is they—as the young beings advance into the world of life, as passions kindle, as eager desires seize them one after another, as they are alive with ardour, and athirst for knowledge and experience of the great scene of existence into which they are thrown—it is they who can guide, warn, inspire with the upward or the downward tendency, and cast through them on the future ages the blessings or the curses of good or evil. They are the gods and prophets of childhood. It is in them that confiding children hear the Divinity speak; it is on them that they depend in fullest faith; and the maternal nature, engrafted on the original, grows in them stronger than all other powers of life. The mother in the child lives and acts anew; and numberless generations feel unconsciously the pressure of her hand. Happy are they who make that enduring pressure a beneficent one; and, though themselves unknown to the world, send forth from the heaven of their hearts poets and benefactors to all future time.

It is what we could hardly have expected, but Leigh Hunt is descended of a High Church and Tory stock. On his father's side his ancestors were Tories and Cavaliers, who fled from the tyranny of Cromwell, and settled in Barbadoes. For several generations they were clergymen. His grandfather was rector of St. Michael's, in Bridgetown, Barbadoes. His father was intended for the same profession, but being sent to college at Philadelphia, he there commenced, on the completion of his studies, as a lawyer, and married. It was, again, curious, that the Revolution occurring, the conservative propensities of the family broke out so strong in him, as to cause him to flee for safety to England, as his ancestors had formerly fled from it. He had been carted through Philadelphia by the infuriated mob, only escaped tarring and feathering by a friend taking the opportunity of overturning the tar-barrel set ready in the street, and, being consigned to the prison, he escaped in the night by a bribe to the keeper. On the arrival of his wife in England, some time afterwards, she found him who had left America a lawyer, now a clergyman, preaching from the pulpit, tranquillity. Mr. Hunt seems to have been one of those who are not made to succeed in the world. He did not obtain preferment, and fell into much distress. At one time he was a very popular preacher, and was invited by the Duke of Chandos, who had a seat near Southgate, to become tutor to his nephew, Mr. Leigh. Here he occupied a house at Southgate called Eagle Hall; and here his son, the poet, was born, and was named after Mr. Leigh, his father's pupil.

Mr. Hunt, in his autobiography, describes his mother as feeling the distresses into which they afterwards fell very keenly, yet bearing them patiently. She is represented as a tall, lady-like person, a brunette, with fine eyes, and hair blacker than is seen of English growth. Her sons much resembled her.

At seven, Leigh Hunt was admitted into the grammar school of Christ's Hospital, where he remained till he was fifteen, and received a good foundation in the Greek and Latin languages. Mr. Hunt describes very charmingly the two houses where, as a boy, he used to visit with his mother; one of these being that of West, the painter, who had married his mother's aunt,—the aunt, however, being much of the same age as herself; the other was that of Mr. Godfrey Thornton, of the great mercantile house of that name. "How I loved," says Leigh Hunt, "the graces in the one, and everything in the other! Mr. West had bought his house not long, I believe, after he came to England; and he had added a gallery at the back of it, terminating in a couple of lofty rooms. The gallery was a continuation of the hall passage, and, together with the rooms, formed three sides of a garden, very small, but elegant, with a grass-plot in the middle, and busts upon stands under an arcade. In the interior, the gallery made an angle at a little distance as you went up it; then a shorter one, and then took a longer stretch into the two rooms; and it was hung with his sketches and pictures all the way. In a corner between the two angles, and looking down the lower part of the gallery, was a study, with casts of Venus and Apollo on each side of the door. The two rooms contained the largest of the pictures; and in the further one, after stepping softly down the gallery, as if respecting the dumb life on the walls, you generally found the mild and quiet artist at his work; happy, for he thought himself immortal." West, it is well known, was brought up a Quaker, and had been so poorly educated that he could hardly read. Leigh Hunt states his belief that West did a great deal of work for George III. for very little profit; then, as since, the honour was thought of itself nearly enough.

"As Mr. West," continues Leigh Hunt, "was almost sure to be found at work in the farthest room, habited in his white woollen gown, so you might have predicated, with equal certainty, that Mrs. West was sitting in the parlour reading. I used to think that if I had such a parlour to sit in, I should do just as she did. It was a good-sized room, with two windows looking out on the little garden I spoke of, and opening into it from one of them by a flight of steps. The garden, with its busts in it, and the pictures which you knew were on the other side of its wall, had an Italian look. The room was hung with engravings and coloured prints. Among them was the Lion's Hunt, by Rubens; the Hierarchy, with the Godhead, by Raphael, which I hardly thought it right to look at; and two screens by the fireside, containing prints from Angelica Kauffman, of the

Loves of Angelica and Medoro, which I could have looked at from morning till night."

Here Mrs. West and Mrs. Hunt used to sit talking of old times and Philadelphia. West never made his appearance, except at dinner and tea time, retiring again to his painting-room directly afterwards; but used to contrive to mystify the embryo poet with some such question as, "Who was the father of Zebedee's children?" "The talk," he says, "was quiet; the neighbourhood quiet; the servants quiet; I thought the very squirrel in the cage would have made a greater noise anywhere else. James the porter, a fine athletic fellow, who figured in his master's pictures as an apostle, was as quiet as he was strong. Even the butler, with his little twinkling eyes, full of pleasant conceit, vented his notions of himself in half tones and whispers."

The house of the Thorntons was a different one, and a more socially attractive place. "There was quiet in the one; there were beautiful statues and pictures; and there was my Angelica for me, with her intent eyes at the fireside. But, besides quiet in the other, there was cordiality, and there was music, and a family brimful of hospitality and good-nature; and dear Almeria T., now Mrs. P——e, who in vain pretends that she is growing old. Those were indeed holidays on which I used to go to Austin Friars. The house, according to my boyish recollections, was of the description I have been ever fondest of; large, rambling, old-fashioned, solidly built; resembling the mansions about Highgate and other old villages. It was furnished as became the house of a rich merchant and a sensible man, the comfort predominating over the costliness. At the back was a garden with a lawn; and a private door opened into another garden, belonging to the Company of Drapers; so that, what with the secluded nature of the street itself, and these verdant places behind it, it was truly *rus in urbe*, and a retreat. When I turned down the archway, I held my mother's hand tighter with pleasure, and was full of expectation, and joy, and respect. My first delight was in mounting the staircase to the rooms of the young ladies, setting my eyes on the comely and sparkling face of my fair friend, with her romantic name, and turning over, for the hundredth time, the books in her library."

The whole description of this charming and cordial family is one of those beautiful and sunny scenes in human life, to which the heart never wearies of turning. It makes the rememberer exclaim:—"Blessed house! May a blessing be upon your rooms, and your lawn, and your neighbouring garden, and the quiet old monastic name of your street; and may it never be a thoroughfare; and may all your inmates be happy! Would to God one could renew, at a moment's notice, the happy hours we have enjoyed in past times, with the same circles, in the same houses!"

But a wealthy aunt, with handsome daughters, came from the West Indies, and Great Ormond-street, and afterwards Merton, in Surrey, where this aunt went to live, became a new and happy resort for him.

After Leigh Hunt quitted Christ's Hospital, of which, and of the life there, he gives a very interesting description, at the age of sixteen was published a volume of his schoolboy verses. He then spent some time in what he calls "that gloomiest of all '*darkness palpable*'"—a lawyer's office; he became theatrical critic in a newly established paper, the News; and his zeal, integrity, and talent, formed a striking contrast to the dishonest criticism and insufferable dramatic nonsense then in public favour. In 1805, an amiable nobleman, high in office, procured him an humble post under Government; but this was as little calculated for the public spirit of honest advocacy which lived in him as the lawyer's office. He soon threw it up, having engaged with his brother in the establishment of the well-known newspaper, the Examiner. The integrity of principle which distinguished this paper, was as ill-suited to the views of Government at that dark and despotic period, as such integrity and boldness for constitutional reform were eminently needed by the public interests. He was soon visited with the attentions of the Attorney-General; who, twice prosecuting him for libel, branded him "*a malicious and ill-disposed person.*" It is now matter of astonishment for what causes such epithets and prosecutions were bestowed by Government at that day. On one occasion, in quoting the fulsome statement of a hireling court scribe, that the Prince Regent "looked like an Adonis," he added the words "of fifty"—making it stand "the Prince looked like an Adonis of fifty!" There were other plain remarks in the paper, but this was the sting, and this was cause enough for prosecution, and an imprisonment of two years in Horsemonger-lane jail. It was here, in 1813, that Lord Byron and Moore dined with him. They found him just as gay, happy, and poetical, as if his prison was a shepherd's cot in Arcadia, and there was no such thing as "an Adonis of fifty" in the world. The "wit in the dungeon," as Lord Byron styled him in some verses of the moment, had his trellised flower garden without, and his books, busts, pictures, and pianoforte within. Byron has recorded his opinion at that time of Mr. Hunt, in his journal, thus:—"Hunt is an extraordinary character, and not exactly of the present age. He reminds me more of the Pym and Hampden times: much talent, great independence of spirit, and an austere, yet not repulsive aspect. If he goes on *qualis ab incepto*, I know few men who will deserve more praise, or obtain it. He has been unshaken, and will continue so. I don't think him deeply versed in life: he is the bigot of virtue (not religion), and enamoured of the beauty of that 'empty name,' as the last breath of Brutus pronounced, and every day proves it."

What a different portrait is this to that of the affected, finicking, artificial cockney, which the critics of that day would fain have made the world accept for Leigh Hunt. Lord Byron was a man of the world as well as a poet; he could see into character as well as anybody when there were no good-natured souls at his elbow to alarm his aristocratic pride. He was right. Mr. Hunt has gone on *qualis ab incepto;* and deserved and done great things. The critic-wolves have long ceased to howl; the world knows and loves the man.

In process of time The Examiner was made over to other parties, and Mr. Hunt devoted his pen more exclusively to literary subjects. His connexion with Byron and Shelley led him to Italy, where The Liberal, a journal the joint product of the pens of those three celebrated writers, was started, but soon discontinued; and Leigh Hunt, before his return, saw the cordiality of Lord Byron towards him shaken, and witnessed one of the most singular and solemn spectacles of modern times—the burning of the body of his friend Shelley on the sea-shore, where he had been thrown up by the waves.

The occasion of Leigh Hunt's visit to Italy, and its results, have been placed before the public, in consequence of their singular nature, and of the high standing of the parties concerned, in a more prominent position than any other portion of his life. There have been much blame and recrimination thrown about on all sides. Mr. Hunt has stated his own case, in his work on Lord Byron and his Contemporaries. The case of Lord Byron has been elaborately stated by Mr. Moore, in his Life and Letters of the noble poet. It is not the place here to discuss the question, but posterity will very easily settle it. My simple opinion is, that Mr. Hunt had much seriously to complain of, and, under the circumstances, made his statement with great candour; yet, in a recent revision of his autobiography, he has stated that, perhaps, his account of these transactions was written with too warm a feeling, and consequently was somewhat too severe on Byron. (The great misfortune for him, as for the world, was, that almost immediately on his arrival in Italy with his family, his true and zealous friend, Mr. Shelley, perished. From that moment, any indifferent spectator might have foreseen the end of the connexion with Lord Byron.) He had numerous aristocratic friends, who would, and who did, spare no pains to alarm his pride at the union with men of the determined character of Hunt and Hazlitt for progress and free opinion. None worked more earnestly for this purpose, by his own confession, than Moore. From that hour there could be nothing for Mr. Hunt but disappointment and mortification. They came fast and fully. With all the splendid qualities of Lord Byron, whether of disposition or intellect, no man of sensibility would willingly have been placed in any degree of dependence upon him; no man of genius could be so without undergoing the deepest possible baptism of suffering. Through that Leigh Hunt went, and every generous mind must sympathise with him. Had Shelley lived, how different would have been the whole of that affair, and the whole of his future life. He died—and all we have to do is now simply to notice the residences of Leigh Hunt in Italy, without further reference to these matters.

The chief places of Mr. Hunt's Italian sojourn were Pisa, Genoa, and Florence. At Leghorn he and his family landed, and almost immediately went on with Shelley to Pisa, where Byron joined them; but at Monte Nero, near Leghorn, was at once introduced to a curious scene of mixed English and Italian life. "In a day or two, I went to see Lord Byron, who was in what the Italians call *villeggiatura*, at Monte Nero; that is to say, enjoying a country house for the season. I there met with a singular adventure, which seemed to make me free of Italy and stilettos, before I had well set foot in the country. The day was very hot; the road to Monte Nero was very hot, through dusty suburbs; and when I got there, I found the hottest-looking house I ever saw. Not content with having a red wash over it, the red was the most unseasonable of all reds, a salmon colour. Think of this flaming over the country in a hot Italian sun.

"But the greatest of all the heats was within. Upon seeing Lord Byron, I hardly knew him, he was grown so fat; and he was longer in recognising me, I was grown so thin. He was dressed in a loose nankeen jacket and white trowsers, his neckcloth open, and his hair in thin ringlets about his throat; altogether presenting a very different aspect from the compact, energetic, and curly-headed person whom I had known in England.

"He took me into an inner room, and introduced me to a young lady in a state of great agitation. Her face was flushed, her eyes lit up, and her hair, which she wore in that fashion, looked as if it streamed in disorder. This was the Countess Guiccioli. The Conte Pietro, her brother, came in presently, also in a state of agitation, and having his arm in a sling. I then learned, that a quarrel having taken place among the servants, the young count had interfered, and been stabbed. He was very angry; Madame Guiccioli was more so, and would not hear of the charitable comments of Lord Byron, who was for making light of the matter. Indeed, there was a look in the business a little formidable; for though the stab was not much, the inflictor of it threatened more, and was at that minute keeping watch under the portico, with the avowed intention of assaulting the first person that issued forth. I looked out of the window, and met his eye glaring upwards like a tiger. The fellow had a red cap on, like a *sans culotte*, and a most sinister aspect, dreary and meagre, a proper caitiff. Thus, it appeared, the house was in a state of blockade—the nobility and gentry of the interior all kept in a state of impassability by a rascally footman.

"How long things had continued in this state I cannot say: but the hour was come when Lord Byron and his friends took their evening ride, and the thing was to be put an end to somehow. Fletcher, the valet, had been despatched for the police, and was not returned. . . . . At length we set out, Madame Guiccioli earnestly entreating 'Bairon' to keep back, and all of us uniting to keep in advance of Conte Pietro, who was exasperated. It was a curious moment for a stranger from England. I fancied myself pitched into one of the scenes in the Mysteries of Udolpho, with Montoni and his tumultuous companions. Everything was new, foreign, and violent. There was the lady, flushed and dishevelled, exclaiming against the '*scelerato;*' the young count, wounded and threatening; the assassin waiting for us with his knife; and last, not least in the novelty, my English friend metamorphosed, round-looking, and jacketed, trying to damp all this fire with his cool tones, and an air of voluptuous indolence. He had now, however, put on his loose riding coat of mazarine blue, and his velvet cap, looking more lordly then, but hardly less foreign. It was an awkward moment for him, not knowing what might happen; but he put a good face on the matter; and as to myself, I was so occupied with the novelty of the scene, that I had not time to be frightened. Forth we issued at the door, all squeezing to have the honour of being the boldest, when a termination is put to the tragedy by the vagabond throwing himself on a bench, extending his arms, and bursting into tears. His cap was half over his eyes; his face gaunt, ugly, and unshaven; his appearance altogether more squalid and miserable than an Englishman could conceive it possible to find in such an establishment. This blessed figure reclined weeping and wailing, and asking pardon for his offence, and, to crown all, he requested Lord Byron to kiss him."

This was a curious introduction to Italian life. Leghorn, Mr. Hunt says, is a polite Wapping, with a square and a theatre. The country around, though delightful to a first view, from its vines hanging from the trees, and the sight of the Apennines, is uninteresting when you become acquainted with it. They left here and proceeded to Pisa. There they occupied the ground-floor of the Casa Lanfranchi, on the Lung' Arno. The house is said to have been built by Michael Angelo, and is worthy of him. It is, says Mr. Hunt, in a bold and broad style throughout, with those harmonious graces of proportion which are sure to be found in an Italian mansion. The outside is of rough marble.

Here poor Shelley saw his friends settled in their apartments, and took his leave for ever! Here they spent their time in the manner which has been made so well known by the Life and Letters of Lord Byron,—talking or reading till afternoon in the house; then riding out to a wood or a vineyard, and firing pistols, after which they would occasionally alight at a peasant's cottage, and eat figs in the shade—returning to dinner. "In the evening," observes Mr. Hunt, "I seldom saw Byron. He recreated himself in the balcony, or with a book; and at night, when I went to bed, he was just thinking of setting to work with Don Juan."

In the autumn they left Pisa for Genoa; and in their way visited the deserted house of Shelley. Wild as the place is, it now seemed additionally so. It was melancholy, its rooms empty, and its garden neglected. "The sea fawned upon the shore, as though it could do no harm."

Genoa now became, as it would appear, the residence of Leigh Hunt for the greater part of the time that he continued in Italy, for he describes himself as quitting it for Florence, three years afterwards. Mrs. Shelley had preceded them thither, and had furnished houses both for herself and Lord Byron, in the village of Albaro. With her they took up their residence in the Casa Negroto. There were forty rooms in it, some of them such as would be considered splendid in England, and all neat and new, with borders and arabesques. The balcony and staircase were of marble; and there was a little flower garden. The rent was twenty pounds a-year. Byron paid for his twenty-four pounds. It was called the Casa Saluzzi, was older and more imposing, with rooms in still greater plenty, and a good piece of ground. Mr. Hunt describes himself as passing a melancholy time at Albaro, walking about the stony alleys, and thinking of Shelley. Here the first number of that unfortunate publication, The Liberal, reached them; here they prepared the few numbers which succeeded it, and here the coldness between Byron and Hunt grew to its height, and they parted.

We next, and lastly, find Mr. Hunt at Florence. He then says:—

"Agreeably to our old rustic propensities, we did not stop long in the city. We left Santa Croce to live at Maiano, a village on the slope of one of the Fiesolan hills, about two miles off. I passed there a very disconsolate time; yet the greatest comfort I experienced in Italy was from being in that neighbourhood, and thinking, as I went about, of Boccaccio. Boccaccio's father had a house at Maiano, supposed to have been situated at the Fiesolan extremity of the hamlet. That divine writer, whose sensibility outweighed his levity a hundred-fold—as a divine face is oftener serious than it is merry—was so fond of the place, that he not only laid the two scenes of the Decamerone on each side of it, with the valley his company resorted to in the middle, but has made the two little streams that embrace Maiano, the Affrico and the Mensola, the hero and heroine of his Nimphale Fiesolano. A lover and his vestal mistress are changed into them, after the fashion of Ovid. The scene of another of his works is on the banks of the Mugnone, a river a little distant; and the Decamerone is full of the neighbouring villages. Out of the windows of one side of our house, we saw the turret of the Villa Gherardi, to which his 'joyous company' resorted in the first instance; a house belonging to the Macchiavelli was nearer, a little on the left; and farther to the left, amongst the blue hills, was the white village of Settignano, where Michael Angelo was born. The house is still remaining in the possession of the family. From our windows on the other side, we saw, close to us, the Fiesole of antiquity and of Milton, the site of the Boccaccio house before mentioned still closer, the Valley of Ladies at our feet; and we looked towards the quarter of the Mugnone, and of a house of Dante, and in the distance beheld the mountains of Pistoia. Lastly, from the terrace in front, Florence lay clear and cathedraled before us, with the scene of Redi's Bacchus rising on the other side of it, and the villa of Arcetri, illustrious for Galileo.

"But I stuck to my Boccaccio haunts, as to an old home. I lived with the divine human being, with his friends of the Falcon and the Basil, and my own not unworthy melancholy; and went about the flowery hills and lanes, solitary, indeed, and sick to the heart, but not unsustained. * * * My almost daily walk was to Fiesole, through a path skirted with wild myrtle and cyclamen; and I stopped at the cloister of the Doccia, and sat on the pretty melancholy platform behind it, reading, or looking through the pines down to Florence. In the Valley of Ladies, I found some English trees,—trees not vine and olive,—and even a bit of meadow; and these, while I made them furnish me with a bit of my old home in the north, did no injury to the memory of Boccaccio, who is of all countries, and finds his home wherever we do ourselves, in love, in the grave, in a desert island."

From this charming and celebrated spot of earth, Leigh Hunt turned northward and homeward through Switzerland and France. Every lover of true poetry and of an excellent and high-hearted man, must regret that his visit to Italy was dashed by such melancholy circumstances, for no man was ever made more thoroughly to enjoy that fine climate and classical land. Yet as the friend of Shelley, Keats, Charles Lamb, and others of the first spirits of the age, Mr. Hunt must be allowed, in this respect, to have been one of the happiest of men. It were no mean boon of Providence to have been permitted to live in the intimacy of men like these; but, besides this, he had the honour to suffer, with those beautiful and immortal spirits, calumny and persecution. They have achieved justice through death—he has lived injustice down. As a politician, there is a great debt of gratitude due to him from the people, for he was their firm champion when reformers certainly did not walk about in silken slippers. He fell on evil days, and he was one of the first and foremost to mend them. In literature he has distinguished himself in various walks; and in all he has manifested the same genial, buoyant, hopeful, and happy spirit. His Sir Ralph Esher, a novel of Charles II.'s time, is a work full of thought and fine painting of men and nature. His Indicator, and his London Journal, abound with papers which make us in love at once with the writer and ourselves. There is a charm cast over every-day life, that makes us congratulate ourselves that we live. All that is beautiful and graceful in nature, and love-inspiring in our fellow-men, is brought out and made part of our daily walk and pleasure. His Months, a calendar of nature, bears testimony to his intense love of nature, which breathes equally in every page of his poetry. In these prose works, however, as well as in some of his earlier poetry, we find certain artificialities of phrase, fanciful expressions, and what are often termed conceits, which the critics treated as cockneyisms, and led them to style him the head of the Cockney school. There are certainly many indications, particularly in The Months, of his regarding the country rather as a visitor than an inhabitant. His *Standpunct*, as the Germans call it, his point of standing, or, in our phraseology, his point of view from which he contemplates nature, is the town. He thus produces to a countryman a curious inversion of illustration. For instance, he compares April to a lady watering her flowers at a balcony; and we almost expect him, in praising real flowers, to say, as a French lady once said to us, "Why do you gather your garden flowers to adorn your rooms? For ten sous you may have splendid artificial ones that will last the whole season."

But these are merely the specks on a sun-disc, all glowing with the most genuine love of nature. In no writer does the love of the beautiful and the good more abound. And, after all, the fanciful epithets in which he endeavours to clothe the as fanciful notions, are, as he himself has explained, nothing whatever belonging to London or the land of Cockayne, but to his having imbued his mind long and deeply with the poetry, and, as a matter of course, with the poetic language of our older writers. In a wider acquaintance with nature the world, and literature, these have vanished from his style ; and I know of no more manly, English, and chastely vigorous style than that of his poems in general. In conformity with the strictures of various critics, he has, moreover, re-written his fine poem Rimini. It was objected that the story was not very moral ; and he has now in the smaller edition published by Moxon, altered the story so as to palliate this objection as much as possible, and, as he says, to bring it, in fact, nearer to the truth of the case. For my part, I know not what moral the critics would have, if wretchedness and death as the consequence of sin, be not a solemn moral. If the selfish old father, who deceives his daughter into a marriage by presenting to her the proxy as the proposed spouse, is punished by finding his daughter and this proxy prince, who went out from him with pomp and joy, soon come back to him in a hearse, and with all his ambitious projects thus dashed to the ground, be not held as a solemn warning, where shall such be found? However, the poet has shown his earnest desire to set himself right with the public, and the public has now the poem in its two shapes, and can accommodate its delicate self at its pleasure. I regret that the space allowed for this notice does not permit me to point out a number of those delightful passages which abound in his beautiful and graceful poems. The graphic as well as dramatic power of Rimini, the landscape and scene-painting of that poem, are only exceeded by the force with which the progress of passion and evil is delineated. The scene in the gardens and the pavilion, where the lovers are reading Lancelot du Lac, is not surpassed by anything of the kind in the language. The sculptured scenes on the walls of this pavilion are all pictures living in every line :—

" The sacrifice
By girls and shepherds brought, with reverend eyes,
Of sylvan drinks and foods, simple and sweet,
And goats with struggling horns and planted feet "

The opening of the poem, beginning—

" The sun is up, and 'tis a morn of May
Round old Ravenna's clear-shown towers and bay,"—

all life, elasticity, and sunshine ;—and the melancholy ending—

" The days were then at close of autumn—still,
A little rainy, and towards night-fall chill:
There was a fitful moaning all abroad ;
And ever and anon over the road,
The last few leaves came fluttering from the trees," &c.

are passages of exquisite beauty, marking the change from joy to sorrow in one of the loveliest poems in the language. We have in it the genuine spirit of Chaucer, the rich nervous cadences of Dryden, with all the grace and life of modern English. But it is in vain here to attempt to speak of the poetic merits of Leigh Hunt.

A host of fine compositions comes crowding on our consciousness. The Legend of Florence, a noble tragedy; the Palfrey; Hero and Leander; the Feast of the Poets; and the Violets; numbers of delightful translations from the Italian, a literature in which Leigh Hunt has always revelled; and, above all, Captain Sword and Captain Pen. We would recommend everybody, when the war spirit rises amongst us, to read that poem, and learn what horrors they are apt to rejoice over, and what the Christian spirit of this age demands of us. But we must praise the lyrics of the volume:—the pathos of the verses "To T. L. H., six years old, during a sickness," and the playful humour of those "To J. H., four years old," call on us for notice; and then the fine blank verse poems, Our Cottage, and Reflections of a Dead Body, equally solicit attention. If any one does not yet know what Leigh Hunt has done for the people and the age, let him get the pocket edition of his poems, and he will soon find himself growing in love with life, with his fellow-men, and with himself. The philosophy of Leigh Hunt is loving, cheerful, and confiding in the goodness that governs us all. And when we look back to what was the state of things when he began to write, and then look round and see what it is now, we must admit that he has a good foundation for so genial a faith.

It remains only to take a glance or two at his English homes. To several of these we can trace him. Soon after his quitting Horsemonger-lane prison, he was living at Paddington, having a study looking over the fields towards Westbourne-green. In this he had a narrow escape one morning of being burnt, owing his escape to some "fair cousin" not named. There he was visited by Lord Byron and Wordsworth. At one time he was living at 8, York-buildings, New-road, Marylebone. In the London Journal of January 7, 1835, Mr. Hunt gives a very charming account of a very happy Twelfth Night spent there, and in commemoration of it planted some young plane trees within the rails by the garden gate. Under these trees, but a year or two ago, he had the pleasure of seeing people sheltering from the rain; but they are now cut down. Here he first had the pleasure of seeing John Keats, and here he was visited by Foscolo. At other times he lived in Lisson-grove; at Hampstead, in the Vale of Health, where, as already observed, Keats wrote Sleep and Poetry; at Highgate, near Coleridge; and at Woodcote-green, near Ashstead-park, in Surrey, where he laid the scene, and I believe wrote the romance, of Sir Ralph Esher.

Since his return to England he has lived chiefly in the suburbs of London, in what Milton called "garden houses;" for some years in Chelsea, near Thomas Carlyle; and now in Edwardes-square, Kensington, a square of small, neat houses, built by a Frenchman, it is said, in expectation of the conquest of England by Buonaparte, and with a desire to be ready settled, and with homes for his countrymen of more limited means against that event. The speculation failing with the mightier speculation of Napoleon, the poor Frenchman was ruined.

Such is a hasty sketch of the many wanderings and sojourns of

Leigh Hunt. May his age be rewarded for the services of his youth! In closing this article I would, also with this wish, express another; and that is, that he would some time publish that small but most beautiful manual of domestic devotion, called by him Christianism, and printed only for private circulation, some years ago. The object of this little work seems to be, to give to such as had not full faith in Christianity an idea of what is excellent in it, and by which they might be benefited and comforted, even though they could not attain full belief in its authenticity. The spirit and style of it are equally beautiful.

The poet has recently sustained the loss of his wife, the companion of so many eventful years.

SAMUEL ROGERS.

ONE of the greatest pleasures that an author can have is to record the delight which he has derived from other authors; after a long career of intellectual enjoyment, to pay the due tribute of gratitude to those writers of an antecedent period who have laid the foundations of his taste, and stimulated him in that career which has made his happiness. This is always an act of love, an act of reverence and regard, which is full of its own peculiar pleasure. Of the writers, and especially the poets, who charmed our young and inexperienced spirits, how few are those whose works will bear the test of time; how few to whom we can turn at a mature age, and find them all that we ever believed them to be! Mr. Rogers is one of this rare class. Amongst the very earliest literary pleasures which I can remember, was that of reading, and that time after time, his Pleasures of Memory; and the reading of this poem is now, after nearly half a century, not only one of my pleasures of memory, but on reperusal is equally fresh, equally true to nature, and equally attractive by the soundness and the beauty of its sentiments. Mr. Rogers, I believe, never met with that species of Mohawk criticism, that scalping and scarifying literary assault and battery, which so many of his cotemporaries have had to undergo. There was a gentleness and a calm suavity about his writings, calculated to disarm the most eager assailant of merit. There was in them an absence of that militant and antagonistic spirit which provokes the like animus This was not the case, however, with Rogers's conversation. There he was often mercilessly caustic. Nothing could be so opposed in spirit as his pen and his tongue. Many examples of his cutting remarks have been made public. As a general characteristic we may mention this, which we know to be fact. At a dinner-party at his house, consisting chiefly of literary men, on one gentleman going away early, Rogers said, "Come, now let us feather honest A——." Whereupon he drew a description of him in such ludicrous colours, that all present simultaneously jumped up, exclaiming, "Let us all go together, and not allow ourselves to be dissected in detail." Yet, again, his conduct differed from his language. To merit in distress he was a frequent and generous friend. But in his poetry there was felt only the purity of taste, the deep love of beauty in art and nature, the vivid yet tender sympathy with humanity, which put every one dreadfully in the wrong who should attempt to strike down their possessor. Still more than all these causes, Samuel Rogers was a wealthy banker. He gave good dinners, or breakfasts, and what critic would think of quarrelling with such a man! The very first line of criticism applied to the writings of Mr. Rogers was in the Monthly Review, on his Ode to Superstition, with some other Poems, published by Cadell in 1786, and was this, "In these pieces we perceive the hand of a master." Yet in another article, in Griffith's Monthly Review, we have come upon this sentence, "Mr. Rogers writes very pretty prose, but he should never think of meddling with verse." The writer of this daring critique had been overlooked in the invitations to breakfast.

The master thus discovered in the first essay of his power, has never ceased since to be acknowledged. In 1792, or six years afterwards, he published the Pleasures of Memory, which was received with universal and delighted acclamation. It took hold, at once, of the English heart; and became, and remains, and is likely to remain, one of the classic beauties of our national poetry. From that day to so late a period as 1830, Mr. Rogers, at leisurely but tolerably regular intervals, went on adding to the riches of our hoards of taste and genius. In 1798, or in another six years, he published his Epistle with other Poems; in 1812, or fourteen years afterwards, The Voyage of Columbus; two years after that, Jacqueline, *i. e.* in 1814; five years later, or in 1819, Human Life; and finally, in 1830, or when he was sixty-seven years of age, his Italy.

These works steadily extended his fame; and amid the truest enjoyment of that fame, Mr. Rogers lived a long, and honoured, and singularly, for a poet, fortunate life. His wealth and position in society, not less than his wealth and position in the world of mind, drew around him all the distinguished characters of his time; and his house, filled from top to bottom with evidences of his taste and of his means of indulging it, was the resort of most of those who have given its intellectual stamp to the age. Amid the great struggles and events of that period, the wars, the revolutions, and the social contests which have communicated their fiery elements to the spirit of genius, and produced works of a like extreme character, the mind of Rogers, calm and self-balanced, pursued its course, apparently uninfluenced by all that moved around him. With human nature and human life in general he sympathised, but the love of the true and the beautiful in it prevailed over the contagion of the vast and violent; he dealt rather with the pure and touching incidents of existence than with the passionate and the tragic. Many, on this account, have been disposed to attribute to him a want of power and greatness, forgetting that the predominating character of his taste inevitably decided the character of his subjects, and that to these subjects he gave all the power and beauty which they were capable of. Mr. Rogers was a great master in his own department. In him taste lived as strongly as genius. He was a poetic artist. The beautiful and the refined mingle themselves with the structure as inseparably as with the material of his compositions. He knew that there is greatness in the broad champaign, with its woods and towns, as well as in the huge and splendid mountain; in the lofty but pure and placid sky, as well as in the stormy ocean. It is not the creator only of the Laocoon in all his agonies, that is a great artist—the Apollo Belvedere, and the Venus de Medicis, and the Mourning Psyche, calm in most perfect repose, or depressed with grief, equally demonstrate the hand of a master. There is often the most consummate display of genius in the stillest statue. Poussin or Claude are not the less admirable because they do not affect the robust horrors of Rubens or the wildness of Salvator. In Rogers, the true, the pathetic—all those feelings, and sentiments, and associations that are dear to us as life itself—are evolved with a skill that is unrivalled; and the language is elaborated to a perfection that resembles the finish of a beautiful picture, or the music to inimitable words. If we needed the excitement of impetuous emotions, we would turn to Byron; if the influence of calm, and soothing, and harmonizing ones, we would sit down to Rogers. Each is eminent in his own department, each will exercise the supremacy of his genius upon us.

This, we say,—who, though often invited, never ate one of his breakfasts or dinners; and having said it during his life, we say it now that the lion is dead,—the celebrated breakfast-table is sold, and there is a very ungrateful tendency perceptible to depreciate his genius. These things, however, alway right themselves, and Rogers will eventually hold an honourable position in the ranks of our best poets.

In the Pleasures of Memory we are forcibly reminded of Goldsmith and the Deserted Village. We feel how deeply the genius of that exquisite writer had affected the mind of Rogers in his youth. There is a striking similarity of style, of imagery, and of subject. It is not a deserted village, but a deserted mansion which is described, and where we are led to sympathise with all that is picturesque in nature, and dear to the heart in domestic life.

> " Mark yon old mansion frowning through the trees,
> Whose hollow turret woos the whistling breeze.
> That casement, arched with ivy's brownest shade,
> First to these eyes the light of heaven conveyed.

The mouldering gateway strews the grass-grown court,
Once the calm scene of many a simple sport;
When nature pleased, for life itself was new,
And the heart promised what the fancy drew.
  See, through the fractured pediment revealed,
Where moss inlays the rudely sculptured shield,
The martin's old hereditary nest—
Long may the ruin spare its hallowed guest!
  As jars the hinge, what sullen echoes call!
Oh haste, unfold the hospitable hall!
That hall, where once in antiquated state,
The chair of justice held the grave debate.
  Now stained with dews, with cobwebs darkly hung,
Oft has its roof with peals of rapture rung:
When round yon ample board in due degree,
We sweetened every meal with social glee.
The heart's light laugh pursued the circling jest;
And all was sunshine in each little breast.
'Twas here we traced the slipper by the sound,
And turned the blindfold hero round and round.
'Twas here, at eve, we formed our fairy ring;
And Fancy fluttered on her wildest wing.
Giants and genii chained each wondering ear;
And orphan sorrows drew the ready tear.
Oft with the babes we wandered in the wood,
Or viewed the forest feats of Robin Hood.
Oft, fancy-led, at midnight's fearful hour,
With startling step we scaled the lonely tower,
O'er infant innocence to hang and weep,
Murdered by ruffian hands, when smiling in its sleep.
  Ye household Deities! whose guardian eye
Marked each pure thought we registered on high;
Still, still ye walk the consecrated ground,
And breathe the soul of inspiration round.
  As o'er the dusky furniture I bend,
Each chair awakes the feelings of a friend.
The storied arras, source of fond delight,
With old achievement charms the wildered sight;
And still with heraldry's rich hues impressed,
On the dim window glows the pictured crest;
The screen unfolds its many-coloured chart;
The clock still points its moral to the heart—
That faithful monitor 'twas heaven to hear,
When soft it spoke a promised pleasure near;
And has its sober hand, its simple chime,
Forgot to trace the feathered feet of Time?
That massive beam with curious carvings wrought,
Whence the caged linnet soothed my pensive thought;
Those muskets cased with venerable rust,
Those once-loved forms still breathing through their dust,
Still from the frame in mould gigantic cast,
Starting to life—all whisper of the past!"

This is so exquisite and old English that it will continue to charm as long as there are hearts and memories. The whole of the first part of the poem is of the like tone and feature; the old garden, the old school and its porch, the gipsy group, the old beggar, the village church and churchyard—

"On whose grey stone, that fronts the chancel door,
Worn smooth by tiny feet now seen no more,
Each eve we shot the marble through the ring,
When the heart danced, and life was in the spring."

As it advances, however, it takes a wider range, and gradually embraces higher topics and more extensive regions. History and death, and eternity, all swell into its theme.

A new element of style also marks the progress of this poem. There are more animated invocations, and a greater pomp of versification. It looks as if the muse of Darwin had infused its more ambitious tone, without leading the poet away from his purely legitimate subjects. By whatever passing influences, or processes of thought, this change was produced, there it is. This poem, and this peculiar style of versification, soon caught the ear and fascinated the mind of Campbell when a very young man, and out of the Pleasures of Memory sprung the Pleasures of Hope. The direct imitation of both style, manner, subject, and cast of subject, by Campbell, is one of the most striking things in the language ; the peculiarities of the style and phraseology only, as was natural by an enthusiastic youth, much exaggerated. In Campbell, that which in Rogers is somewhat sounding and high-toned, becomes, with all its beauty, turgid, and often bordering on bombast. The very epithets are the same. "The wild bee's wing," "the war-worn courser," and "pensive twilight in her dusky car," continually in the Pleasures of Hope remind you of the Pleasures of Memory.

"Hark, the bee winds her small but mellow horn,
Blithe to salute the sunny smile of morn.
O'er thymy downs she bends her busy course,
And many a stream allures her to its source.
'Tis noon, 'tis night. That eye so finely wrought,
Beyond the reach of sense, the soar of thought,
Now vainly asks the scenes she left behind:
Its orb so full, its vision so confined!
Who guides the patient pilgrim to her cell?
Who bids her soul with conscious triumph swell?
With conscious truth retrace the mazy clue
Of summer scents, that charmed her as she flew?
Hail, Memory, hail! thy universal reign
Guards the least link of being's glorious chain."—ROGERS.

In the disciple the manner is reproduced, and yet modified as in these lines :—

"Auspicious Hope! in thy sweet garden grow
Wreaths for each toil, a charm for every woe;
Won by their sweets, in Nature's languid hour,
The way-worn pilgrim seeks thy summer bower;
There as the wild bee murmurs on the wing,
What peaceful dreams thy handmaid spirits bring!
What viewless forms th' Eolian organ play,
And sweep the furrowed lines of anxious thought away.' —CAMPBELL.

How well the master and the scholar may be again recognised in the following passages :—

"So, when the mild TUPIA dared explore
Arts yet untaught, and worlds unknown before;
And with the sons of science wooed the gale,
That rising, swelled their strange expanse of sail;
So when he breathed his firm, yet fond adieu,
Borne from his leafy hut, his carved canoe,
And all his soul best loved, such tears he shed
While each soft scene of summer beauty fled.
Long o'er the wave a wistful look he cast,
Long watched the streaming signal from the mast;
Till twilight's dewy tints deceived his eye,
And fairy forests fringed the evening sky."—ROGERS.

"And such thy strength-inspiring aid, that bore
The hardy Byron to his native shore,—
In horrid climes where Chiloe's tempests sweep
Tumultuous murmurs o'er the troubled deep,
'Twas his to mourn misfortune's rudest shock,
Scourged by the winds, and cradled on the rock,
To wake each joyless morn and search again
The famished haunts of solitary men;
Whose race, unyielding as their native storm,
Know not a trace of nature but the form;
Yet at thy call the hardy tar pursued,
Pale, but intrepid, sad, but unsubdued;
Pierced the deep woods, and hailing from afar
The moon's pale planet, and the northern star;
Paused at each dreary cry unheard before,
Hyenas in the wild, and mermaids on the shore;
Till led by thee o'er many a cliff sublime,
He found a warmer world, a milder clime,
A home to rest, a shelter to defend,
Peace and repose, a Briton and a friend!"—CAMPBELL.

Into every form of expression the scholar follows his master :—

"When Diocletian's self-corrected mind
The imperial fasces of a world resigned,
Say, why we trace the labours of his spade
In calm Salona's philosophic shade?
Say, when contentious Charles renounced a throne,
To muse with monks unlettered and unknown,
What from his soul the parting tribute drew,
What claimed the sorrows of a last adieu?"—ROGERS.

"And say, when summoned from the world and thee,
I lay my head beneath the willow tree,
Wilt thou, sweet mourner! at my stone appear,
And soothe my parting spirit lingering near?"—CAMPBELL.

But the likeness is found everywhere—in phrase, in imagery, in topics, and in tone. When, after a lapse of twenty-seven years, Mr. Rogers produced his poem of Human Life, what a change of manner, what a transformation of style had taken place in him! No longer the grandiloquent invocations were found; no longer the sounding style, no longer the easy recurrence of the cadence, pausing on the cæsura and falling at the close of the line. Here the whole rhythm and construction were of a new school and a new generation. The style was more simple and more vigorous. The sentences marched on with a rare recurrence of the cæsura, the cadence did not fall with the end of the line, but oftener far in the middle of it, and the verse abounded with triplets.

"He reads thanksgiving in the eyes of all—
All met as at a holy festival!
—On the day destined for his funeral!
Lo! there the friend, who, entering where he lay,
Breathed in his drowsy ear—'Away, away!
Take thou my cloak—Nay, start not, but obey!
Take it, and leave me.'"

What a total revolution is here! The old chime is gone, the old melody is exchanged for a new. All depends on entirely new principles, and seeks to give pleasure through an utterly fresh medium. But the poem itself is one of the most beautiful things in any language. It is human life from the cradle to the tomb, with all its pleasures, aspirations, trials, and triumphs. Everything which clings round the spirit of man as precious, everything which wins us onward, and sustains us in sorrow, and soothes us under the infliction of wrong,—the glory of public good, and the hallowed charm of domestic affection, is thrown into this poem, with the art of a master and the great soul of a sanctified experience. Nor were the varied scenes of English life ever more sweetly described. The wedding and the burial, the village wake and the field sports, the battle and the victory, all are blended inimitably into the great picture of existence, and at times the aged minstrel rises into a strain of power and animation, such as rebuke the doubters of those attributes in him.

"Then is the age of admiration—Then
Gods walk the earth, or beings more than men;
Who breathe the soul of inspiration round,
Whose very shadows consecrate the ground!
Ah! then comes thronging many a wild desire,
And high imagining, and thought of fire!
Then from within, a voice exclaims—'Aspire!'
Phantoms, that upward point, before him pass,
As in the cave athwart the wizard's glass;
They, that on youth a grace, a lustre shed,
Of every age, the living and the dead!"

Still this poem of Human Life is but the life of one section of our fellow-men—that of the gentry. It is curious, that it does not descend into the midst of the multitude, and give us any of those deep and sombre shades which abound so much in Crabbe. The reason is obvious. Crabbe had seen it and felt it. He had been born amongst it, and had himself to struggle. Rogers had gone on that easy path of life that is paved with gold, and "the huts where poor men lie," therefore, probably never for a moment protruded themselves through the charmed circle of his poetic inspiration. Happily for him his were wholly the Pleasures of Memory. Yet, as we have said, it is not the less true, or less honourable, that in actual life, there was no man who has remembered the struggling more sympathetically, nor has held out a more generous hand to the aid of unfriended merit.

From the Voyage of Columbus the following extract will afford an example of the beautiful description and rich imaginative power which abound in that poem.

THE NEW WORLD.

"Long on the deep the mists of morning lay,
Then rose, revealing, as they rolled away,
Half-circling hills, whose everlasting woods
Sweep with their sable skirts the shadowy floods:
And say,—when all to holy transport given,
Embraced and wept as at the gate of Heaven,
When one and all of us, repentant, ran,
And on our faces, blessed the wondrous man,—
Say, was I thus deceived, or from the skies
Burst on my ear seraphic harmonies?
'Glory to God!' unnumbered voices sung,
'Glory to God!' the vales and mountains rung—
Voices that hailed Creation's primal morn,
And to the shepherds sung a Saviour born.
  Slowly, bareheaded, through the surf we bore
The sacred cross, and kneeling, kissed the shore.
But what a scene was there? Nymphs of romance,
Youths graceful as the Faun, with eager glance
Spring from the glades, and down the alleys peep;
Some headlong rush, bounding from steep to steep,

And clap their hands, exclaiming as they run,
'Come and behold the children of the sun!'
When hark, a signal-shot! The voice it came
Over the sea, in darkness and in flame!
They saw, they heard; and up the highest hill,
As in a picture, all at once were still!
Creatures so fair, in garments strangely wrought,
From citadels with Heaven's own thunder fraught,
Checked their light footsteps—statue-like they stood,
As worshipped forms, the Genii of the Wood!
  At length the spell dissolves! the warrior's lance
Rings on the tortoise with wild dissonance!
And see, the regal plumes, the coach of state!
Still, where it moves, the wise in council wait!
See now borne forth the monstrous mask of gold,
And ebon chair of many a serpent fold;
These now exchanged for gifts that thrice surpass
The wondrous ring, and lamp, and horse of brass.
What long-drawn tube transports the gazer home,
Kindling with stars at noon the ethereal dome?
'Tis here: and here circles of solid light
Charm with another self the cheated sight;
As man to man another self disclose,
And now with terror starts, with triumph glows!"

Italy, Mr. Rogers's last published poem of any length, is a fine production, full of that glorious land, and abounding with the finest subjects for the painter and the sculptor; but we must not be tempted to speak further of it here.

The changes of Mr. Rogers's life, or of his abodes, were not many. He was born at Newington-green, on the 30th of July, 1763, and was consequently, at his decease, December 1855, in the ninety-third year of his age. Newington-green, his birth-place, has all the marks of an old locality. In this neighbourhood the Tudor princes used to live a good deal. Canonbury, between this green and Islington, was a favourite hunting-seat of Elizabeth, and no doubt the woods and wastes extended all round this neighbourhood. There is Kingsland, now all built over; there is Henry VIII.'s walk, and Queen Elizabeth's walk, all in the vicinity; and this old quiet green seems to retain a feeling and an aspect of those times. It is built round with houses, evidently of a considerable age. There are trees and quietness about it still. In the centre of the south side is an old house standing back, which is said to have been inhabited by Henry VIII. At the end next to Stoke Newington stands an old Presbyterian chapel, at which the celebrated Dr. Price preached, and of which, afterwards, the husband of Mrs. Barbauld was the minister. Near this chapel De Foe was educated, and the house still remains. In this green lived, too, Mary Wolstoncroft, being engaged with another lady in keeping a school. Samuel Rogers was born in the stuccoed house at the south-west corner, which is much older than it seems. Adjoining it is a large old garden. Here his father, and his mother's father, lived before him. By the mother's side he was descended from the celebrated Philip Henry, the father of Matthew Henry, and was therefore of an old Nonconformist family. Mr. Rogers's grandfather was a gentleman, pursuing no profession; but his father engaged in banking. Mr. Rogers continued to reside in this house till after his father's death, and wrote and published here his Pleasures of Memory, which appeared a short time before his father's decease.

On quitting Newington-green, Mr. Rogers took chambers in the Temple, where he continued to reside five years, or till about 1800, when he removed to the house which he occupied for more than half a century. In this house. 22, St. James's-place, he not only wrote every one of his chief poems except the Pleasures of Memory, but he was visited by a vast number of the most celebrated men of his time, amongst them Byron, Scott, Moore, Crabbe, Fox, Campbell, Wordsworth, Southey, Coleridge, &c.

At an early period of his life he was anxious to purchase an estate in the country, not too far from London, where he could build a house after his own taste. He pitched on Fredley farm, in Norbury Park, near Mickleham, in Surrey, which was to be disposed of. By some means it escaped him, and, disappointed in his object, he seems to have given up the search for another situation, and contented himself with building his house on paper. The result was the abode described in his Epistle to a Friend, published in 1798. His villa is placed in a rustic hamlet, has few apartments, but is not without its library and cold bath, and is furnished with prints after the best painters, and casts from the antique. The whole of this poem breathes the love of the country, of simplicity of life, and condemns the pomp and the follies of London fashionable society. Its accompaniments, its exterior and interior, are all of the same unostentatious character,—it is an abode that any man of taste might possess without any great wealth.

" Still must my partial pencil love to dwell
On the home-prospects of my hermit-cell:
The mossy pales that skirt the orchard-green
Here hid by shrub-wood, there by glimpses seen;
And the brown pathway that with careless flow
Sinks, and is lost among the trees below.
Still must it trace (the flattering tints forgive)
Each fleeting charm that bids the landscape live.
Oft o'er the mead, at pleasing distance pass,
Browsing the hedge by fits, the panniered ass;
The idling shepherd-boy with rude delight,
Whistling his dog to mark the pebble's flight;
And, in her kerchief blue, the cottage maid,
With brimming pitcher from the shadowy glade.
Far to the south a mountain-vale retires,
Rich in its groves, and glens, and village spires;
Its upland lawns, and cliffs with foliage hung,
Its wizard stream, nor nameless nor unsung.
And through the various year, the various day,
What scenes of glory burst and melt away!"

His interior embellishment shall be my last extract:—

" Here no state chambers in long line unfold,
Bright with broad mirrors, rough with fretted gold:
Yet modest ornament, with use combined,
Attracts the eye to exercise the mind.
Small change of scene, small space his home requires,
Who leads a life of satisfied desires.
What though no marble breathes, no canvas glows,
From every point a ray of genius flows!
Be mine to bless the more mechanic skill,
That stamps, renews, and multiplies at will;

And cheaply circulates through distant climes
The fairest relics of the purest times.
Here from the mould to conscious being start
Those finer forms, the miracles of art:
Here chosen gems, impressed on sulphur shine,
That slept for ages in a second mine;
And here the faithful graver dares to trace
A Michael's grandeur and a Raphael's grace!
Thy gallery, Florence, gilds my humble walls,
And my low roof the Vatican recalls."

But Mr. Rogers had the power to procure the originals; and therefore the same taste put him in possession of them. He was destined to spend his life in London; and only premising that the front of his house overlooks the Green Park, and possesses a gateway into it, I shall present the account of its interior, or rather of its treasures of art, from the pen of the well-known Professor Waagen of Berlin, having been assured by the poet himself that it is accurate.

"By the kindness of Mr. Solly, who continues to embrace every opportunity of doing me service, I have been introduced to Mr. Rogers the poet, a very distinguished and amiable man. He is one of the few happy mortals to whom it has been granted to be able to gratify, in a worthy manner, the most lively sensibility to everything noble and beautiful. He has accordingly found means, in the course of his long life, to impress this sentiment on everything about him. In his house you are everywhere surrounded and excited with the higher productions of art. In truth, one knows not whether more to admire the diversity or the purity of his taste. Pictures of the most different schools, ancient and modern sculptures, Greek vases, alternately attract the eye, and are so arranged with a judicious regard to their size, in proportion to the place assigned them, that every room is richly and picturesquely ornamented, without having the appearance of a magazine from being over-filled, as we frequently find. Among all these objects none is insignificant; several cabinets and portfolios contain, besides the choicest collections of antique ornaments in gold that I have hitherto seen, valuable miniatures of the middle ages, fine drawings by the old masters, and the most agreeable prints of the greatest of the old engravers, Marcantonio, Dürer, &c., in the finest impressions. The enjoyment of all these treasures was heightened to the owner by the confidential intercourse with the most eminent, now deceased, English artists, Flaxman and Stothard; both have left him a memorial of their friendship. In two little marble statues of Cupid and Psyche, and a mantel-piece, with a bas-relief representing a muse with a lyre and Mnemosyne by Flaxman, there is the same noble and graceful feeling which has so greatly attracted me from my childhood in his celebrated compositions after Homer and Æschylus. The hair and draperies are treated with great, almost too picturesque softness. Among all the English painters, none, perhaps, has so much power of invention as Stothard. His versatile talent has successfully made essays in the domains of history, or fancy and poetry, of humour, and lastly, even in domestic scenes, in the style of Watteau. To this may be added much feeling for graceful movements, and cheerful, bright colouring. In his pictures, which adorn a chimney-piece, principal characters from Shakspeare's plays are represented with great spirit and humour; among them Falstaff makes a very distinguished and comical figure. There is also a merry company, in the style of Watteau; the least attractive is an allegorical representation of Peace returning to the earth, for the brilliant colouring approaching to Rubens cannot make up for the poorness of the heads and the weakness of the drawing.

"As there are among the pictures some of the best works of Sir Joshua Reynolds, fine specimens of the works of three of the most eminent British artists of an earlier date are here united.

"Besides portraits, properly so called, Sir Joshua Reynolds was the happiest in the representation of children, where he was able, in the main, to remain faithful to nature, and in general an indifferent but naïve action or occupation alone was necessary. In such pictures, he admirably succeeded in representing the youthful bloom and artless manners of the fine English children. This it is which makes his celebrated strawberry-girl, which is in this collection, so attractive. With her hands simply folded, a basket under her arm, she stands in her white frock, and looks full at the spectator with her fine large eyes. The admirable impasto, the bright golden tone, clear as Rembrandt, and the dark landscape background, have a striking effect. Sir Joshua himself looked upon this as one of his best pictures. A sleeping girl is also uncommonly charming, the colouring very glowing; many cracks in the painting, both in the background and the drapery, show the uncertainty of the artist in the mechanical processes of the art. Another girl with a bird does not give me so much pleasure. The rather affected laugh is, in this instance, not stolen from nature, but from the not happy invention of the painter; in the glowing colour there is something specky and false. Puck, the merry elf in Shakspeare's Midsummer Night's Dream, (called by the English, Robin Goodfellow,) represented as a child, with an arch look, sitting on a mushroom, and full of wantonness, stretching out arms and legs, is another much-admired work of Sir Joshua. But, though this picture is painted with much warmth and clearness, the conception does not at all please me. I find it too childish, and not fantastic enough. In the background, Titania is seen with the ass-headed weaver. Psyche with the lamp, looking at Cupid, figures as large as life, is of the most brilliant effect, and, in the tender greenish half-tints, also of great delicacy. In the regard for beautiful leading lines, there is an affinity to the rather exaggerated grace of Parmeggiano. In such pictures by Sir Joshua, the incorrect drawing always injures the effect. I was much interested with meeting with a landscape by this master. It is in the style of Rembrandt, and of very strong effect.

"Of older English painters there are here two pretty pictures by Gainsborough, one by Wilson; of the more recent, I found only one, by the rare and spirited Bonington, of a Turk fallen asleep over his pipe, admirably executed in a deep harmonious chiaro-oscuro. Mr. Rogers's taste and knowledge of the art are too general for him not to feel the profound intellectual value of works of art in which the management of the materials was in some degree restricted. He has, therefore, not disdained to place in his collection the half figures of St. Paul and St. John, and fragments of a fresco painting from the Carmelite church at Florence, by Giotto; Salome dancing before Herod, and the beheading of St. John, by Fiesole; a coronation of the Virgin, by Lorenzo di Credi, the fellow-scholar and friend of Leonardo da Vinci, whose productions and personal character were so estimable. Next to these pictures is a Christ on the Mount of Olives, by Raphael, at the time when he had not abandoned the manner of Perugino. This little picture was once a part of the predella to the altar-piece which Raphael painted, in the year 1505, for the nuns of St. Anthony, at Perugia. It came with the Orleans gallery to England, and was last in possession of Lord Eldon, in Edinburgh. Unhappily it has been much injured by cleaning and repairing; but in many parts, particularly in the arms of the angel, there are defects in the drawing, such as we do not find in Raphael even at this period. So that, most probably, the composition alone should be ascribed to him, and the execution to one of the assistants who painted the two saints belonging to the same predella, now in Dulwich College.

"From the Orleans gallery, Mr. Rogers has Raphael's Madonna, well known by Flipart's engraving, with the eyes rather cast down, on whom the child standing by her fondly leans. The expression of joyousness in the child is very pleasing. The grey colour of the under-dress of the virgin, with red sleeves, forms an agreeable harmony with the blue mantle. To judge by the character and drawing, the composition may be of the early period of Raphael's residence at Rome. In other respects, this picture admits of no judgment, because many parts have become quite flat by cleaning, and others are painted over. The landscape is in a blue-greenish tone, differing from Raphael's manner.

"Of the Roman school I will mention only one more. Christ bearing his cross, by Andrea Sacchi, a moderate-sized picture from the Orleans gallery, is one of the capital pictures of this master, in composition, depth of colouring, and harmony.

"The crown, however, of the whole collection, is Christ appearing to Mary Magdalene, by Titian. It was formerly in the possession of the family of Muselli at Verona, and afterwards adorned the Orleans gallery. In the clear, bright, golden tone of the flesh, the careful execution, the refined feeling, in the impassioned desire of the kneeling Magdalene to touch the Lord, and the calm, dignified refusal of the Saviour, we recognise the earlier time of this master. The beautiful landscape, with the reflection of the glowing horizon upon the blue sea, which is of great importance here, in proportion to the figures, proves how early Titian obtained extraordinary mastery in this point, and confirms that he was the first who carried this branch to a higher degree of perfection. This poetic picture is, on the whole, in very good preservation; the crimson drapery of the Magdalene is of unusual depth and fulness. The lower part of the legs of Christ have, however, suffered a little. The figures are about a third the size of life.

"The finished sketch for the celebrated picture, known by the name of La Gloria di Tiziano, which he afterwards, by the command of Philip II., king of Spain, painted for the church of the convent where the emperor Charles V. died, is also very remarkable. It is a rich, but not very pleasing composition. The idea of having the coffin of the emperor carried up to heaven, where God the Father and Son are enthroned, is certainly not a happy one. The painting is throughout excellent, and of a rich, deep tone in the flesh. Unfortunately it is not wanting in re-touches. The large picture is now in the Escurial.

"As the genuine pictures of Giorgione are so very rare, I will briefly mention a young knight, small full-length, noble and powerful in face and figure; the head is masterly, treated in his glowing tone; the armour with great force and clearness in the chiaro-oscuro.

"The original sketch of Tintoretto, for his celebrated picture of St. Mark coming to the assistance of a martyr, is as spirited as it is full and deep in the tone.

"The rich man and Lazurus, by Giacomo Bassano, is, in execution and glow of colouring approaching to Rembrandt, one of the best pictures of the master.

"There are some fine cabinet pictures of the school of Carracci: a Virgin and Child, worshipped by six saints, by Lodovico Carracci, is one of his most pleasing pictures in imitation of Correggio. Among four pictures by Domenichino, two landscapes, with the punishment of Marsyas, and Tobit with the fish, are very attractive, from the poetry of the composition and the delicacy of the finish. Another likewise very fine one of Bird-catching, from the Borghese palace, has unfortunately turned quite dark. A Christ, by Guido, is broadly and spiritedly touched in his finest silver tone.

"There is an exquisite little gem by Claude Lorraine. In a soft evening light, a lonely shepherd, with his peaceful flocks, is playing the pipe. Of the master's earlier time; admirable in the impasto, careful and delicate, decided and soft, all in a warm golden tone. In the Liber Veritatis, marked No. 11. Few pictures inspire, like this, a feeling for the delicious stillness of a summer's evening.

"A landscape by Nicolas Poussin, rather large, of a very poetic composition and careful execution, inspires, on the other hand, in the brownish silver tone, the sensation of the freshness of morning. There is quite a reviving coolness in the dark water and under the trees of the foreground.

"Two smaller historical pictures by Poussin, of his earlier time, class among his careful and good works.

"Of the Flemish school there are a few, but very good specimens.

"There is a highly interesting picture by Rubens. During his residence in Mantua, he was so pleased with the Triumph of Ju[illegible]

Cæsar, by Mantegna, that he made a fine copy of one of the nine pictures. His love for the fantastic and pompous led him to choose that with the elephants carrying the candelabra; but his ardent imagination, ever directed to the dramatic, could not be content with this. Instead of a harmless sheep, which in Mantegna is walking by the side of the foremost elephant, Rubens made a lion and a lioness, which growl angrily at the elephant. The latter, on his part, is not idle, but, looking furiously round, is on the point of striking the lion a blow with his trunk. The severe pattern which he had before him in Mantegna has moderated Rubens in his usually very full forms, so that they are more noble and slender than they generally are. The colouring, as in all his earlier pictures, is more subdued than in the later, and yet powerful. Rubens himself seems to have set much value on this study; for it was among the effects at his death. During the revolution, Mr. Champernowne brought it from the Balbi palace, at Genoa. It is 3 ft. high and 5 ft. 5 in. wide.

"The study for the celebrated picture, the Terrors of War, in the Pitti palace at Florence, and respecting which we have a letter in Rubens's own hand, is likewise well worth notice. Rubens painted this picture for the Grand Duke of Tuscany. Venus endeavours, in vain, to keep Mars, the insatiable warrior, as Homer calls him, from war; he hurries away to prepare indescribable destruction. This picture, 1 ft. 8 in. high and 2 ft. 6½ in. wide, which I have seen in the exhibition of the British Institution, is, by the warmth and power of the colouring, and the spirited and careful execution, one of the most eminent of Rubens's small pictures of this period.

"Lastly, there is a Moonlight by him. The clear reflection of the moon in the water, its effect in the low distance, the contrast of the dark mass of trees in the foreground, are a proof of the deep feeling for striking incidents in nature which was peculiar to Rubens. As in another picture the flakes of snow were represented, he has here marked the stars.

"I have now become acquainted with Rembrandt in a new department; he has painted in brown and white a rather obscure allegory on the deliverance of the United Provinces from the union of such great powers as Spain and Austria. It is a rich composition, with many horsemen. One of the most prominent figures is a lion chained at the foot of a rock, on which the tree of liberty is growing. Over the rock are the words, '*Solo Deo gloria.*' The whole is executed with consummate skill, and the principal effect is striking.

"His own portrait, at an advanced age, with very dark ground and shadows, and, for him, a cool tone of the lights, is to be classed, among the great number of them, with that in the Bridgewater Gallery; only it is treated in his broadest manner, which borders on looseness.

"A landscape, with a few trees upon a hill, in the foreground, with a horseman and a pedestrian in the background, a plain with a bright horizon, is clearer in the shadows than other landscapes by

Rembrandt, and therefore with the most powerful effect, the more harmonious.

"Among the drawings I must at least mention some of the finest.

"RAPHAEL. The celebrated Entombment, drawn with the utmost spirit with the pen. From the Crozat collection. Mr. Rogers gave 120*l*. for it.

"ANDREA DEL SARTO. Some studies in black chalks, for his fresco paintings in the Chapel del Scalzo. That for the young man who carries the baggage in the visitation of the Virgin is remarkably animated.

"LUCAS VAN LEYDEN. A pen drawing, executed in the most perfect and masterly manner, for his celebrated and excessively rare engraving of the portrait of the Emperor Maximilian I. This wonderful drawing has hitherto been erroneously ascribed to Albert Dürer.

"ALBERT DÜRER. A child weeping. In chalk, on coloured paper, brightened with white; almost unpleasantly true to reality.

"Among the admirable engravings, I mention only a single female figure, very delicately treated, which is so entirely pervaded with the spirit of Francisco Francia, that I do not hesitate to ascribe it to him. Francia, originally a goldsmith, is well known to have been peculiarly skilled in executing larger compositions in niello. How easily, therefore, might it have occurred to him, instead of working as hitherto in silver, to work with his graver in copper, especially as in his time the engraving on copper had been brought into more general use in Italy by A. Mantegna and others; and Francia had such energy and diversity of talents, that in his mature age he successfully made himself master of the art of painting, which was so much more remote from his own original profession. Besides this, the fine delicate lines in which the engraving is executed indicate an artist who had been previously accustomed to work for niello-plates, in which this manner is usually practised. The circumstance, too, that Marcantonio was educated in the workshop of Francia, is favourable to the presumption that he himself had practised engraving.

"Among the old miniatures, that which is framed and glazed, and hung up, representing, in a landscape, a knight in golden armour, kneeling down, to whom God the Father, surrounded by cherubim and seraphim, appears in the air, while the damned are tormented by devils in the abyss, is by far the most important. As has been already observed by Passavant, it belongs to a series of forty miniatures, in the possession of Mr. George Brentano, at Frankfort-on-Maine, which were executed for Maître Etienne Chevalier, treasurer of France under King Charles VII., and may probably have adorned his prayer-book. They are by the greatest French miniature painter of the fifteenth century, Johan Fouquet de Tours, painter to King Louis XI. In regard to the admirable spirited invention, which betrays a great master, as well as the finished execution, they rank uncommonly high.

"An antique bust of a youth, in Carrara marble, which in form and expression resembles the eldest son of Laocoon, is in a very noble style, uncommonly animated, and of admirable workmanship. In particular, the antique portion of the neck and the treatment of the hair are very delicate. The nose and ears are new; a small part of the chin, too, and the upper lip, are completed in a masterly manner in wax.

"A candelabrum in bronze, about ten inches high, is of the most beautiful kind. The lower part is formed by a sitting female figure holding a wreath. This fine and graceful design belongs to the period when art was in its perfection. This exquisite relic, which was purchased for Mr. Rogers, in Italy, by the able connoisseur, Mr. Millingen, is unfortunately much damaged in the epidermis.

"Among the elegant articles of antique ornament in gold, the ear-rings and clasps, by which so many descriptions of the ancient poets are called to mind, there are likewise whole figures beat out in thin gold leaves. The principal article is a golden circlet, about two and a half inches in diameter, the workmanship of which is as rich and skilful as could be made in our times.

"Of the many Greek vases in terra cotta, there are five, some of them large, in the antique taste, with black figures on a yellow ground, which are of considerable importance. A flat dish, on the outer side of which five young men are rubbing themselves with the strigil, and five washing themselves, yellow on a black ground, is to be classed with vases of the first rank, for the gracefulness of the invention, and the beauty and elegance of the execution. In this collection, it is excelled only by a vase, rounded below, so that it must be placed in a peculiar stand. The combat of Achilles with Penthesilea is represented upon it, likewise in red figures. This composition, consisting of thirteen figures, is by far the most distinguished, not only of all representations of the subject, but in general of all representations of combats which I have hitherto seen on vases, in the beauty and variety of the attitudes, in masterly drawing, as well as in the spirit and delicacy of the execution. It is in the happy medium between the severe and the quite free style, so that in the faces there are some traces of the antique manner."

Besides these, the articles of ancient and modern art, in sculpture, ivory carving, illustrated missals and MSS., specimens of Egyptian, Greek, and Italian artistic manufactures, were almost endless.

To these treasures of art were added those of his sister, chiefly paintings. Miss Rogers died on the 29th of January, 1855; and the poet himself on the 18th of December of the same year. The poet, his sister, and another brother, Henry Rogers, are all buried in the same vault in Hornsey churchyard, with inscriptions bearing the dates of their respective births and deaths, and adding that Samuel was the "Author of the Pleasures of Memory."

It remains only to add, that Mr. Rogers embellished his printed works with the same exquisite taste as his house. They are splendid specimens of typography, and are rich in the most beautiful designs by Stothard and Turner, from the most celebrated burins of the day. I believe more than fifty thousand copies of them have been circulated. Since his death Mr. Moxon has published a volume of Rogers' Table-Talk.

Mr. Rogers, even in advanced age, was an active and persevering walker. We recollect seeing him some time before the decease of Joanna Baillie, returning from a call upon her, and walking down the hill towards Frognal Lane at a rate which made it difficult to overtake him. His carriage was following him, and a servant, close at his elbow, kept a careful watch lest he should stumble over any loose stone. Soon after this he met with his accident, which disabled him from walking altogether. Returning from a dinner-party in town, again on foot, in crossing a street, and endeavouring to avoid a cab, he fell, and fractured the thigh-bone. Nothing in the world was more likely than such an accident. Old gentlemen who are excessively deaf, and have carriages, should ride in them at night in the streets of London, when they are approaching ninety.

All the art collections which enriched the poet's house are dispersed by the hammer of the auctioneer, except three of his best paintings. These Mr. Rogers, by his will, bequeathed to the nation —namely, his celebrated Knight in Armour, by Giorgione; Ecce Homo, by Guido; and Noli me Tangere, by Titian; which are now in the National Gallery. Besides these, the Trustees of the National Gallery purchased at the poet's sale:—*Rubens.* The Triumph of Julius Cæsar, a grand composition from a design by Andrea Mantegna, painted at Mantua, 1,102*l.* 10*s.* *Giotto.* Heads of Peter and John in adoration before the body of Jesus; a fragment of a fresco from the church of the Carmelites of Brancacci in Carmel at Florence, 78*l.* 15*s.* *G. Bassano.* The Good Samaritan, from the collection of Sir Joshua Reynolds, 241*l.* 10*s.*; and *Rubens.* The Horrors of War, from the Balbi palace, at Genoa, 210*l.*

The sale of the poet's effects occupied twenty-two days, and produced the following amount, as kindly furnished to me by Messrs. Christie and Manson, the auctioneers:—

	£	*s.*	*d.*
Antiquities, Greek vases, &c.	4,334	17	6
Pictures	30,180	16	0
Ancient and modern drawings, works of art, marbles, &c.	7,951	12	0
Total	42,467	5	6
Library	1,415	5	0
Coins	600	7	0
Furniture	317	11	0
Plate	488	5	9
House	4,860	0	0
Total	50,148	14	3

THOMAS MOORE.

The author of Lalla Rookh, like most of the race of genius, was one whom his own genius ennobled. The man who has not to thank his ancestors for what he enjoys of wealth, station, or reputation, has all the more to thank himself for. The heralds, says Savage Landor, will give you a grandfather if you want one, but a genuine poet has no need of a grandfather; he is his own grandfather, his own shield-bearer, and stands forth to the world in the proud attitude of debtor to none but God and himself, the shield-bearer and the grandfather of others. Thomas Moore was born in an humble house in Dublin, the son of humble but respectable parents. He made his own way in the world, and gave to those parents the honour of having produced a distinguished son. That is as it should be. People should honour their parents; it is rarely that parents can honour their children. They cannot bequeath their genius to them; it is not always that they can succeed in engrafting on them their virtues: and if parents be glorious in reputation and in goodness, if the children do not walk worthy of that glory, the glory itself is only a blaze that exposes them to the world; lights up and aggravates every blemish to the general eye. How truly is honour, true honour, in nine cases out of ten, a self-acquisition. Wealth you may entail, station you may entail; but well-won honour is a thing which, like salvation, every man must achieve for himself. Poets in general know no ancestry. In their poetic character they are as truly and newly created as Adam himself. Who cares a button for the ancestors of Byron, of Milton, of Shakspeare, of Goethe, or of Schiller? These men start out to our eyes in the blaze of their own genius, which darkens all around them. They are creations of God, and not of man. They are sent forth into the world, and not born into it. Their ancestors are not the ancestors of their genius. They are the progenitors of the earthy caterpillar—the butterfly, the Psyche of genius, is born of itself. With the splendid spirit which breaks forth sometimes from an old line, that line commonly has nothing more to do than the earth on which we tread, the common mother of us all, has to do with our soul and its celestial powers. These come out of the hand of God, gifts to us and the world; luminaries burning in a divine isolation; priests after the order of Melchisedec, whose ancestry and whose posterity are not known. God has vindicated to himself the origination of Genius and Christianity. They both came into the world independent of governments and princes: they spring out of the habitations of the poor, and walk amongst the poor; they disdain to confer on worldly pride the honour of their alliance, but they do their mission in the strength of their sender, and mount to heaven.

These are great truths that every man of genius should see, acknowledge, and act upon. His birth is higher than that of any prince, even be it more lowly than that of the Son of God, in a stable and a manger, with a stalled ox instead of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and an ass instead of a Prime Minister, attending as witnesses. Nobles can confer no nobility on him: he bears his patent of honour in his own bosom; the escutcheon of genius is his in the broad and exalted brow. He should remember this; and the world will not then forget it. He should think of himself as sent forth by God, doing God's work in the earth, and having to render up to God the account of his embassy. With this idea within him and before him, his work will be done the more nobly; and the public which is made what it is by him,—effeminate through his effeminacy, corrupt through his corruption, wise through his wisdom,—will soon place him in his true rank, above all heaps of metal and spadefuls of earth, and honour him as the only true noble, the only man who has no need of heraldic lies and fictitious grandfathers. These are great truths that the children of men of genius too should bear in mind. They should feel that they cannot inherit genius, but they may possess it in some new shape, an equal gift of heaven. This will keep alive in them the spirit of honourable action; and they may come to live, not in the moonshine of their ancestral lights, but in a genuine warm sunshine of their own. The honour of a distinguished parent is not our honour but our foil, if we do not seek to establish an alliance with it by our own exertion, and above all by goodness.

For want of poets and poets' children entertaining these rational ideas, what miseries have from age to age awaited them! In the course of my peregrinations to the birthplaces and the tombs of poets, how often have these reflections been forced upon me. Humble, indeed, are frequently their birthplaces; but what is far worse, how wretched are often the places of their deaths! How many of them have died in the squalid haunts of destitution, and even by their own hand. How many of them have left their families to utter poverty; how many of those caressed in their lives, lie without a stone or a word of remembrance in their graves! But still more melancholy is the contemplation of the beginning and the end of Robert Tannahill, the popular song-writer of Paisley. Tannahill was no doubt stimulated by the fame of Burns. True, he had not the genius of Burns, but genius he had, and that is conspicuous in many of those songs which during his lifetime were sung with enthusiasm by his countrymen. Tannahill was a poor weaver of Paisley. The cottage where he lived is still to be seen, a very ordinary weaver's cottage in an ordinary street; and the place where he drowned himself may be seen too at the outside of the town. This is one of the most dismal places in which a poet ever terminated his career. Tannahill, like Burns, was fond of a jovial hour amid his comrades in a public-house. But weaving of verse and weaving of calico did not agree. The world applauded, but did not patronize; disappointment in fame and in the affections, acting on a nervous temperament, disordered his mind; and Tannahill, in the frenzy of despair, resolved to terminate his existence. Outside of Paisley there is a place where a small stream passes under a canal. To facilitate this passage a deep pit is sunk, and a channel for the waters is made under the bottom of the canal. This pit is, I believe, eighteen feet deep. It is built round with stone, which is rounded off at its mouth, so that any one falling in cannot by any possibility get out, for there is nothing to lay hold of. Any one once in there might grasp and grasp in vain for an edge to seize upon. He would sink back and back till he was exhausted and sank for ever. No doubt Tannahill in moments of gloomy observation had noted this. And at midnight he came, stripped off his coat, laid down his hat, and took the fatal plunge. No cry could reach human ear from that horrible abyss; no effort of the strongest swimmer could avail to sustain him: soon worn out he must go down, and amid the black boiling torrent be borne through the subterranean channel onward with the stream. Thus died Robert Tannahill, and a more fearful termination was never put to a poetical career. The place is called Tannahill's hole, and cats and dogs drowned in it, from its peculiar fitness for inevitable drowning, float about on the surface, and add to the revolting shudder which the sight of it creates.

Such are some of the dominant tendencies of poetic fate which made Wordsworth exclaim,—

"We poets in our youth begin in gladness,
But thereof come in the end despondency and madness;"

and such must there be till genius respect itself, and cause the public to respect it; till it reflect that it is a heavenly endowment, and not a trade stock.

Amongst the most fortunate men of genius,—amongst those who by strength of pinion, and by various resources of prose, poetry, and music, have soared above the poet's ordinary path beset with ropes, poison, throat-cutting razors, pistols, and drowning holes,—is the gay and genial Thomas Moore. Moore was born, as I have said, in Dublin. His father kept a shop in Aungier-street, and was a respectable grocer and spirit dealer. The shop continues exactly as it was to the present day, is employed for the same trade, and over it is the little drawing-room in which Mr. Moore himself tells us that he used to compose his songs, and with his sister and some young friends acted a masque of his own composing.

Moore was not ashamed of his humble birthplace. "Be sure," he said to me, "when you go to Dublin, to visit the old shop in Aungier-street." I did visit it, and the landlord insisted that I should drink a glass of whisky in honour of Tom Moore's being born there.

Moore declared that he knew very little of his ancestry. On his father's side, his uncle, Garret Moore, was the only one whom he knew. He was a Kerry man. His mother was an Anastatia Codd, the daughter of "my gouty old grandfather, Tom Codd," as Moore familiarly names him, "who lived in the corn market, Wexford," and who was in the provision trade, and, as Moore believed, from his recollection of machinery, had been a weaver. Moore was born on the 28th of May, 1779. He was first sent to school, at a very early age, to a man of the name of Malone, in the same street; "a wild, odd fellow," he says, "of whose cocked hat I have still a clear remembrance, and who used to pass the greater part of his nights in drinking at public-houses, and was hardly ever able to make his appearance in the school before noon. He would then generally whip the boys all round for disturbing his slumbers." He was then sent to the grammar school of the well-known Samuel Whyte, to whom in his fourteenth year he addressed a sonnet, which was published in a Dublin Magazine, called the Anthologia. In this periodical he also printed his first amatory effusions, addressed by him under the cognomen of Romeo to a Miss Hannah Byrne, who bore the name of Zelia. This Mr. Whyte was fond of poetry and dramatic representation, and is mentioned by Moore as having superintended private theatricals at different gentlemen's and noblemen's houses, as at the Duke of Leinster's, at Marly, the seat of the Latouches, &c., where he supplied prologues. Sheridan had been a pupil of Whyte's, and it is further stated by Mr. Moore, that many parents were alarmed at the danger of his instilling a love for these things into his scholars. Can there be a doubt that he did so with Sheridan and Moore?

Moore was sent to the university in Dublin, in 1795, where the unfortunate Robert Emmet was at the time. Moore soon formed an acquaintance with him, and became a member of a debating society, at which Emmet and other young patriots assembled to prepare themselves for public life. On the approach of the frigthful explosion of 1798, the university was visited by Lord Fitzgibbon, its vice-chancellor, with a rigorous examination, Government having become aware of the students being deeply engaged in the organization of the Irish union. Amongst those found to be thus implicated were Emmet, John Brown, and others. They became marked men. Moore himself underwent examination, but came clear off. From these connexions and early impressions, however, we may date his steady adherence to liberal and patriotic sentiments.

At the university his poetic genius early displayed itself. There he commenced the translation of the Odes of Anacreon. He took his degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1798 or 1799, and left the university. He soon found his way over to England, where his wit, his songs, and his conversational brilliancy, introduced him to the first circles of fashionable life, and to Government patronage. He entered himself of the Middle Temple in 1799; but, instead of legal studies, poetical ones wholly engrossed him, so that in 1800, before he had completed his twentieth year, he had published his Anacreon. At this time he had lodgings at 44, Gower-street, Portman-square, at six shillings a-week. This place was a great haunt of poor French emigrants; where he described himself as greatly disturbed by the snoring of an old curé, and much amused by the scheme of a French bishop, who, having too many hungry callers, used to hang up a board on the staircase, chalked in large characters,—"The Bishop's gone out."

He soon made the acquaintance of several Irishmen; amongst them of Martin Archer Shee; had a sight of Peter Pindar and other lions; but by far the most important introduction was to the Earl Moira. He visited him at his seat, Donnington Park, Leicestershire, a place which afterwards became quite a home to him. By Lord Moira he was introduced to the Prince Regent, and while Moira and that party continued in favour was a frequent guest at Carlton House.

In 1801 he published a volume of poems, under the title of The Poetical Works of the late Thomas Little, Esq. To be able to cancel many of these effusions the author would have given in after years a great portion of his fame; and, indeed, in the complete edition of his poems in one volume, he took care to exclude the most exceptionable.

Through the influence of Lord Moira he was, in 1803, appointed to the office of Registrar to the Admiralty Court at the Bermudas. He described in his letters the scenery of the island as beautiful, but his occupations,—those of swearing skippers, mates, and seamen as witnesses in the causes of captured vessels,—as not very poetical. In going and returning he saw something of the United States and Canada. His whole absence from England was not fourteen months. He published on his return a collection of odes, epistles, and fugitive poems, illustrative of the scenery and life of Bermuda, and of most caustic and scarifying epistles from the United States. From the hour that he settled down again in England—notwithstanding the time that he devoted to society, into which his peculiar powers of pleasing continually threw him—he displayed an extraordinary industry. Though a very gay man, Moore never was an indolent one.

In 1806 there appeared a very severe article in the Edinburgh Review on Moore's Odes and Epistles, which so roused his Irish blood, that, hearing that Jeffrey was in London, he sent him a challenge; and the poet and reviewer met at Chalk Farm, where, when about to fire, out stepped some police from behind the trees, and arrested the belligerents. On examining the pistols, that of Moore was found to have a bullet in it, that of Jeffrey none. This was soon converted in the newspapers into Moore's pistol being only loaded with a paper pellet, and Jeffrey's one without the pellet,—as though he had already fired his pellet in the Edinburgh. The whole made much merriment; and Lord Byron did not let the story lose anything in his version of it in English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.

On the 25th of March, 1811—was it because it was Lady-day?—Moore was married to a Miss Dyke, at St. Martin's church, in London, being two-and-thirty years of age. It was a most fortunate marriage. Though Miss Dyke had little or no property, as it is commonly called, she seems to have been possessed of every other good property. She was very handsome and very domestic. Though of a peculiarly retiring disposition, and, therefore, not accompanying her husband much into his gay and general society, she was most amiable, intelligent, and accomplished. She showed herself on all occasions a woman of much energy of character, of tact and judgment. Nothing was more striking than the manner in which the poet relied upon her in all matters of daily life. Lord John Russell says, "From 1811, the year of his marriage, to 1852, that of his death, this excellent and beautiful person received from him the homage of a lover, enhanced by all the gratitude, all the confidence, which the daily and hourly happiness which he enjoyed was sure to inspire. Thus, whatever amusement he might find in society, whatever sights he might behold, whatever literary resources he might seek elsewhere, he always returned to his home with a fresh feeling of delight."

But perhaps there never was a man who spent almost the whole of his life in a constant round of visiting amongst the great and fashionable, who retained so warmly and uncorruptedly the full strength of his domestic affections. There never was a more kind and devoted son. Twice a week, except when in Bermuda and America, he wrote to his mother, with a never varying love. He settled a hundred pounds a-year on his parents as soon as he began to realize a tolerable income, and always paid it while they lived, even when sorely pressed himself.

Soon after his marriage he made the acquaintance of Lord Byron. but for some time he was almost constantly the guest of Lord Moira, at Donnington Park. To be near him, and yet not quite dependent on him for a home, he took a cottage at Kegworth in the spring of 1812, about a year after his marriage. They did not long remain there, for in the summer of the next year they removed to Mayfield Cottage, near Ashbourne. This was, no doubt, occasioned by the appointment of Lord Moira to the government of India, and to the expectation of Moore and his friends that he would take him with him in some profitable post, which was wholly disappointed. Lord Moira, though he had raised such expectations, had too many hungry expectants of his own kith and kin; and Moore, justly chagrined, removed to a distance. They had now two daughters, one having been born in London, before settling at Kegworth, and a second at that place.

But Moore had now prospects of no inconsiderable emolument at home. He had already engaged with Power for 500*l.* a-year for seven years, for his Irish Melodies, and he had now made the engagement with Longmans for Lalla Rookh, for 3000*l.* Here then he went to work in joyous alacrity. The rent of his cottage was only 20*l.* a-year, and the taxes three or four more, not altogether 30*l.* This poem was ready for the press in 1816, so that it would seem to have cost him between two and three years. Once more, therefore, they removed. This time it was to the foot of Muswell Hill, near Hornsey. It is a small brick cottage standing in very secluded grounds. There they spent the summer of 1817, while Moore was putting Lalla Rookh through the press; and his wife stayed there while he made a trip to Paris; where he collected the materials for that humorous production, The Fudge Family in Paris. From Paris he was hastily recalled by the illness of his eldest daughter, who died soon after he reached Hornsey. In the autumn they went down to Bowood to see some houses there which Lord Lansdowne, who wished to have them near him, thought would suit them, where they took Sloperton Cottage, furnished, for 40*l.* a-year!

But scarcely were they got into this new house than care in a very wholesale and disagreeable shape followed them. Moore's deputy, whom he had left in Bermuda, after having long embezzled the proceeds of the post, absconded, leaving the poet responsible for 6,000*l.* The man was of a rich and respectable mercantile family of the name of Sheddon. He had been recommended to Moore by the uncle, a wealthy old fellow, and, poet-like, Moore had taken no guarantee from him for this dishonest nephew. Till these affairs could be settled, Moore was advised to get away to the Continent, and accordingly he set out, in company with Lord John Russell, on the 4th of September, 1819. In this journey he went with Lord John to Paris, thence into Switzerland and as far as Milan, where they parted; and Moore went on to visit Lord Byron at his country house, La Mira, near Fusina, and went from thence with him to Venice. He found Byron grown fat, and living with the Countess Guiccioli, whom he did not think at all handsome. Her husband was perfectly agreeable to this arrangement, on condition that Byron should let him have 1,000*l.* Moore returned by the south of France to Paris, where, in January, 1820, his wife and children joined him. There he lived till the latter end of November, 1822, when, the Bermuda affair being settled, he returned to England, and to his cottage at Sloperton, which he now secured on a term for 25*l.* a-year.

During the nearly three years that he lived in Paris, Moore's life was precisely the same as when in England—one continual round of visiting amongst the English aristocracy and travellers who came there. At the same time he was busy on the Life of Sheridan, The Epicurean, The Loves of the Angels, &c. During this period he made one visit to England, and to his parents in Ireland, in 1821, of course *in cog.*, wearing artificial moustaches as a disguise, and taking his wife's name, Dyke.

The places in which Moore lived in and near Paris were, first, apartments in the Rue Chantereine, where they lived only six weeks, when they removed to a cottage in the Champs Elysées; after that they occupied for some time a cottage of their friends the Villamils, at La Butte Coaslin, near Sèvres. Moore says that the cottage of La Butte conjured up an apparition of Sloperton, and he defines it by a happy quotation from Pope—

"A little cot with trees a row,
And, like its master, very low."

Here he used to wander in the noble park of St. Cloud, with his pocket-book and pencil, composing verses, and pondering on the Epicurean; and closing the evening by practising duets with the lady of his Spanish friend, or listening to her guitar. Kenney, the dramatic writer, lived near them, and Washington Irving visited him there.

Thence they went back to the Allée des Veuves, Champs Elysées, and then back to Sèvres. After that they had lodgings at 17, Rue d'Anjou, Paris; and finally at Passy. It is curious that it was in Paris and its vicinity that Moore says he first began to feel the influence of *Nature.* In his journal of September, 1819, we find him saying, "Few things set my imagination on the wing so much as those spectacles at the Opera," which appears very characteristic; but in October, 1820, a year after, when he had been walking in the park at St. Cloud, and the Bois de Boulogne, he discovers that "It is only within these few years I have begun to delight in the charms of *in*-animate nature, the safest as well as the purest passion."

At length his Bermuda affair was settled, by the claimants reducing their demands to 1,000*l.* or 1,200*l.*, of which the old Sheddon, the delinquent's uncle, agreed to pay 300*l.*, Lord John Russell 200*l.*, and Lord Lansdowne the remainder.

Perhaps the most important event connected with his later life was the destruction of the Memoirs of Lord Byron, which had been entrusted to him for publication after his death. These Memoirs had been given to Mr. Moore, and Mr. Moore had sold the copyright of them to Mr. Murray, for two thousand guineas. Lord Byron being dead, and the time for publication come, the relatives of Lord Byron took alarm, and implored Mr. Moore to allow them to be destroyed. To this Mr. Moore was weak enough to consent. That he did so from a sense of the most delicate honour there could be no question; even had he not proved that by the sacrifice of two thousand guineas and interest, which he repaid to Mr. Murray, though he had to borrow it of Messrs. Longmans. But if honour to Lord Byron's relatives was preserved, it was neither so to Lord Byron nor the public. It was a sacred trust of the one for the gratification of the other; and had Mr. Moore had any scruples on the subject of publication, he should have returned the MS. to Lord Byron while living. When dead, there was no such way out; there was no alternative, without a betrayal of the most sacred trust that could be reposed in man, but to allow the noble donor's intention to be faithfully carried out. There has been much controversy on this topic, but this still continues, and will continue to be, the result of public opinion. What renders the destruction of these memoirs the more unaccountable is, that by Moore's own practice and confession, they contained nothing objectionable, except it might be a passage bearing rather hard upon the private character of some one in a conversation with Madame de Stael, and a charge against Sir Samuel Romilly, which he admits could have been most easily neutralized, by a true version in a note. They could not be very immoral, one would think, for Moore lent them about amongst his lady friends, Lady Holland, Lady Mildmay, &c., and they came back without any remonstrances or disapprobation. Indeed, had there been anything objectionable, he confesses that he had full authority from Lord Byron to alter or annul.

One of the secrets of Mr. Moore's successful industry, perhaps, may be found in the fact that, spite of his social disposition, and of all the fascinations of society for a man of his fame, wit, and accomplishments, he lived the greater part of his life after his marriage in the country. What is also highly commendable is, that his habits of life with the wealthy aristocracy never seduced him into living in expensive houses. All his residences are of the humblest description, and of a rent seldom passing 40*l.* a-year, and for the greater part of his life, as we have seen, only 25*l.* Yet we have a suspicion that this prudence originated with his wife, for we always find that whenever Moore came into possession of money, or had a prospect of it, he began to live expensively.—Borrowed a large house of Lord Lansdowne, at Richmond, one summer; borrowed his friends' carriages; gave great dinners and fêtes champêtres; and, therefore, at the time of his death, though he confesses to have made 30,000*l.* by his writings, he had nothing to leave to his wife, his sole survivor, but his Diary in MS. Amongst the various places of abode, two only were residences of much duration. These were Mayfield cottage, near Ashbourne, in Derbyshire, and Sloperton cottage, near Devizes, in Wiltshire.

Mayfield is not a particularly picturesque village, nor is the immediate neighbourhood striking; but it lies in a fine country, and within a short distance of it are Dovedale, and other beautiful scenes in Derbyshire and Staffordshire. The recommendations of Mayfield have been thus enumerated by a cotemporary writer in a periodical. "Moore's cottage is in a secluded part of Mayfield, a village on the Staffordshire side of the river Dove, about two miles from Ashbourne. It is a spot not often alluded to in literature, though the neighbourhood has been peculiarly honoured by the presence of literary men. Three miles from Mayfield is Wotton Hall, where Rousseau lived several years; where he botanized, and where he wrote his Confessions. One mile from Mayfield, on the other side of the Dove, lived a great, and perhaps a much better man than Rousseau, but who will not attain an equal renown—Michael Thomas Sadler. At Oakover, one mile from Mayfield, is the residence of the late Mr. Ward, author of Tremaine. Two miles further up the river, in the loveliest of all villages, a grotto is still preserved in which Congreve wrote his first drama. A ten minutes' walk affords a view of the grand entrance to Dovedale, immortalized by old Izaak Walton. At Tissington, another most exquisite village, like the former, without workhouse or alehouse, lived Greaves, the author of the Spiritual Quixote. Dr. Taylor, one of Dr. Johnson's most esteemed friends, was an inhabitant of Ashbourne. The great lexicographer was a visitor of this neighbourhood, and some of his most amusing conversations and peculiarities are recorded by Boswell while staying in this quiet town. Mayfield cottage bears now some claim to the notice of the lovers of literature, from its being the residence of Mr. Alfred Butler, the clever author of the novels Elphinstone and the Herberts."

It was not, however, the attractions enumerated in the above passage which determined the settlement of Moore there. His wife and himself were travelling along from a scene of great aristocratic splendour, of which they had become so weary, that they sighed for the utmost simplicity, retirement, and repose, and vowed that they would take the very first place of such a character that they found vacant. Mayfield cottage was the one. "It was a poor place," said Moore to myself, "little better than a barn, but we at once took it, and set about making it habitable."

It is no doubt from some such remark on the part of the poet that a paragraph originated which I have lately seen going the round of the newspapers, that he wrote Lalla Rookh in a barn. That barn was, in fact, Mayfield cottage, though he describes their cottage at Kegworth also as a barn-like abode. The right-hand front window at Mayfield is pointed out as belonging to Moore's little parlour; the window at the side belonged to his not very extensive library, and the trees visible above the roof are part of the orchard, his favourite study, in which some of his choicest lyrics were composed.

The warm-hearted poet, though it was many years since he quitted Mayfield, spoke with pleasure of the enjoyment he experienced there. The country around, both in Derbyshire and Staffordshire, has many charms for a poetic eye. It was within a walk of Dovedale; and he speaks of his rambling in that enchanting glen with "his Bessy," his wife. There are, too, many persons of taste and intelligence living thereabout, from whom he and his family received every cordial attention. He was zealously engaged in working out what he deemed was to be the crowning work of his fame, Lalla Rookh, and he regarded the cottage at Mayfield, and the scene immediately surrounding it, peculiarly favourable for this purpose. "It was indeed," he observes, in the preface to his eighth volume, "to the secluded life I led during the years 1813—1816, in a lone cottage in the fields in Derbyshire, that I owed the inspiration, whatever may have been its value, of some of the best and most popular portions of Lalla Rookh. It was amid the snows of two or three Derbyshire winters that I found myself enabled, by that concentration of thought which retirement alone gives, to call up around me some of the sunniest of those Eastern scenes which have since been welcomed in India itself as almost native to its clime." It is, he says, a peculiarity of his imagination that it is easily broken in upon and diverted by striking external objects. "I am," he observed to me, "at once very imaginative, and very matter-of-fact. The matter-of-fact can at any moment put to flight all the operations of the imagination. It was, therefore, necessary for me to exclude matter-of-fact, and all very striking or attractive objects, and to concentrate all my imagination on the objects I wished to portray. My story lay in the East, and I must imbue and saturate my imagination entirely with Eastern ideas, and Eastern imagery. I must create, and place, and keep before me a peculiar world, with all its people and characteristics. No place could be more favourable for this than Mayfield, because it had nothing prominent or seducing enough to rush through and force itself into the world which I had evoked, created, and was walking and working in. The result was most complete. Although I never have been in the East myself, yet every one who *has* been there declares that nothing can be more perfect than my representations of it, its people, and life, in Lalla Rookh."

But though living in the country, Moore was always in the pretty regular habit of visiting town during the season. Here he was the charm of the circles of the Whig nobility, especially at Lansdowne and Holland houses. At these places, and especially the latter, he met all the distinguished men of the time—Byron, Jeffrey, Sydney Smith, Campbell, Brougham, and the like. Even in the country he lived much in the houses of his great friends. His visits at Chatsworth, and at Donnington Park, the seat of Lord Moira, where he describes himself as passing whole weeks in the library, even when the family was absent, "indulging in all the freest airy castle-building of authorship," were rather sojourns than visits. Here he met, oddly enough, with the rival princes of France, poor Charles X. and his brother, the Duc de Montpensier, and the Comte Beaujolais, at the same time with the Duke of Orleans, the late Louis Philippe, who in the library at the same house would be deep in a volume of Clarendon, "unconsciously preparing himself by such studies for the high and arduous destiny which not only the good genius of France, but his own sagacious and intrepid spirit, had early marked out for him." Rogers and Moore were for many years very intimate friends, and of course Moore was during those years much at home in the classic abode of the latter poet.

But Lord Lansdowne was anxious to get the wit and poet down into his own neighbourhood, and pressed him to come and live near Bowood. "Tommy, who dearly loves a lord," according to the designation given to Moore by his *dear* friend Lord Byron, was willing to oblige Lord Lansdowne by living near him, as he obliged the relatives of Byron by burning the horror-creating Memoirs. His Lordship sent him word that there was a house just the thing for him, at Bromham, not far from Bowood. Moore went down to see it, but found it far too large and expensive for a poet's income. It was a huge, stately house, with extensive stabling, offices, rookeries, gardens, and land; "in fact," he said, "it might have done for Lord Lansdowne, but did not suit the finances of a poet." He, however, told Mrs. Moore on his return that he had seen a cottage on the road that was everything that *he* desired, with a most delicious garden and in a sweet situation. With her usual energy, Mrs. Moore took coach, hastened to the cottage, liked it as well as her husband did, and took it at once. This was Sloperton cottage, and here they resided more than thirty years.

It is Sloperton cottage which hereafter will be regarded with the chief interest as the residence of the poet. It stands in the midst of a delightful country, and though itself buried, as it were, in an ordinary thickly wooded lane, branching off to the left from the high road, about two miles from Devizes, on the way to Chippenham, yet from its upper windows, as well as from its garden, it enjoys peeps through the trees into lovely scenes. Down southward from the far end of the house opens the broad and noble vale towards Trowbridge; in front to the right, across a little valley, stands on a fine mount, amid nobly grown trees, the village of Bromham, with the great house proposed to Moore by Lord Lansdowne as a suitable residence for him, standing, boldly backed and flanked by the masses of wood, and the church spire peering above it. More to the left, in front, you look across some miles of country, and see the historical foreland of Roundaway hill, the termination of the chalk-hills of the White-horse-vale, proudly overlooking Devizes. This hill, my driver gravely assured me, was Roundaway hill, *where King John signed the charter!* Behind the cottage, across some rich fields, are the wooded slopes of Spy Park, once the property of Sir Andrew Baynton.

At a few hundred yards' distance, on the left-hand side of the lane as you advance from the Devizes road, there stands the old manor house of Nonsuch, which has gone through many hands, and had, when I was there, recently been sold, and was refitting for a modern mansion. A narrow foot-lane descends past its grounds down through the valley, between tall hedges and embowering alders to the village of Bromham, which gives you a view of the ancient knolls of the park-like environs of Nonsuch. Old sturdy oaks stand here and there on these knolls, and everything presents an air of great antiquity. A footpath runs through these grounds, by which you are admitted to loiter at your leisure amid the retired slopes and woodland hollows of this old English scenery. The footway which, I have said, leads also down past it, to Bromham, is peculiarly rural. It is paved, as the bottom abounds in water, where a beautiful spring gushes up from the foot of the ascent towards the village; and in passing along it, you feel yourself to be shrouded amid a luxuriant growth of water-loving trees, and surrounded by the quietness of woodland banks, and rustic farm lands. The village is purely agricultural, and has a fine church, with a singularly richly ornamented battlement.

Such is the immediate situation of Moore's cottage. Views of it every one has seen; but it is only when you stand actually before it, see it covered with clematis, its two porches hung with roses, and the lawn and garden which surround it kept in the most exquisite order, and fragrant with every flower of the season, that you are fully sensible of what a genuine poet's nest it is.

And yet the house was originally merely a common labourer's cottage. This part forms still the end next to the Devizes road, which road, however, is three-quarters of a mile distant; but fresh erections have been added, so that now it is not a very large, but a very goodly and commodious dwelling. The old entrance has been left, as well as a new one made in the new part, so that no unnecessary interruption may be occasioned to the family by visitors. The old entrance leads to the little drawing-room, the newer one to the family sitting-room. The poet's study is up-stairs. In the garden there is a raised walk running its whole length, bounded by a hedge of laurel. This gives you the view over the fields of Spy Park, and its finely-wooded slopes. This was a favourite walk of the poet; and it was, indeed, the fascination of this garden which originally took his fancy, and occasioned him to think of securing it.

One of the most pleasing traits of Moore's character is that, spite of his moving in high aristocratic circles, and having often great need of money, he maintained a most independent and unselfish disposition. Besides his Bermuda appointment, which turned out a loss through the dishonesty of his agent, he never received any other post. He was offered various literary and political editorships, with abundant incomes; but, like Southey, he declined them, because they would interrupt his own poetical pursuits. He had enjoyed for seventeen years a pension of 300*l.* per annum, and that was the extent of his Government patronage.

He has been careful to tell us himself, in his preface to his third volume, the actual amount of *royal* patronage which he had been said to have received, and unworthily repaid by quizzing the modern Heliogabalus. It is this, and is worth reading: "Luckily, the list of benefits showered upon me from that high quarter may be despatched in a few sentences. At the request of the Earl of Moira, one of my earliest and best friends, his royal highness graciously permitted me to dedicate to him my Translation of the Odes of Anacreon. I was twice, I think, admitted to the honour of dining at Carlton House; and when the prince, on his being made regent in 1811, gave his memorable fête, I was one of the envied—about 1,500, I believe, in number—who enjoyed the privilege of being his guests on the occasion." The obligation was certainly not overpowering, especially when the country had to pay for it. Moore added, that history has now pretty well settled the character of this royal patron.

Moore was very unfortunate in regard to his children. He had three daughters and two sons, but they all died before him. From some cause they do not appear to have possessed constitutional stamina sufficient to bear them through the wear and tear of existence. This has been freely attributed to the early dissipations of the poet, who could purgate the new editions of his early and very licentious poems, but could not thus chase the mischief from new editions of himself. If this were the fact, what a punishment in this life, and what a warning, if warnings are ever of any use! Moore seems to quote in his Diary, with an air of great satisfaction, Mr. Sneyd's verses on Lalla Rookh:—

"Lalla Rookh
Is a book
By Thomas Moore,
Who has written four
Each warmer
Than the former;
So the most recent
Is the least decent."

Yet, as he advanced in life, he deeply regretted the sensuality of the Little's Poems, and removed a good deal of it. But the publication of mischievous matter is a thing never to be remedied; for the original editions still exist, ready to be re-issued by low booksellers as soon as the law of copyright permits them.

Moore's eldest daughter, Ann Jane Barbara, only about five years old, died at Muswell Hill, in 1817, and was buried in Hornsey churchyard. Her death was hastened by a fall; but the doctors had before said, that if she lived, it could only be as "an invalid, from the bad state of her inward parts." These are Moore's own words. His second daughter, Anastatia Mary, died in 1829. She lived to the age of nearly seventeen, and was buried at Bromham, near Sloperton, and where also the poet and his son Russell sleep. A third daughter, Olivia Byron, lived only a few months. John Russell Moore, the second son, was born in May, 1823, and died November, 1842; consequently, he was just turned nineteen. He had received a cadetship in the East India Company's service, but a residence in India of about eighteen months completely exhausted him. Lord John Russell tells us that "his constitution was too delicate to carry him on to manhood. Perhaps, as Anastatia, with an English home, fell a victim to disease, Russell would not have survived long, even in his native climate." The last surviving of Moore's children was his eldest son, Thomas Lansdowne Parr Moore.

This youth was born October, 1818, and died March, 1846, so that he was in his eight-and-twentieth year. His father had purchased an ensigncy and lieutenancy in succession for him. He went to serve in India, where dissipation and the climate soon made him incapable of discharging his duty. Lord John Russell says he was "not physically strong, and had little restraint over himself." Moore paid 1,500*l.* for him, and then the young man sold his commission. He proposed to enter the French service in Algeria, which his father enabled him to do by applying to Louis Philippe. It was the most unfortunate thing he could have done. The climate and duty of Algiers he soon reported far worse than that of India, and consumption ended his days in the hospital of Mostorganem. The wildness of this son, and his melancholy death, told fearfully on the mind and strength of the poet. His memory failed rapidly, and the last time that I saw him, which was soon after this sad event, he had contracted all the appearance of the old man, stooping considerably, and being continually obliged to apply to Mrs. Moore to aid his recollection. This loss of memory was, in effect, a signal blessing, bestowing a calm on his closing period, which otherwise could not have existed. "His last days," says Lord John Russell, "were peaceful and happy: his domestic sorrows, his literary triumphs, seem to have faded away alike into a calm repose. He retained to his last moments a pious submission to God, and a grateful sense of the kindness of her whose tender office it was to watch over his decline."

He died at Sloperton cottage on the 26th of February, 1852, aged seventy-two years and nine months; and was buried in the churchyard of Bromham, within view of his own house, and by the side of two of his children. It was a circumstance worthy of note in the termination of the life of a man so wholly devoted to the society of the aristocracy, that not one of his great friends was present at his funeral. The sole persons from a distance being a clergyman, and one of the Messrs. Longmans, his publishers, who had certainly, through their long connexion with him, proved themselves real and substantial friends.

Lord John Russell, one of his latest and most intimate companions, though not present on this occasion, generously negotiated for the publication of his Memoirs with the Messrs. Longmans, and obtaining 3,000*l*. for them, purchased with that sum an annuity for Mrs. Moore, equal to the income which she and her husband had enjoyed during the latter years of his life. Lord John, moreover, edited the Memoirs himself, thus conferring the best boon on the widow of his friend, who seems to have been one of the best wives that ever man had.

In reviewing the life of the poet, we cannot help feeling regret that so much of it should have been wasted in the empty glare of mere fashionable society. We do not mean the select and intelligent society of the Russells, Lansdownes, and Hollands, but in the mob of mere titled people, who used him in the same capacity as great people used their clever jesters of old,—to amuse them. Yet, so absurdly proud was Moore of his perpetual fluttering, singing, and collecting stale witticisms in these tinsel circles, that he looked with the profoundest contempt on men of the highest talents, whom he never met there. Several entries in his Diary of this kind are absolutely pitiable. At Dr. Bowring's he says he met many first-rate *literati*, not one of whom he knew by name; and was greatly surprised to meet so great a man as Washington Irving there, with whom he made a speedy escape. At Martin's, the painter's, he found himself, also, to his infinite disgust, amongst a host of small *literati.* In such houses as those of Sir John Bowring and John Martin, the vain little poet might, we are satisfied, have found much more taste and intelligence than in far more pretending quarters, had he condescended to put it to the proof. But it is as useless to wish Moore anything but what he was, as to wish a butterfly a bee, or that a moth should not fly into a candle. It was his nature; and the pleasure of being caressed, flattered, and admired by titled people must be purchased at any cost. Neither poverty nor sorrow could restrain him from this dear enjoyment. We find him at one moment overwhelmed by some death or distress amongst his nearest relatives, or in the very bosom of his family. News arrives that a son is ill in a far-off land, or a daughter is dead at home. In the very next entry in his Diary he has rushed away with his grief into some fashionable concert, where he sings, and breaks down in tears. He goes into the charmed, glittering ring to forget his trouble, and leaves poor, desolate Mrs. Moore, solitarily at home to remember it. And yet, this strange little fairy was a most affectionate husband, son, and brother. We find him and his wife at one time staying at Lord Moira's for a week beyond the time that they should have left, because they had not money enough to give to the servants. At another time you find him invited to dine with some great people, but he has not a penny in his pocket; Bessy however has scraped together a pound or two out of the housekeeping cash, and lets him have it, and he is off. Thus night after night, season after season, he is the flattered and laughing centre of the most brilliant circles of lords and ladies, while he and his wife in the daytime are at their wits' end to find the means of meeting the demands of their humble *ménage.* He is joking and carolling like a lark, while his thoughts are at every pause running on how that confounded bill is to be taken up. All the time his wife is sitting solitarily at home pondering on the same thing, and cannot call on her friends because it would necessitate the hire of a coach.

What is the motive which induced the great people to have him amongst them? It was what the Duke and Duchess of Bedford candidly confessed when they said—"They wished they had some one like Mr. Moore, to be agreeable when they got to their inn in the evening." And what were the agreeable man's own feelings in this life? "Never did I lead such an unquiet life; Bessy ill, my Jane uncomfortable; anxious to employ myself in the midst of distractions, and full of remorse in the utmost of my gaiety." What a costly price for the gratification of vanity! It is curious, amid these perpetual distractions of gaiety without, and of gloom within, these perpetual sacrifices of his time to the frivolities of fashionable life, to see what an amount of labour he achieved, a great deal of it, indeed, such as he only performed for daily bread, and which added nothing to his real fame.

The best parts of his character were his affection for his parents, his wife and children, and the spirit of liberty which distinguished him for the greater portion of his life, though this became so lamentably deteriorated by his mingling with the aristocracy that he cordially hated the Reform Bill, though it was the favourite object of his best friends, Lord John Russell, Lords Lansdowne and Holland. The best part of his genius is to be found in his Irish Melodies, and his Lalla Rookh, the latter of which, though not attractive to a grave and lofty taste, will always charm those of an Eastern and rather flowery imagination.

The list of his works from first to last, is quite enormous. The Odes of Anacreon translated. A Candid Appeal to Public Confidence, or Considerations on the Dangers of the Present Crisis, 1803. Corruption and Intolerance, two poems. Epistles, Odes, and other Poems, 1806. Little's Poems, 1808. A Letter to the Roman Catholics of Dublin, 1810. M. P., or the Blue Stocking; a comic opera, in three acts, performed at the Lyceum, 1811. Intercepted Letters, or the Twopenny Post Bag, by Thomas Browne the younger, 1812: this has gone through upwards of fourteen editions. Irish Melodies. Arthur Murphy's Translation of Sallust completed. The Sceptic, a philosophical Satire. Lalla Rookh, 1817. The Fudge Family in Paris, 1818. Ballads, Songs, &c. Tom Crib's Memorial to Congress, in verse. Trifles Reprinted in verse. Loves of the Angels. Rhymes on the Road. Miscellaneous Poems by Members of the Procurante Society. Fables for the Holy Alliance. Ballads, Songs, Miscellaneous Poems, &c. Memoirs of Captain Rock. Life of Sheridan. The Epicurean. Odes on Cash, Corn, Catholics, &c. Evenings in Greece. Life and Letters of Lord Byron in 17 Vols. History of Ireland &c. &c. &c.

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